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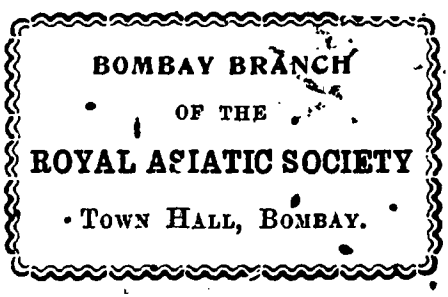

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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SIR JAMES BLAND BURGES, BART.,

SOMETIME UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE.

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EDITED

BY JAMES HUTTON,

AUTHOR OF "JAMES AND PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDT,"
ETC.

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PREFACE.

In his delightful 'Sketches of Persia,' Sir John Malcolm quotes an epilogue by Sadi, which, to a certain extent, illustrates the position held for some years by Sir James Bland Burges: "One day, as I was in the bath,"—so runs the parable—"a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it and said to it, 'Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?' It answered, 'I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose; the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise I should be only a bit of clay, as I appear to be.'" Sir James Burges was neither a statesman nor a diplomatist, but for many years he associated on equal terms with the most eminent public men of his day, and thus acquired not only political influence, but also an exceptional insight into the characters of the personages who were each, according to his capacity and opportunity, making contemporary history. As Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at the close of the last century, he was inevitably drawn into a brisk and confidential correspondence with the first Lord Auckland, Lord St. Helens, the first Lord Malmesbury, Lord Elgin, Colonel Gardiner, Mr. Joseph Ewart, and several of the inferior agents employed by Mr. Pitt to obtain information that was not always trustworthy. At his very outset in public life, Mr. Burges, as he was then designated, became a warm partisan of Warren Hastings, whose cause he espoused in Parliament with greater zeal than discretion. He was also an intimate friend of the gallant, if un-

fortunate, Major-General Sir John Braithwaite, the prisoner of Tippoo Sahib, and subsequent capturer of Pondicherry. Not the least interesting of his correspondents were his own nephews, the sons of his brother-in-law, Mr. James Roper Head, and who in later life distinguished themselves as observant travellers and brilliant writers. After quitting the Foreign Office, in 1795, Sir James Burges applied himself to literary pursuits with moderate success; neither do his literary friends appear to have been men of any special merit or force of character.

The materials from which this volume is compiled are furnished by an autobiographical memoir, which, however, breaks off at his marriage with his first wife, the younger daughter of Lord Wentworth. A more valuable bequest is a series of papers in an epistolary form, in which Sir James Burges describes with considerable detail his relations with Mr. Pitt, the Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, Mr. Dundas, Lord Thurlow, and Lord Grenville. In these letters he claims for his friend, Mr. Lamb, the suggestion of Pitt's Sinking Fund, and for himself the discovery that a Mutiny Bill is not necessarily a Money Bill, and may therefore be introduced in either House. His characters of the statesmen with whom he came into frequent contact are sketched with equal boldness and finish, and are in tolerable harmony with general opinion. There is, besides, a large collection of letters, from which only a few have been selected, by reason of their intrinsic merit or comparative originality. Through the lapse of time, and the previous publication of so many able Diaries, Memoirs, and Journals, the larger portion of this correspondence is already known to students of modern history: and for ordinary readers, in quest of sensation and novelty, would possess only a faint interest.

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BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SIR JAMES BLAND BURGES (LAMB), BART.

CHAPTER I.

Origin of the Burges Family—A stout Cavalier—Sir James Burges's Father—At Culloden appointed A.D.C. to General Bland—Restoration of Order in Scotland—The Family of Somerville—The Sunday Chariot and Yellow Livery—Recovery of the Title—Two Fortunate Marriages—A Melancholy Episode—An Ill-matched Couple—Improvements—The Rebellion of 1745—A Boyish Escapade—Somerville House plundered by Highlanders—A Bloody Affray—The Diamond Quest—Lady Somerville in Holy Rood House—A Love Affair—A Romantic Wedding—Separation of the Young Couple—Mr. Burges proceeds to Gibraltar—Reunion of Husband and Wife.

THE name of Burges is said to be a corruption of Bruges, that "quaint old Flemish city." The founder of the English family appears to have settled in Reading in the reign of Henry VII., probably in consequence of the staple of Bruges being transferred to Calais. At that time, in the words of a chronicler of the sixteenth century, Flanders was reduced to the tomb of its ancient grandeur—*famosum antiquitatis sepulchrum*. Not a few of the most substantial and energetic burghers of Bruges and Ghent crossed the silver streak and established themselves chiefly in the eastern counties, where

their ancestors had founded industrial colonies under the protection of the third Edward. The Burges family must have thriven apace, for in the Civil Wars Lieut.-Colonel Roger Burges is described as a gentleman of good estate, who distinguished himself as a stout soldier and loyal Cavalier. In 1645 he successfully defended Farringdon against Cromwell in person—as is fully set forth in the sixth volume of Rushworth's 'Historical Collections.' On the third day, after sustaining a notable repulse, Cromwell raised the siege and proceeded to effect a junction with Fairfax. At Naseby Lieut.-Colonel Burges again encountered the great Parliamentarian leader, but not with the same good fortune, being made prisoner with three other officers of the same military rank, and with some thousands of Cavaliers of greater or less repute. A few years later, however, we again find him in arms, as Governor of Cornet Castle and the Island of Guernsey. Here he acquitted himself with such courage and energy, that he held his position until after the fatal battle—or "crowning mercy"—of Worcester, when he capitulated to Colonel Bingham on the most honourable terms. His estates are believed to have been forfeited, though his descendants continued to occupy a conspicuous place among the landed gentry of Berkshire, partly, no doubt, through their matrimonial connections.

The father of James Bland Burges was George Burges, the eighth of nine sons born to James and Mary Burges, of Grey's Lee, near Sulhamstead, in the county of Berks. Of this large family only three of the sons attained maturity—George, born 17th of May, 1725; James, father of Dr. Burges, a person of eccentric character, immortalised by Gilray; and John, who died unmarried.

George Burges was educated at Westminster, and on the breaking-out of the Scottish Rebellion in 1745, entered the

army as a lieutenant in the Duke of Bedford's Regiment of Foot. At Culloden he distinguished himself by capturing the standard of Prince Charles's Bodyguard, borne by the Duke of Athole. On the restoration of peace he purchased a cornetcy in General Bland's Regiment of Dragoons, and was appointed aide-de-camp to that gallant officer on his proceeding to Scotland as Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in that kingdom. General Bland was invested with extraordinary powers for the purpose of disarming the Highlanders and reducing the disaffected to obedience. In recognition of his aide-de-camp's exceptional assiduity and intelligence, the General entrusted to him the arduous duties of Military Secretary, and instructed him to draw up a report on the condition of the country, which was afterwards submitted to Ministers, and was warmly commended not only by the Duke of Newcastle, but also by the King himself.* At a later period Mr. George Chalmers studied this paper with great interest, and regretted that he had not been able to avail himself of the valuable information it contained, when preparing his exhaustive work on 'Caledonia.' The vigorous measures enforced by General Bland speedily stamped out the smouldering embers of rebellion. The magistrates were compelled to execute the laws against non-juring preachers, who were everywhere stirring up the people to fresh strife. The sheriffs, or rather their "deputes," were coerced into doing their duty in spite of their Jacobite predilections. The Highland veterans were driven back by a double chain of military posts into their remote fastnesses. The great gathering of Jacobites and disaffected persons of all kinds, who deemed themselves secure at Lochaber, was broken up and dispersed by the newly raised Highland Companies. Cattle-lifting was almost entirely suppressed, and smuggling

Appendix A.

rendered an extremely perilous pursuit. Besides repairing General Wade's "old roads," as they had already come to be called, General Bland constructed a new road, seventy-six miles in length, from Stirling to Fort William, and another, of twenty-eight miles, from Blairgowrie to Castle Town in Brae Mar. Forts William and Augustus were also enlarged and rebuilt, and within the brief space of two years the Highlanders were pacified, and the inhabitants of the low countries at the foot of the mountains relieved from an abiding sense of insecurity for person and property. In the midst of all this multifarious and troublesome business Mr. Burges conducted himself in a manner that won for him the permanent esteem and friendship of his immediate superior, and which even attracted the notice of the Duke of Newcastle.

The family of Somerville is one of the most ancient and honourable in Great Britain. Gualter de Somerville, a Norman knight of considerable distinction, was one of the companions of William the Conqueror, who recognised his services by the grant of the manors of Wichnour in Staffordshire, and of Aston-Somerville in the county of Gloucester. At a comparatively early period the family stock divided into two branches, the one English, the other Scotch. The former of these was short-lived, but the latter increased in wealth and honour, and grew in favour at the Scottish Court. In the year 1424 the fifth descendant from Sir Gualter de Somerville was created a baron by James II. of Scotland, and took his place among the Scottish Peers. The eighth lord, Gilbert by name, was, however, a spendthrift, and at his death in 1618 left only a barren title to his brother, Hugh, Page of the Bedchamber to James VI. Destitute of means to support his new dignity, the ninth Lord Somerville elected to remain a Commoner, and that peerage lay dormant for rather more than a century.

Sir James Burges, as it is more convenient to call him until he actually adopted the name of Lamb, states that:—

This family, which had formerly possessed very large estates in Scotland, had been reduced to poverty by the mismanagement of Lord Gilbert. For several generations their possessions had been limited to the lands of Drumm in Mid-Lothian, which, on my grandfather's accession to them at the beginning of the eighteenth century, did not produce an income of more than £300 per annum. With this small provision, and with seven brothers and sisters, he was left an orphan about the year 1715, when he himself was only seventeen years of age. On attaining his majority he determined to push his way in the world and, if possible, redeem the long-lost honour and fortunes of his family.

To remain in Scotland and to obtain what he wished, he rightly considered as incompatible with one another. After setting aside one-third of his small income for the maintenance of his brothers and sisters, he accordingly went up to London, where he speedily found that the company of the Dukes of Douglas and Argyle and of the other personages of high rank, whose society he frequented, could not be kept up on an annual income of £200. On the other hand, to relinquish such a connection was, in fact, to relinquish all the hopes he had formed of recovering the ancient title of his family—such matters depending, in reality, more upon personal interest and proper recommendation to His Majesty and his Ministers, than upon the best case which could be laid before Parliament or Court of Session. A short reflection upon his situation suggested to him a plan which might at once answer the double purpose of his ambition and his economy.

He had an old servant, who went by the name of Old Robin, and who had waited on his fathers before him. With this man, the faithful attendant of his fortunes, he retired to a little lodging at Kensington. There, from Monday to Saturday night, he passed his time in great obscurity, employed in study, particularly of heraldry, history, and anecdote; while Robin watched the higglers as they passed on to town and bought of them fowls and eggs, which he afterwards dressed for his master. Every Sunday morning a handsome carriage and pair made its appearance, in which

he drove to town, with Robin behind in a yellow and silver livery. He went to Court, dined with his Dukes, as he used to say, at their five-halfcrown club, attended the Drawing-Room in the evening, and endeavoured to recommend himself to royal notice. When the glories of the day were passed, he again ascended his chariot, returned to Kensington, and remained buried there till the ensuing Sunday restored the chariot, the livery, and the Drawing-Room. The scheme, thus persistently followed out, was crowned with complete success. The noble friends with whom he associated promoted his interests so warmly that His Majesty at length gave his consent to the presentation of a petition to the House of Lords, for the purpose of examining his claim to the Barony of Somerville.

The petition was accordingly presented by Lord Townsend for His Majesty's approval, by whose command it was referred to the Lords' Committee of Privileges. After due consideration that committee reported in favour of the claimant, and in the end James Lord Somerville was enrolled in the Scottish Register as Premier Baron of Scotland. Having thus succeeded in recovering his ancestral dignity, Lord Somerville next directed his attention to the ways and means for keeping it up. In this pursuit he was equally successful, and in the following year, 1724, he married Anne, widow of Thomas Rolt, Esq., of Sakum, in Hertfordshire, and only child of Henry Bayntum, Esq., of Spye Park, in the county of Wilts, by his wife Lady Anne Wilmot, daughter and co-heir of the famous John, Earl of Rochester. By her first husband, Mr. Rolt, Lady Somerville had had five sons and one daughter, who in course of time succeeded to the landed property. In the meanwhile Lord Somerville found himself master of an annual income, derived from Spye Park, of nearly £3000 a year, which he employed in improving his small hereditary estate near Edinburgh. He planted many thousands of trees, and exhibited so much knowledge and energy that in a few years he tripled his original income of £300

per annum, without taking into account the handsome revenue he derived from the collieries, stone quarries, and sand pits, which he gradually opened and worked. By her second marriage Lady Somerville had two sons—James, the eleventh lord; and Hugh, afterwards Lieut.-Colonel in General Burgoyne's Regiment of Light Horse, and father-in-law to Sir Francis Bond Head; and one daughter, Anne Wichnour, who subsequently married Captain George Burges. Eleven years after his marriage Lord Somerville had the misfortune to lose his excellent wife, in consequence of her imprudence in sitting on wet grass while superintending the laying-out of a new plantation. His grief was not inconsolable. As soon as decency would permit, he wooed and won a second widow, Frances, daughter of John Rotheram, Esq., a Yorkshire squire, and relict of a Mr. Curgenven, an East Indian merchant, much older than herself. The history of that unfortunate gentleman is so strange and melancholy that no apology need be offered for continuing this Somerville digression. Sir James Burges shall tell the tale in his own words:—

Having amassed a very large fortune, and being desirous of returning to his native land, Mr. Curgenven set about arranging his affairs. As the variety of his engagements rendered this an operation of greater length than he had anticipated, he sent his wife to England by herself, and determined to follow her with all his wealth as soon as possible. About a year or so later he succeeded in winding up his affairs, and chartered two vessels, one of which he loaded with the greater part of his rich effects, and with the residue of his property he himself embarked in the other. He had not sailed, however, many days when, by some accident, the accompanying ship took fire and was consumed before his eyes with everything she contained. The loss of more than half his fortune, earned by a long life of toil and exile, was a severe blow, but he bore it with fortitude, resigning himself to the will of Heaven, and comforted by the reflection that much riches still remained to him. Brief and ill-founded was this consolation. The morrow's sun had

hardly risen when he found himself surrounded by the fleet of the famous Eastern pirate, Angria, by whom, after a short resistance, he was taken prisoner. His property was carried to Gheriah, while he himself was chained to a bench in Angria's galley, and obliged to row as a slave. A long time elapsed before he was able to send intelligence of his misfortune to England; and it was longer still before Angria, who knew the value of his prize, could be brought to accept his ransom. Nearly ten years passed before he regained his liberty, and then only on payment of a large sum of money. At length he reached England, and rejoiced the heart of his wife after such a long and bitter separation; but their troubles were not yet at an end. The iron bolt by which he was fastened to the chain had so worked into the flesh of his thigh that, within a week after his return to London, mortification set in, and it was judged expedient to amputate his leg as near as possible to the body. The operation was successfully performed, and for a week afterwards there was every reason to expect his recovery. One evening, however, as his wife was sitting by his bedside, he uttered a sudden exclamation and threw off the bed-clothes. The great artery had burst, and before any assistance could be procured he bled to death.

The second Lady Somerville had a fortune of about £20,000. She was a very worthy and uncommonly sensible woman. Her understanding was strong, and she had read much. From having seen a great deal of the world, and from having lived in the highest company, her natural wit and cleverness had received an additional force. Her heart was excellent, and her friendships vehement. Her temper, however, was warm, and her quickness of apprehension led her sometimes into sallies which were entertaining to every one except to the person who was the object of them. With the greatest good nature, she could say very severe things, which, as they always were witty, were remembered and repeated. Unfortunately for her own happiness, her husband sometimes became the subject of her observations. These affected his consequence and disturbed his temper. When her Ladyship was pungent, his Lordship was angry; and, though he knew and acknowledged her merits, his behaviour was oftentimes stern and unamiable. In truth, they lived together by no means happily, and, with mutual esteem and good opinion, they felt little mutual attachment.

Lady Somerville's conduct to her step-children was highly meritorious. During her whole lifetime she was their benefactress and kindest friend. Immediately after her marriage she took my mother from school, treated her with every indulgence, and exerted herself to instil into her mind every principle which might qualify her to become the elegant woman and the good Christian. Notwithstanding the disparity of their years, the most unreserved communication (except, indeed, as to one subject on my mother's part, to be presently noticed) was maintained between them as long as Lady Somerville lived.

Lord Somerville now pulled down his old house and erected a more stately mansion on its site. He also laid out his grounds in a more modern fashion, and exercised a generous hospitality. He thus rendered himself extremely popular, and in the year 1741 was elected one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland. In the following year, William Somerville, author of 'The Chase' and other poems, who belonged to the English branch of the old stock and traced his descent from John Somerville, executed for high treason in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, bequeathed to his distant kinsman, James Lord Somerville, his estates in Warwickshire, worth £1300 a year, and at Aston-Somerville, in Gloucestershire, yielding upwards of £800 per annum. The former estates, indeed, were sold to pay off the debts of the testator, but the Gloucestershire property was unencumbered, and, as nothing succeeds like success, Lord Somerville shortly afterwards obtained a seat at the Board of Police, which added £700 to his annual income.

In the Rebellion of 1745 Lord Somerville took an active part in defence of the House of Hanover. His eldest son, who had just attained his twentieth year, he despatched to the Royal army, accompanied by seven of his tenants' sons well mounted and well armed, of whom only one ever returned to his parents. Their youthful chief was at once

appointed aide-de-camp to Sir John Cope, and shared the fortune of that commander at Preston Pans. He afterwards served in the same capacity under General Hawley, and at Falkirk again encountered the fierce valour of the Highlanders. A better fortune, however, awaited him at Culloden, where he learned how a battle may be won as well as lost.

Besides this, he [Lord Somerville's son] was employed on a good deal of active service. Among other things, he was sent with a detachment to burn Lord Lovat's house and to lay waste his estate, with positive orders—I am sorry to add—to kill and destroy every human being he found upon it. He undertook the task, but he executed it with humanity. At a few miles from the destined spot, he contrived to give notice of his approach to his intended victims. On his arrival the people were gone, though all their property was left behind. Of this he destroyed every thing inanimate, and drove off the horses and cattle to the Royal army.

While the eldest son was thus actively engaged, his younger brother Hugh, who was just seventeen, and had been placed, as in a secure retirement, at an academy in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, employed himself in a very different manner. At this school there were a number of youths of good birth, and Jacobitical principles inherited from their parents; so many of them had quitted their studies to join the rebel standard. Some of these, when the Pretender's army approached the capital, visited their fellow-students, and endeavoured to prevail on them to follow their example. With many their exhortations prevailed; but young Hugh, into whose mind different ideas had been instilled, and two of his companions, resolutely withstood this solicitation. On this the young recruiters went away, threatening to return the next morning with a detachment and to carry them off. Alarmed at this threat, and knowing that they would fulfil it, Hugh and his companions, without money, and no change of clothes, immediately quitted the academy and ran to the seaside. There they happened to find a boat, and rowed over to the little island of Inch-Keith. The only inhabitants were a quantity of rabbits, an old fisherman, and his wife. Here they remained for more than three weeks, paying for their poor subsistence by

the rabbits they were able to catch for the old couple; while the fisherman, who sold his fish at Leith, brought them intelligence of what was going forward at Edinburgh. When they heard the rebels were gone, they returned almost naked and starved to their friends, who had during this time been under the greatest anxiety on their account, and who were not less pleased at the steadiness and resolution they had shown than at their unlooked-for return.

As Lord Somerville's house was not more than four miles from Edinburgh, he found himself in the midst of the rebels, who bore him no good will by reason of his known attachment to the reigning Family, and consequently he had everything to fear from the humours of a licentious army. His situation was, indeed, extremely unpleasant. After much consideration, however, he resolved not to abandon his place, until compelled to do so. He had not long to wait. One night, while the family were seated at supper, word was brought that a party of rebels was coming down the avenue. The plate was instantly thrown out of the window into the grass which, luckily, was high in that place, and Lady Somerville delivered a casket of diamonds to my mother with directions to hide them. Much alarmed, my mother took with her a maid-servant and ran from the house into the deer park, which was on the opposite side from where the Highlanders were approaching. Making a hole at the root of a tree, she buried the casket and regained the house unobserved. In the meantime the rebels, about forty in number, broke open the door and quickly found their way into the cellar, where they drank or destroyed every thing they could find. The pantry, the kitchen, and the parlour, were served in the same way. While the majority were thus employed, some of the party began to search the house for his Lordship, whose life they swore they would take. He had contrived, however, to lock himself and Lady Somerville into a closet in one of the garrets, which, by good fortune, escaped their notice. When the plunderers had stripped the house, and had devoured whatever they could find to eat and drink, they began to withdraw. By that time a servant had escaped to the village of Gilmerton, which belonged to my grandfather, and had informed the inhabitants of what was going on at Somerville House. The villagers immediately armed themselves with axes, iron bars, a few muskets, and broadswords, and set out in a body nearly equal to that of the rebels. About half-way from the house they met the Highlanders,

loaded with their booty, in full march upon Gilmerton, which they proposed to pillage and burn. The two parties encountered one another in a large field, in a corner of which were some old coal-pits. They instantly engaged, and a bloody battle ensued, which at last ended in favour of the villagers, who slew and flung into the pits five of their assailants, three of their own party also being killed. The surviving Highlanders threw down their booty and took to flight. The next day, on this matter being represented to the Pretender, he sent an apology to Lord Somerville, with the offer of an officer's guard to protect him. This his Lordship thought prudent to accept, and by this means escaped further molestation.

After H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland had defeated the rebels at Culloden, and tranquility had in some degree been restored, Lady Somerville bethought her of her casket of diamonds. My mother readily undertook to find them, but the task proved more difficult than she had imagined. There were hundreds of trees in that part of the park, and the more she endeavoured to recollect the exact tree to which she had confided her treasure, the more uncertain and embarrassed she became. It was unadvisable to employ the servants in this quest, and to acquaint Lord Somerville with their perplexity was what neither her Ladyship nor my mother wished to do. At length the present Lord was admitted into their confidence. He and his sister night after night went out to explore the wood, and at length after much trouble and anxiety they discovered the diamonds lying safely in the earth, the casket having entirely rotted away. These diamonds were left by Lady Somerville at her death to my mother, who, in her turn, divided them equally between my two sisters.

Having quieted the Highlands, the Duke of Cumberland kept his Court for some time in Holy Rood House, where Lord Somerville had apartments, in which he resided during the winter months. As his loyalty was well known, and as his son's services had been much talked of—for out of his little band only one man and two horses survived the campaign—the Duke showed the most marked attention to him and his family. He was much consulted upon every step which was taken; while Lady Somerville, at H.R.H.'s particular request, presided at his table and did the honours of his Court.

In October, 1747, General Bland arrived in Scotland with

extraordinary powers, and fixed his abode in the royal apartments at Holy Rood House. As he was a single man, and, besides recognising the merits of Lord Somerville, had capacity to relish the wit and pleasantry of his lady, a strict intimacy sprang up between them. Lady Somerville was entreated to resume the post she had filled under H.R.H. the Duke, and the two establishments were hardly ever asunder.

The consequence of this intimacy was first the acquaintance, and then the mutual attachment, of my father and mother. As Lord Somerville was warm and hasty, beyond measure crazy after matrimonial alliances, and set upon matching his children into the best families of the kingdom, it became absolutely necessary to conceal this affair from his knowledge. Though he was extremely pleased with my father, the slightest suspicion of his becoming connected with his daughter would have made him forbid my father's coming into his apartments. Lady Somerville, though less vain and more partial to my father, was nevertheless too prudent and too much a woman of the world to have concurred in a step so clearly unadvisable. The two young people, who thought of nothing but each other, were thus compelled to keep their love a profound secret. A circumstance, however, happened which brought about their union much sooner than either of them had anticipated. General Bland was recalled from Scotland to take up his new appointment of Governor of Gibraltar, and from his regard for my father he applied to have him appointed as his secretary. His application was successful, and the General and his secretary received orders to repair forthwith to London. As the lovers were now confronted with the alternative of a long and perhaps eternal separation, or of an immediate marriage, they naturally preferred the latter.

Having secured a lodging in the High Street, my father communicated his business to two of his most intimate friends, Captain Molesworth and Captain Stewart. They agreed to assist him. Availing himself of the opportunity offered by a private dinner with his Lordship, Captain Molesworth informed Miss Somerville that he should return about midnight and escort her to my father's lodgings, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, Captain Stewart having undertaken to procure a clergyman. On quitting my grandfather's apartments, Captain Molesworth contrived, without being seen by the servants, to put the key of the

door into his pocket. Just as the clock struck twelve, he opened the door and let himself into the house. On the first floor, within the dining-parlour, lay Lord and Lady Somerville. The first room upstairs was a large drawing-room, within which was a bedchamber occupied by the present Lord Somerville. Within that, again, was a third in which my mother slept, in the same bed with Mrs. Nimmo, the housekeeper. In the dark Captain Molesworth mounted the first flight of stairs, passed Lord Somerville's room, ascended the second flight, went through the drawing-room, and opened the door of Captain Somerville's chamber, who was lying in a sound sleep. Passing through this room, he opened the door of my mother's bed-chamber. Mrs. Nimmo was asleep. My mother, who was lying awake and in her clothes, hearing the door opened, put aside the curtain and, by the light of a lamp which burnt in the room, recognised Molesworth, who made her a sign to get up and follow him. At this moment her resolution failed. She beckoned him to the bedside, and told him that her courage was gone, and that she could not venture to rise. He whispered in her ear: "Look you, madam, I have come thus far at the peril of my life, to serve you and my friend Burges, but I assure you I will not be made a fool of. Either get up this moment and come with me, or I will make a noise that will awaken both your bed-fellow and Captain Somerville, and what then will become of your character? As to myself, I am not afraid of the consequences, for I am completely armed. You are safe if you arise and go with me—if you do not, by all that is sacred! your character is gone from this moment." Upon this menace, which she knew he was quite capable of fulfilling, my mother arose and, with trembling steps, followed him through her brother's chamber and down stairs. As they left the house it rained exceedingly hard, and was quite dark. Molesworth pulled off his great-coat and put it upon the lady, and placing his own hat flapped upon her head, he took her under the arm. They walked together in this condition to the High Street, where my father awaited them, in the company of Captain Stewart and Mr. Jamieson, the clergyman. In a few minutes the ceremony was performed, and the contracting parties executed what in Scotland is termed marriage lines, and what in England we call a certificate of marriage. Shortly after the ceremony was completed my mother returned to the Abbey under the pro-

tection of her former guide. They entered the house quietly without disturbing any of the inmates, and my mother again lay down beside the unconscious housekeeper.

Within a few days after his marriage my father was forced to tear himself from his bride, leaving her in a most cruel and embarrassing situation. The necessity, however, was urgent and irresistible, and shortly afterwards my father quitted England as General Bland's secretary, and arrived safely at Gibraltar on the eighth day after leaving Falmouth.

The irregularities and peculations of the preceding governor and his secretary had been of the most infamous character. They made money of everything, invented a variety of new fees and perquisites, defrauded the inhabitants, preyed upon the garrison, and cheated the public. As a proof of the sums they had amassed, it may suffice to say that the secretary, who went out without a shilling, and remained there not more than five years, left each of his daughters over £40,000. To redress these grievances, and to restore the discipline of the garrison, General Bland was sent out. He resolutely set about doing his duty, and was vigorously seconded by my father. Immediately on their arrival all the late exactions ceased, regular and moderate tables of fees were hung up in public places, and presents of all kinds were positively prohibited. These reformations were followed by the thanks of the garrison, the prayers and blessings of the inhabitants and traders, and the marked approbation of His Majesty and his Ministers.

In the meanwhile my mother continued to reside at her father's house, fearful of a premature discovery, and anxious for her husband's return. She had occasionally the consolation of hearing from him, though her channel of correspondence was so precarious as to render an intercourse of letters very difficult. She passed her time in as much retirement as the style of life in her father's house and the affection of her step-mother would permit, and endeavoured by reading to beguile the weary hours. The secret of the marriage was loyally guarded for two years, when it accidentally blazed out at a moment when it was least expected. A servant of my father, who had unavoidably been made acquainted with the transaction, left his service and returned to England. Thinking himself now released from the obligation of silence, he began to speak of the affair publicly. The story flew from mouth to mouth till at last it reached Edinburgh, and

then a good-natured friend thought proper to bring it to the knowledge of Lord Somerville. His pride instantly took fire, and his indignation led him to the greatest excesses. He confined his daughter in a garret, and forbade her to appear in his presence. In this situation, without any comfort save what she derived from sometimes slipping down to Lady Somerville's apartment (from whom she constantly experienced the kindest and most generous treatment), and from the goodness of her eldest brother, she remained more than three months. At the end of that time his Lordship's anger subsided. The arguments and entreaties of Lady Somerville and his friends prevailed over his disappointment. My mother was released from captivity and restored to his favour. He even gave a great dinner, and, leading her by the hand to the head of the table, introduced her by the title of Mrs. Burges to all the company. In the following month of May she accompanied Lord and Lady Somerville to London, and in the beginning of July embarked for Gibraltar, where she arrived after a tedious voyage of several weeks, and was received by her husband with the utmost joy and affection after a separation of thirty months.

Mr. Burges had not only the satisfaction of welcoming his wife, but also that of presenting her with His Majesty's sign manual, appointing him, through the friendly recommendation of General Bland, receiver-general and cashier to the garrison, with a salary of £300 a year, so that his income now amounted to at least £1000, independently of his commission in the army. Towards the end of 1751 General Bland returned to England and, after an unpleasant interregnum, was succeeded by General Herbert, who retained Mr. Burges in the same capacity that he had filled under General Bland. Mrs. Burges was peculiarly fortunate in enjoying the friendship of Mrs. Herbert and of the wife of Colonel Leighton, for an event coveted by wives who love their lords soon began to cast its shadow before.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Burges retires from Military Service—Conflict with the New Governor—Mr. Burges revisits England on Sick Leave—Return to Gibraltar—General Corruption—Discomfiture of the Colonels—Dismissal of General Fowke—Mr. Burges returns to England—Obtains two Appointments in Scotland—Boyhood of James Burges—Edinburgh University—Westminster School—Oxford—Trip to France—Financial Difficulties—An Involuntary Fast—Travelling by Diligence—Down the Loire—The Fair Widow of Tours—"A Liberal Education"—An Affair of Spirit—A Homicide in a Hurry—Return to Oxford—The Grand Tour—Adventure at Castel Gandolfo—The Pretender—The Catacombs at Naples—All Souls' Day—A Disgusting Spectacle—Received by Pope Clement XIV. in Private Audience—Return to Bath.

SIR JAMES BLAND BURGES LAMB was born on the 8th of June, 1752, O.S., his birth being well nigh fatal to his mother. Nature, however, triumphed over the unskilfulness of the medical attendant, and mother and child, to use the stereotyped phrase, were soon doing as well as could be expected. Shortly afterwards the Duke of Cumberland, as Commander-in-Chief, having issued an order that no military officer should hold any civil employment together with his Army commission, Mr. Burges received notice that he must either rejoin his regiment, or resign his profession. He chose the latter alternative, and sold his cornetcy for £1000. A residence of more than three years in a hot climate had so seriously affected his health that he was anxious to obtain some appointment which would enable him to reside in the British Isles. His friends, however, failed to exert them-

selves on his behalf, and preferred to regard his ailments as somewhat fanciful, and not more alarming than home-sickness usually proves to be in the long run.

Apart from motives of health, Mr. Burges had good reason to be dissatisfied with his position. General Herbert had been recalled, and replaced by General Fowke, a man utterly unfit to be entrusted with such a command. The new Governor strove to repeat the experiences of the worst of his predecessors, and invited the co-operation of his secretary. Mr. Burges flatly refused to lend himself to dishonourable conduct of any kind, and avowed his intention of thwarting every measure that was contrary to duty and His Majesty's interests. The Governor thereupon sought to remove him from his post, but his machinations were baffled by the steady friendship and powerful influence of General Bland. In such circumstances Mr. Burges was naturally more and more anxious to return to England, if only on a temporary leave of absence; but his friends refused to render him any assistance in that direction, and, consequently, he was compelled to endure the inconveniences of his situation yet a little longer. The birth of his eldest daughter, Frances Anne, on the 10th of September, 1753, was an additional motive for the exercise of prudence and patience, and for some time longer he bore his own illness and General Fowke's ill-usage. At last he completely broke down, and, having obtained leave of absence, he returned to England with his wife and two infant children.

Mr. Burges returned to Gibraltar towards the end of July, and lost no time in entering upon his arduous and delicate duties as deputy paymaster. At the very outset he found himself opposed by all who had thriven by dishonest means. At the head of these was the Governor, nor were the colonels of regiments less fraudulent. They had hitherto

been in the habit of drawing upon Messrs. Burrel and Bristow, the contracting paymasters, for large sums which they kept in their own hands till compelled by the increasing clamour of the subaltern officers and the privates to dole out a portion of their pay. These disgraceful, if profitable, practices were at once suppressed. Mr. Burges not only acted with perfect integrity, but introduced such regularity and method into the system that his employers were agreeably surprised with the results to themselves. The colonels, however, were not easily appeased, and used language towards him that no gentleman could tolerate. He therefore sent a message to the Field Officers' Club, stating his determination to adhere to the plan he had adopted, but if any one thought himself aggrieved he was ready to give him the usual satisfaction. Insults thereupon ceased, but, with the Governor's concurrence, the colonels forwarded a memorial to the Commander-in-Chief, complaining of the grievances to which they were subjected by the new system. At the head of the memorialists appeared the name of Colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, to whom Mr. Burges had particularly alluded in his message to the club. Fortunately for himself, Mr. Burges was privately informed of this manœuvre, and so managed to send off by the same vessel a counter-memorial, in which he set forth all the enormities that had been practised, and which he had set himself to correct. The reply was most gratifying. The conduct of the Governor and the field officers was visited with the most severe censure, while the deputy paymaster was commended in the most complimentary terms for his honourable and upright conduct. In the following year General Fowke was recalled and tried by court-martial, which sentenced him to one year's suspension from rank and emolument. The King was still more severe, for he dis-

missed the General from his service for ever. The unhappy man does not appear to have made any provision against evil days. Shunned by his former friends and associates, he retired with his wife, a person quite worthy of himself, and numerous children, to a retired part of the country, where he died in great distress.

To testify their sense of Mr. Burges's meritorious behaviour in resisting General Fowke and the colonels, the Ministry thought proper in the beginning of 1756 to appoint him, in addition to his other appointments, agent for the prizes carried into Gibraltar. As hostilities had commenced on the part of England before war had been actually declared, a great number of French vessels were seized, carried into port, and condemned. This agency was so lucrative that in the first twelve months it yielded a clear profit of upwards of £5000. Another piece of good fortune was the appointment of Lord Tyrawley as successor to General Fowke. The new Governor conceived a great esteem for Mr. Burges, which lasted through life, and was guided by his advice in all things. Prosperity, however, is proverbially short-lived. While everything seemed to presage domestic happiness and the rapid accumulation of riches, Mr. Burges was attacked by his old disorder, which grew to such a height that his recovery seemed more than doubtful unless he could return to his native air. He therefore obtained leave of absence, and in the month of November, 1757, quitted Gibraltar for the last time.

Having conceived a great dislike to Gibraltar, Mr. Burges exerted himself to obtain some permanent employment at home, and in June, 1758, was appointed Secretary of the Excise in Scotland, with a salary of £400 a year. On applying for his patent, he was presented with a second parchment in the name of the Duke of Newcastle, who had

spontaneously conferred upon him the post of Receiver General of the Duty on Places and Pensions in Scotland, worth an additional £350 per annum. The value of this substantial favour was enhanced by the handsome manner in which the Duke checked his expression of gratitude. His Grace was pleased to tell him that he owed the appointment entirely to his own merits, and that he was glad to have an opportunity of showing how highly he esteemed Mr. Burges's services both in Scotland and at Gibraltar. His income from public and private sources was thus raised to £1500 a year, "acquired," as his son remarks, "in the most upright and honourable manner by the time he had reached his thirty-third year."

In the beginning of 1760, Mr. Burges suffered greatly from a recurrence of his old Gibraltar complaint, and at one time mortification of the bowels was apprehended. He was accordingly ordered to try the effects of the waters at Tunbridge Wells, where the family passed the summer, with the exception of James Burges, who was placed at a school in Kensington, with the result of forgetting the little Latin he had then picked up, "in exchange for some writing, and the first two rules of arithmetic." His father luckily made a better use of his time, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Excise in Scotland, by which his salary in that department was increased to £500 a year. The summer of 1761 was also passed at Tunbridge Wells, and a complete cure was effected of that particular complaint, which was replaced by gout, a frequent visitant during the last twenty years of his life. In the spring of 1762 the family returned to Edinburgh, and there settled down for some years. Under his cousin Mr. Somerville's assiduous tuition, James Burges quickly recovered what he had lost at Kensington. His sister Frances, afterwards Mrs. James Roper Head and the happy mother of a distin-

guished family, shared his studies, and acquired a fair knowledge of the easier Latin authors, and also of the grammar of her own language—a rare accomplishment even at the present day. Mr. Burges, indeed, spared no expense in giving his children the best education money could procure. They were taught to dance, and draw, and play on the harpsichord, and received lessons in geography, writing, and arithmetic, as well as Latin. James also learned to ride and to fence, and for two or three years was one of Mr. Angelo's pupils. This routine was varied by an event that broke in upon its monotony. After an interval of more than ten years Mrs. Burges presented her husband in December, 1763, with a second daughter, named Mary Anne—though always addressed by her brother as Maria—who lived and died a spinster.

Towards the close of 1765, James Burges was entered at the University of Edinburgh, and passed through two sessions, with very little profit in any way. In the Humanity or Latin class he did make some progress, but Greek was taught in such a slovenly manner, through the age and infirmity of the professor, that he scarcely mastered the grammar. The system was then, as it has ever since been, grossly defective. Boys, barely fourteen years of age, were treated as young men, and left entirely to themselves. As a natural consequence they were perpetually involved in scrapes and grave irregularities. A sprightly and vivacious lad, James Burges became a leader in the frequent "bickers," and was engaged in many a street riot, to the annoyance of his parents, to whom complaints of his disorderly conduct were constantly being made. On one occasion he and a few others smashed every pane of glass in Principal Robertson's windows, and forcing their way into his house thrashed his man-servant, and roughly used his housekeeper. As the lad would not listen to quiet admonition, his father resolved to

place him at Westminster School, where he himself had been educated. Accordingly in June, 1767, Mrs. Burges and her three children posted up to London, with no more serious mishap than the loss of two front teeth to her son. To relieve the footman, the boy had offered to exchange his seat in the second chaise for a ride on the hack, but the animal came down, and the rider was thrown on his face. A few weeks later he was placed at Westminster School, where he had soon reason to regret his ignorance of the Greek language, and his inability to write Latin verses—an accomplishment lightly valued in Scotland. He was encouraged, however, by Dr. Smith, the head master, to overcome these defects, and at Christmas, 1769, he "stood the second boy in the school, being perfectly versed in Latin, so well furnished with Greek as to be able to read, with tolerable ease, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and the more difficult authors, and possessed of as much Hebrew as was at all necessary for one not destined to the Church." He then quitted Westminster School, being in his eighteenth year, and prepared for his introduction to new studies and pursuits, and for association with young men, mostly his seniors.

At Oxford James Burges was entered at University College, and enjoyed the immense advantage of having for tutor Mr. William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell. He was further fortunate in being brought into familiar contact with a number of young men of remarkable ability, almost every one of whom subsequently took a useful and conspicuous part in public affairs. Among these may be mentioned Lord Folkestone, afterwards Earl of Radnor; Lord Fortescue, created an Earl in 1789; Lord Rawdon, afterwards Earl Moira, but better known as Marquis of Hastings, Governor General of India; the Right Honourable William Windham; John Scott, younger brother of their tutor, and eventually

Lord Eldon; Sir William Young, author of a 'History of Athens' and other valuable works; George James Cholmondeley, Chairman of the Board of Excise in 1789; Thomas Plumer, one of the counsel for Warren Hastings at the great trial in Westminster Hall; Sir William Jones, the famous Oriental scholar, and one of the Bengal Judges. Besides these, there were at least half a dozen young men who were in due time chosen as representatives of the people in Parliament, and two or three of great promise cut off at an early age.

At the beginning of the second Long Vacation, 1771, Mr. Burges offered to allow his son to pass the summer in France. His object was twofold. First of all, the acquisition of the French language; and, secondly, to ascertain how far the youngster's discretion and judgment could be depended upon. He began by placing perfect confidence in his son, who was thus put upon his mettle to justify his father's faith. James Burges was to be left entirely to himself, with what seemed to him unlimited credit on a bank in Paris. The proposal, as might be expected, was eagerly accepted. The few preliminary preparations were soon made, and a route was laid down for proceeding to Tours by way of Rouen, Paris, and Orleans. On the 3rd of July the youthful tourist quitted his father's house, accompanied by his favourite yellow and white spaniel, Prince, and "lay that night at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, to be in readiness for the Brighthelmstone stage." At that fishing village he was detained two days waiting for a packet, and got through the tedious hours by strolling over the Downs, and studying Boyer's French Grammar. However, on the evening of the 6th he set sail from the British shores, and after a passage of fifteen hours landed next day at Dieppe. The story of his adventures in France is told with so much simplicity and freshness that it

may be best repeated in his own words, allowing for a few excisions and occasional condensation:—

I will not attempt to describe my surprise at finding everything so different from what I had left behind me, or the distress I experienced in consequence of my ignorance of the language of the people among whom I had landed. I stood upon the beach much perplexed, and, as it was Sunday, a small crowd issuing from the churches thronged to see the arrival of the packet-boat. I naturally attributed to the awkwardness I felt every observation that was made, and every smile I observed. Presently, an elderly woman, very smartly dressed, came up to me, and in broken English asked if Monsieur was provided with an apartment. If not, she kept the Hôtel de Londres, where I should have the best of everything. If an angel had spoken to me I could not have been more transported; and if it had been the Devil who came so opportunely, I believe I should have followed him. Accordingly I accompanied my antiquated guide to a very dark and dirty house, where she provided a dinner and honoured me with her society. In the evening she was of great service in giving me the particulars of my route to Rouen, and in procuring for me a horse which, she said, would carry me and my portmanteau very commodiously. I was rather startled at this mode of travelling, but as she assured me it was very common in France, I determined to adopt the fashion of the country, and conjured up pleasant visions of the delightful ride of thirty-six miles I was to enjoy on the morrow through cornfields and orchards.

After an early breakfast next morning I went down into the courtyard, where I was much struck with the appearance of my charger. He was about twenty years old and about eleven hands high, perfectly white, and rivalling Rozinante in his sharp points and corners. On his head was a large curb bridle, with a halter to be used for tying him up in inns; and on his back a monstrous full peak saddle with gorgeous furniture somewhat the worse for wear.

It took me five uncomfortable hours to accomplish eighteen miles, beneath a burning sun, when, fortunately for myself and my horse, I came upon a small village containing a public-house. It was kept by an old woman, ten times more hideous and dirty than my landlady at Dieppe, and

very deaf into the bargain. I pulled out my grammar, and with much ado found my way to the stable, where I put up the poor beast and gave him some corn and straw. The next difficulty was to make the old woman understand that I wanted something to eat, whereupon she opened a cupboard and produced some cold calf's liver, larded with thick lumps of bacon. But, first of all, she covered the crazy deal table with a coarse cloth full of holes, and begrimed with dust and grease, upon which she placed a plate and a silver four-pronged fork. Hungry as I was, I could scarce muster resolution enough to touch a morsel, but Prince was less fastidious and devoured his dinner greedily. Having washed down the liver with a draught of sour cyder, I pursued my course to Rouen, where I arrived about sunset. At every turn I had to repeat my quotation from Boyer, until at length I alighted at the Hôtel de Vâtel.

After supper I applied for a place in the Berlin which plied between Rouen and Paris, and was mortified to learn that it would not start for three clear days. This was alarming on financial grounds. Upon my leaving London my father had given me six guineas and a half, which he reckoned would carry me to Paris. But now, after paying all my travelling expenses, I found that I had expended £5 3*s.* 4¾*d.*, and consequently had no more than £1 13*s.* 1¼*d.* remaining in my purse, and out of that I should have to disburse twenty-one shillings for my place in the Berlin, and support myself three days and a half in the hotel at Rouen, and two days more while on the journey to Paris. I at once secured my seat, and was thus reduced to twelve shillings, one penny, and one farthing. At the end of the first day I ordered my bill, which amounted to three shillings and six-pence, besides eighteenpence for the carriage of my trunk from Dieppe. It became, therefore, indispensably necessary to adopt a more economical mode of living. Accordingly, next morning, after breakfasting on a basin of bread and milk, I contrived to tell my landlady that I proposed to walk about and see the town, and might possibly not return to dinner. Sallying forth, I wandered about the streets and looked at the churches and other buildings, until I grew hungry, when I bought a penny loaf, and striking into the country, strolled to the top of St. Catherine's Hill. Here I sat down and divided my bread between myself and my faithful dog. Having finished my philosophical repast, I

took out my favourite volume of the minor Greek poets, and amused myself with reading Musæus's 'Loves of Hero and Leander,' and with contemplating the beauties of the landscape spread before me, till the sun went down. Having made up a story of having dined with a friend in the town, I supped upon some bread and milk and went to bed. The same plan carried me through the next day, and on Friday morning, after paying my hotel bill and the carriage of my trunk to Paris, I ascended the Berlin with somewhat less than two shillings in my pocket.

At Vaudreuil, where we stopped to breakfast, I slipped away from my fellow-travellers and walked in the garden till they were ready to start, The same thing happened at Gaillon, where we stopped to dine; but at Bonnières, where we lay, I found myself incapable of longer fasting, and supped with the rest. In the morning I paid my share of the reckoning, which swept away all that remained of my worldly wealth. On the way to Meulan I was so overcome with vexation, and so humiliated by the fear of my poverty being discovered, that the blood gushed from my nose. I tried to conceal my misadventure from my companions, but it was observed by the gentleman who sat opposite to me, who assisted me with so much kindness, that he won my heart, and I resolved to acquaint him with my situation as soon as we reached Meulan. Fortunately for me he spoke English, and was a very worthy, humane man. His name was Lambert. Taking him aside, I told him who I was and how I was circumstanced, and showing him my letter of credit on M. Grand at Paris, I asked him to supply me with sufficient to carry me through to my journey's end. Had I been on my trial for a footpad robbery I could not have been more confused and distressed than I was while making this avowal. He saw into the workings of my mind and, pulling out his purse, begged me to take what I pleased. I told him that five shillings would be ample, and though he pressed me to take more, I resolutely refused. The load being removed, I recovered my spirits, and at Poissy we dined together gaily. In the evening I arrived at the Hôtel d'Anjou in the Rue Dauphine, where, on mentioning Lord Somerville's name, I was heartily welcomed and capitally entertained.

As soon as I had breakfasted the next morning, I called upon M. Grand, presented my letter of credit, and received some money, which appeared to me a vast sum, being paid,

according to the custom of the country, in crown-pieces. With my pockets thus replenished, I posted off to my friend M. Lambert, and with sincere thanks repaid him the money he had lent me. The remainder of that day, and two more which I passed in Paris, were employed in sightseeing and in going to the Colisée and the theatres. On the morning of the 17th July I ascended that commodious vehicle called a diligence, and set out for Orleans. As the weather was uncommonly hot, and there were ten inside passengers, my journey was not very agreeable. The carriage, moreover, had no springs, and we were dragged along at a foot-pace by eight great black entire horses. We dined at Arpajon, and reached Estampes by supper-time, after travelling for twelve hours, in which time we had accomplished thirty miles. The next morning, at one o'clock, we remounted our vehicle and drove into Orleans about sunset. We were then half-way to Tours. The misery of employing thirty hours to traverse sixty miles had such an effect upon myself, and upon two very civil young Frenchmen with whom I had made acquaintance in the diligence, that we agreed to change our plan, and to pursue the remainder of our journey by water. We accordingly hired a boat, and set out next morning upon the Loire.

Our boat was flat-bottomed, and was composed of rough deal planks loosely nailed together, so that we could see through to the water, and our oars were two old mop-sticks with a flat piece of wood fastened to one end. Bad, however, as our accommodation was, we enjoyed the transition to it from the diligence, and rowed alternately, with much good-humour, between the rising banks, enjoying a succession of the noblest and most pleasing objects. We passed Blois and Amboise, both beautifully situated on the river, and famous as the scenes of great historic events. Our first night was spent at Nohan, a little village before coming to Blois, where we were overtaken by the darkness. Our host was an old Scotchman, who fairly owned that he had fled from his country on account of the Rebellion, and almost cried when he recognised a countryman. At the close of the next day we safely arrived at the Trois Barbeaux at Tours, where I supped and took leave of my obliging companions, who continued their journey to Saumur.

As I had now reached the place of my destination, my first care was to come to an arrangement with the landlord.

I accordingly chose an apartment looking out upon the Loire, and agreed to certain charges for board and lodging which cannot be deemed extravagant. For the former I paid one hundred livres, or £4 8*s.* 4*d.*, per month, for which I had a dinner of two courses and dessert, and a supper of one course and dessert, with wine. For my lodging I paid forty livres, or £1 13*s.* 4*d.*, per month, in which all necessary linen was included. With a very good hairdresser I agreed for six livres, or five shillings, a month, and with a washerwoman for the same sum. I then engaged a dancing-master to come to me every morning at the rate of ten shillings for twelve lessons, and with an abbé to instruct me in French for twenty shillings for the same number of lessons. After that I purchased two suits of clothes to enable me to make a proper appearance in public. A week thus glided past, during which I remained at home and applied myself diligently to acquire the means of conversing with my neighbours. The rapidity with which I mastered the language surprised me, for by the time I had been three weeks in France I could understand tolerably well what was said to me, and could ask for what I wanted without much hesitation or obscurity.

Exactly a week after my arrival at Tours, I dressed myself in my best coat, and went to the play. I was shown into a box in which sat two gentlemen, with a lady whose elegance and beauty struck me so much that my attention was soon called off from the stage, and fixed upon her. She was uncommonly fair, with the finest complexion and colour, a degree of embonpoint, and a certain air of manners and acquaintance with high life. She was apparently turned thirty, though she preserved in full perfection all the bloom and freshness of eighteen. While my eyes were fixed upon her, and while I was forming schemes for somehow or other introducing myself to her notice, the two gentlemen got up and, wishing her good-evening, went out of the box, leaving the door unfastened. I thought that the longed-for opportunity had arrived. With a hesitating voice, and with much trepidation, I ventured to ask, in the best French I could muster, if I should shut the door. She very civilly answered in the affirmative, and then surveyed me for some time with much attention. I was too great a novice in gallantry to know that it was incumbent upon me to follow up a conversation thus happily begun. So I sat silent and

probably looking foolish enough, when, after having satisfied herself as to my exterior and my language, neither of which could be mistaken for French, she asked me, in very good English, if I was not a stranger newly come to Tours, and an Englishman. I answered that she guessed aright in both particulars, and that, in fact, I was so freshly imported that I had not yet completed my third week upon the Continent. I then asked if I might have the honour of sitting by her side, as my situation at the back of the box rendered conversation somewhat inconvenient. Having obtained her permission, we began a long *tête-à-tête*, which lasted till the play was over, and in the course of which I informed her who I was, what were my connections in England, and what was my object in residing at Tours for a month or two. In return she told me her name, and added that she was the sister of an English baronet, and the widow of a Roman Catholic gentleman. She blamed me for selecting a strange place without any introductions or letters. "But," she said, "I know some of your family. I have been at Lord Somerville's house in Scotland, and perhaps I may be able to assist you. I have lived here for some time, and, if you please, I will introduce you to M. de Cluzel, the Intendant,* and his wife. If you are once properly received by them, you will easily obtain admission everywhere. Remember, however, that you must pass as an old acquaintance of mine, so I must know first if that is a character you choose to assume." It may easily be supposed that my thanks and professions were not lacking in profusion. I was in a moment struck to the heart, and was so eager to express my gratitude and admiration, that she was obliged to remind me that we were in a public assembly, where people had eyes and were censorious. "You overrate my little services," she said, "but the Intendant has a public day to-morrow, when, if you will drink tea with me, I will take you there and introduce you properly." She allowed me afterwards to hand her out, and to conduct her to the door of her house,

* Previous to the Revolution M. l'Intendant was a very great personage. He was usually the representative of the Fermier-Général of the province, and in that capacity controlled the finances and the administration. He is sometimes likened to the Lord Lieutenant of an English county, but his functions were real, comprehensive, and very often troublesome.

where she wished me good-evening. For my part, I returned to my hotel as happy as a young man can be who, for the first time in his life, has been flattered by the smiles of a fine woman.

The next evening I was punctual to the moment. We drank tea; and I became more and more pleased with my new acquaintance. She took me with her to M. de Cluzel's, where I was most civilly received, and, a few days afterwards, the Intendant returned my visit and gave me a general invitation to his house. My time now passed very pleasantly. The Intendant had a party and a magnificent supper two or three times a week, which I constantly attended. There were also parties at other houses, to which I obtained an *entrée*. There were frequent concerts and a good playhouse. I divided my hours between them and my charming widow, to whom I became a faithful servant. We made several excursions to the environs of Tours; among others to the Duc d'Aiguillon's château* at Verrêt, and to the Duc de Richelieu's. An intercourse of this nature tended to improve my manners, and to enlarge my ideas

* The Duc d'Aiguillon joined the Revolutionists, and in 1796 was a refugee in England. Once a month he dined at the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, in company with Charles Lameth, at one time President of the National Assembly, and Dupont, a member of that Assembly, whose assistance was indignantly rejected by Marie Antoinette, when he offered to hand her out of her carriage on being brought back from Varennes. Michael Kelly, the composer, was taken to one of these dinners by Viotti, the leader of the orchestra at the Opera House, and became acquainted with the Duke, a great admirer of music and the drama. The three refugees frequently dined with Kelly, who gave them free admissions to the Opera House and Drury Lane Theatre. When reduced to the last shilling the Duke asked Kelly to let him copy music for the theatre at the ordinary rate, being too proud to accept pecuniary assistance from any one. He would rise at daylight and work till the evening, copying music for a shilling per sheet. He then dressed in evening attire, and took his seat in the pit at the Opera House. (There were no stalls in those days.) For one reason or another he and his friends were ordered by the Alien Office to quit the country within forty-eight hours. The Duke went to Hamburg, was arrested, condemned, and shot, meeting his fate with perfect calmness. He left a Danish dog, a great favourite, with Kelly, but the faithful animal pined after his master, refused all nourishment, and died.—'Reminiscences of Michael Kelly,' vol. ii. pp. 84–88.

more than any theoretical lectures could have done. I considered myself a man, and wished to make myself a gentleman. Being entirely anxious to please her, and having an excellent instructress, I soon lost the boyish bashfulness I had brought with me from England. I talked French fluently, and a little affair in which I had an opportunity of showing some spirit, gave me a little consequence, and helped to raise my opinion of myself.

This little affair may be briefly told. Mr. Burges found the fair widow one day seated on a sofa, dissolved in tears, and holding a letter in her hand. After some little pressing, she gave it to him to read. It came from the Intendant's secretary, who professed a passionate love for her, but reproached her for her coldness and indifference to himself, which he imputed in a very insolent tone to her preference for the young Englishman, whose qualifications he considered inferior to his own. Thereupon the young gentleman snatched up his hat and ran out of the room. The Intendant had gone to his country house at Grammont, where Mr. Burges singled out the enamoured secretary, and contrived to lead him into a sequestered part of the wood. Suddenly producing the letter, he demanded a written apology and a promise not again to molest the lady in any way. The Frenchman at first demurred, but finding that the only alternative was to draw and defend himself, he allowed discretion to master his valour, and, returning to the house, wrote as he was bidden to do. The matter was hardly arranged when the Intendant and his friends came in from their walk, and sat down to cards. Pleading urgent business, the youthful "Squire of Dames" took a hasty leave, and, hurrying back to the town, laid the letter at the feet of his charmer.

Two months quickly flew by, and the time arrived for returning to Oxford and resuming more serious pursuits. Bidding adieu to all his kind friends, Mr. Burges started on

the 26th of September in a post-chaise on his homeward journey, and at Tours met with a curious adventure:—

A chaise drove into the yard, in which was a gentleman who appeared to be in a great hurry, and called instantly for horses. Expedition not being the characteristic of a French post-house, the stranger and I had ample opportunity for conversing. He told me that he was going to Paris on a business of great emergence, that every moment's delay was death to him, and that he had travelled, without stopping, from the banks of the Garonne, where he had left his château and family in much confusion. This communication, delivered with great vehemence, raised my curiosity, to gratify which I remarked that as we were both travelling to the same place, and both in an equal hurry, it might be a good plan to proceed together, instead of following each other in different carriages. He answered very politely that I did him much honour, and that he would be glad of my company. As soon as the horses were put to we started. He appeared exceedingly disturbed, sometimes melancholy and silent, sometimes bursting out into violent exclamations. My curiosity had nigh given way to apprehension, for I began to suspect the sanity of my fellow-traveller, when, suddenly turning round, and observing, perhaps, some marks of astonishment on my face, he caught my hand.

"My dear sir," he cried, "be not surprised at the agitation I am in. God knows I have enough to disturb me. I am a murderer." "God forbid!" I exclaimed. "Yes," he continued, "I have not changed my clothes since the thing was done." I now became extremely anxious on many accounts to know something more of this business, and therefore asked him, as gently as I could, if he would acquaint me with the particulars. "I live, sir," he replied, "on the banks of the Garonne. A variety of disputes brought about a *procès* between myself and a gentleman whose estate bordered upon mine. He was extremely impetuous, and I was not much calmer. From one thing to another our quarrel became personal. He dared to make use of expressions derogating from my character and honour. I challenged him. Three nights ago we met by moonlight in a wood, each armed with a carbine. At the first shot I laid him dead at my feet. I ran home, embraced my wife and family, and

have travelled ever since on my way to Versailles, where I shall throw myself before our good King, and implore forgiveness. Such is my history. You will no longer be surprised at the agitation which possesses me." Though I was certainly not much pleased with these details, my previous apprehensions were dissipated, and as, by his own account, he had had a good start of his pursuers, I entertained no doubt of our reaching Paris before they could overtake us. I therefore exerted myself to calm his excitement, and by diverting the conversation to lighter and more agreeable topics, to turn away his thoughts from himself. By degrees my efforts proved successful, and during the remainder of our journey he gave me much information relating to the customs of his own province. About sunset we reached Paris, whence my fellow-traveller continued his journey to Versailles, while I repaired to my former hotel in the Rue Dauphine. Next morning I started for Rouen, where I arrived that night, and next day proceeded to Dieppe. On the 6th of October I landed at Brighthelmstone, exactly three months from the day I sailed from it. In the interval I had gained some experience of the world, I had enjoyed a foretaste of the pleasures of good society, I had acquired the French language so thoroughly that I was able to converse on any subject with perfect fluency, and my entire expenditure from the day I left London to that on which I returned to it had not exceeded £89 1*s.* 7*d.*, including every charge.

During his son's absence in France, Mr. Burges had removed with his family to Bath, where he purchased a house in the Crescent. To Bath, therefore, the young traveller directed his steps, but shortly afterwards returned to Oxford, which continued to be his headquarters till the month of June, 1773. In addition to his former studies he passed through two courses of the Vinerian Lectures, as many of Civil Law, and one each of Astronomy, Architecture, and Fortifications. In February, 1772, he was examined for the Bachelor of Arts degree, and received his testamen, but as academical honours were not likely to help him at the Bar, he contented himself with a permission to

wear a civilian's gown, which in University precedence was considered of equal rank. He was flattered, however, by obtaining the Freedom of the Bodleian Library after a standing of two years and a half in University College, whereas four years was the usual period. This exceptional compliment was the consequence of a motion made by Mr. Scott, his tutor, in Convocation, in recognition of his pupil's assiduous application.

On attaining his majority, James Burges was informed by his father that he proposed to send him on a second tour, of greater extent and importance than his former brief excursion into France. This time he was to have a travelling companion in the person of his kinsman, the Rev. William Somerville, vicar of Bibury, in Gloucestershire, who is described as "a very worthy man, a good clergyman, and an excellent farmer."

Although amusing enough in themselves, it is unnecessary to recite the numerous misadventures which befel the two ill-matched tourists during their seven months wanderings in the Low Countries, Germany, Switzerland, and France. Sometimes their chaise came to grief, sometimes their horses. Occasionally they encountered plausible swindlers, though without loss to their own pockets. At Spa, James Burges lost his heart in half-an-hour to a Dutch damsel, but seems to have got on very well without it. The inns were not always very clean or comfortable, and if, perchance, they took places in a public conveyance, their fellow-travellers were not invariably desirable companions. Then, the reverend gentleman had a trick of muttering half aloud the Latin epigrams he was trying to compose on the town they had just quitted, or on that which they were approaching. These trifling unpleasantnesses, however, only imparted a zest to the enjoyment of the new scenes and strange peoples that

were day by day passing before their eyes like slides in a magic lantern. But in Italy they came upon some things quite out of the common run. The knife solved many a quarrel, and was also drawn to intimidate travellers disposed to resist exactions. Roadside accidents were by no means unknown. It was, however, in Rome that the most remarkable incidents of the journey occurred. Clement XIV. then filled the Papal See. As his Holiness had been a Franciscan, it was arranged that the festival of St. Francis should be celebrated with unusual magnificence at Castel Gandolfo, near Albano, where the Pope was then staying. Recourse may again be had to Sir James Burges's Journal :—

When we arrived at Castel Gandolfo we walked into the large court of the palace, where great preparations were making for a *feu d'artifice*. An amazing crowd was collected to see the Pope get into his carriage, and to receive his blessing. A servant of Mr. Jenkins came up to us to tell us that his master had procured for us a place in the gallery to see the fireworks. As they were not to commence, however, till it grew dark, we preferred mixing with the crowd. I was much amused with the curious mixture of the Swiss Guards in their fantastical uniform, the ecclesiastical servants of the Pope in their purple and scarlet vestments, the various friars of different orders, and the mob of men, women, and children, who thronged together in every direction. I was particularly taken with the beauty of several led horses, the finest animals that Andalusia ever produced, covered with gold, silver, and precious stones. While I was admiring one of these, which had momentarily been entrusted to a little boy, notice was given that his Holiness was coming forth, and instantly the band of music struck up, the drums beat, the trumpets brayed, and the people sent up a loud shout. The horse I was looking at, alarmed at such a sudden outburst of sound, sprang forward into the thickest of the crowd, kicking furiously, and dragging after him the little boy who had heedlessly fastened the bridle round his waist. The bystanders, in their eagerness to escape, threw each other down, while those farther off, like true Italians, clapped their

hands and made all the noise they could. As no one attempted to stop the horse, which was every instant becoming more furious, I called out to the people to stand aside, and, running up, caught the animal by the bridle. He struggled a good deal, but I soon mastered him, and extricated the poor boy from the imminent peril he was in. While this was being done, and while the crowd were tumultuously applauding "il Cavaliere Anglese," the Pope had reached the gallery, from which the staircase descended to the court. Of course, he saw everything. When the hubbub had subsided he stretched forth his hand and gave his blessing to the people, which was received with much devotion. He then entered his coach, and proceeded to celebrate Mass at the Franciscan church in the town.

While he was thus employed we quitted the castle, and took a walk through the country in the neighbourhood. We had not strolled far when, at the turning of a road, we saw advancing towards us a magnificent cavalcade, consisting of three coaches and six, and a number of running footmen and other servants dressed in scarlet and gold. Inquiring what this might be, we were told it was "il Pretendente Carolo Stuardo," with his lady.* Curious to see a man of whose fortunes I had heard so much, I stopped and awaited him. Presently he drove up. As he passed I pulled off my hat and made him a bow. He looked thoughtful and melancholy, but when he saw that I was an Englishman his countenance brightened up. He bent forward from his seat and returned my bow. He was fat and bloated, and bore the marks of habitual inebriety.

As night approached we returned to Castel Gandolfo, and went into the gallery, where Mr. Jenkins had procured a place for us. We had not been long in the crowd when one of the Pope's attendants came up and inquired for the English gentlemen. Having found us, he said that the Pope had been pleased with my conduct in the alarm occasioned by the horse, and that if we liked, we might pass into the inner apartment, where we should see the fireworks more conveniently. We accordingly availed ourselves of this permission and, walking through a suite of rooms which opened one into the other, we entered the last in order to be

* The Pretender died in 1788. His widow, Louisa Maximiliana of Stolberg Gœdern, Duchess of Albany, lived afterwards with Alfieri, the poet, and was supposed to be privately married to him.

as much as possible out of the way of the cardinals and prelates, who were walking up and down in expectation of his Holiness's appearance. It was not long before a pair of folding-doors in the furthermost apartment were flung open, and his Holiness entered, leaning on the arm of a cardinal. He walked forward, speaking to the great personages on his right and left, and advanced from one room to another till he came to that in which we were. As he approached, we conformed to the etiquette of the place and kneeled down, but he no sooner perceived us than he ran forward and, as I happened to be the nearest, he raised me up and gave me two or three pats on the cheek. He then in the most gracious and obliging manner mentioned what he had seen, and asked me how long I had been in Rome and how I had been treated. On receiving my answer he again patted my cheek and said, "Vi, raccomando Roma." After saying something obliging to Mr. Somerville, he turned to Mr. Jenkins and bade him take care of us. He then rejoined the cardinals with whom he had previously been conversing.

At Naples the travellers witnessed two painful and hideous spectacles. They had devoted a forenoon to an inspection of the Catacombs, and were throughout much annoyed by the multitude of bats disturbed by the torches carried by their guides.

At the end of a long vault, [Mr. Burges remarks] I noticed a large pair of iron folding-doors, behind which were thousands of human bodies in various stages of decay, but all quite black. On inquiry, I was told that they were the bodies of those who had died in the great plague which ravaged Naples in the last century. Turning with loathing from such a sight, I sought the entrance of the vaults, but no sooner had I breathed the fresh air than I fainted and lay some time unconscious. Such was the noxious quality of the air contained in those doleful chambers, from which, however, I experienced no further ill-consequences.

We had not reflected long on those abodes of the dead, before our attention was called to a more modern, though an infinitely more disgusting exhibition of the same sort. While sitting one day after dinner at Sir William Hamilton's, a servant came in with a message that a certain countess,

who had died a few weeks previously, would receive company the next morning. Greatly struck with so odd a circumstance, I asked Lady Hamilton* what it meant. "If you will go to such a church," said she (naming one which I now forget), "you will understand its meaning. The ceremony begins early, but you will be in time if you go after breakfast." The next morning, accordingly, I went there and found the church hung with black, a great number of tapers lighted, and a catafalque in the centre, round which a multitude of priests and monks were chanting solemn hymns. All this was somewhat dismal, but it by no means answered my expectations, which had been wound up to a high pitch. At length, however, I perceived the crowd was pushing forward to a corner of the church where there appeared to be a door. I went with the others and, passing through the door, descended a staircase. When I arrived at the bottom, a scene presented itself which only a Neapolitan imagination could have devised. It was the Festa dei Morti, or All Souls' Day, and, according to annual custom, the body of every person who had been buried in the vaults of the church during the preceding year had been taken out of its coffin and placed upright against the wall. The surviving relatives gave notice of this ceremony and invited their acquaintances to visit their departed friends, who were all dressed out magnificently—the men in silk, velvet, or embroidered clothes; the women in sacques, ruffles, and high head-dresses. It is impossible to conceive anything more horrid or disgusting than the appearance of so many hundred corpses in every stage of putrefaction, from the first livid swelling to the absolute skeleton, decked out like persons going to a ball. Notwithstanding the perfumes which were kept burning, the stench was so intolerable that, after a hasty survey of the dreadful exhibition, I retired as much astonished at the superstitious folly of mankind, as horrified with a scene which could only be equalled by the Festival of the Dead among the North American Indians, as described by Père Lafitau.†

* This lady was Sir William Hamilton's first wife, and not the Lady Hamilton whose name was so unpleasantly mixed up with that of Lord Nelson, and of whom larger mention will be made hereafter.

† 'Mœurs des Sauvages Amériquains comparés aux Mœurs des Premiers Temps.' 4to, 1724.

On their return to Rome in the beginning of November, the English travellers were graciously admitted to a private audience of the Pope. What passed is worth reporting in Mr. Burges's own words:—

About five in the evening of the 18th of November, we went with Mr. Jenkins to the Palace of Monte Cavallo. After waiting some time while his Holiness sipped his coffee after his *siestà*, we were desired by one of the chamberlains to walk into his apartment. We were conducted through his bed-chamber, a large room, whitewashed, without any ornament or furniture except a plain table, a few chairs, a bed without tester or curtains, and a crucifix of wood as large as life. We found the Pope sitting in the adjoining room at a great table covered with a Turkey carpet, on which were heaped a vast number of books and papers, in an arm-chair close by a good fire. Advancing a few steps we bent the knee, on which he came forward and lifted us up, saying with a smile: "This ceremony does well enough in public, but here it is unnecessary; besides, you heretic Englishmen are not accustomed to such reverences. It is a pity you are heretics, for among you are many great men. For my part, I wish we were all of one faith. Don't you think"—addressing himself to me—"that that might have been contrived?" "Holy Father," said I, "when the differences in opinion between us first arose, the world was in a state of semi-barbarism. Both parties, from being warm, grew outrageous, and mutual violence produced mutual hatred. More coolness and more knowledge might have dispelled prejudices, which, I apprehend, are now become articles of faith too powerful ever to be overturned." "You say well," he replied. "Il Papa Clemente and his successors did not understand the nature of Englishmen. Had they acted differently we might still have been friends. Your Queen Elizabeth was a great woman, and I believe, had we been contemporaries, the fatal schism which I have often lamented would never have happened." He then asked us if we had visited Cività Vecchia. We told him we had not. "When you do," said he, "you will see what I am doing there. I endeavour to do good, and to improve the temporal as well as the spiritual condition of my dominions. It has long been a reproach to us that, situated as we are on a fine sea-coast,

we have neither harbours nor trade. If I live long enough I shall hope to see my Romans in possession of both." He then asked us many questions about what we had seen at Rome, and what opinion we had formed of the ancient and modern state of the city and its inhabitants. Happening to mention his new museum, on which we bestowed great and merited commendation, he said, "That museum has afforded me much pleasure, but I have been perplexed about the choice of a proper person as the *custode*. I have received a great many applications, but I should be sorry to bestow such a charge on any one who is not possessed of real merit and learning." I remarked that in such a city as Rome a person of that description might easily be found, for even in the short time I had resided there I had been so fortunate as to meet with several gentlemen of real learning and, as far as I could discover, of great virtue and merit. "Pray," said he, "who are these persons of whom you think so well?" "Holy Father," I replied, "it does not become me on the short acquaintance I have had with them to mention to your Holiness any persons as really deserving; but there is one whom I have had better opportunities of knowing than the others, as he has been my constant companion since my arrival in Rome, whom I know to be very learned, and whom I believe to be very meritorious." "And what is his name?" he asked. "His name," I said, "is Signor Orazio Orlandi, who has favoured us with his company as an antiquarian." "I am very glad to know so much," he replied. "I knew him long ago, and always esteemed him. Pray tell him, when you next see him, that I have chosen him as the keeper of my museum." My acknowledgments for this appointment, which I took in its proper light as a compliment from this good old man, were, of course, not wanting. As we were thus discoursing a chamberlain entered, and said a few words apart to the Pope. His Holiness asked us to wait for a few minutes till he returned, as his presence was required on some business. He thereupon went out and left us to take a survey of his apartment. All this time we had been standing near the fire, while his Holiness partly stood, and partly sat on the table. I had a great curiosity to know what were his studies when we entered. I therefore took up his book, which he had turned down open, and found it to be a treatise of controversial divinity in Latin. The other books in the room were chiefly of the same nature. Every thing in it was

very comfortable, though no finery or parade was to be seen. In a few minutes his Holiness returned with a bundle of papers in his hand. "I am sorry," he said, "that some unforeseen business will prevent me from conversing any longer with you at present, but I am not my own master, and the interests of my people must be my first care." On this we were about to withdraw, and were preparing to bend the knee, when he came up to us and said with a smile: "Though you are heretics, Christian charity makes me wish well to you. *Il mio caro Ruffiano Jenkins* can tell you that I know how to esteem good men of every description. I wish you health and happiness, and, as the blessing of an old * man, though you do not think him infallible, cannot hurt you and may have weight with Heaven, take mine"—putting his hands on our heads—"and may the God of Heaven bless and preserve you." The scene was too affecting to admit of a reply. We received his blessing with thankfulness and, with tears in our eyes, retired from his presence.

Four days later Mr. James Burges and his incongruous companion were on their way to Florence, whence they gradually made their way to England. At Paris they remained a week, passed in "a constant round of diversions," but inexorable necessity soon forced them to tear themselves from a city which, as Mr. Sutherland Edwards has pleasantly remarked, from being the Lutetia of the ancients has become the Lætitia of the moderns. The gaieties of Bath must have seemed somewhat sombre by the contrast.

* Very nearly the same words are attributed by Bourrienne to Pius VII. when visiting the Imperial Printing Office in Paris. One of the workmen refused to take off his cap, an act of rudeness that drew murmurs from his comrades. "Uncover yourself, young man," said the Pope in gentle tones, "that I may give you my blessing. No one was ever the worse for the blessing of an old man."

CHAPTER III.

Personal Character and Accomplishments—A Ball-room Episode—Entered at the Temple—The Choice of Hercules—Life as a Law Student—Mr. John Lamb—Lord Camden on Special Pleaders—Two Views of the Question—Lord Camden's Discourtesy—Two Good Resolutions—Admitted into good Society—A Travelling Adventure—Snowed-up—Miss E. Noel—Love and Courtship—Removal of Difficulties—Marriage—Happiness—Death of Mrs. James Burges—His Second Marriage.

THE variety of scenes through which I had lately passed, the society into which I had been introduced, and the manners and information which I had acquired, made me, on my return, extremely acceptable to all my old friends, and procured me the acquaintance of many to whom, otherwise, I had small pretensions to be known. I soon discovered that, if I had the art to put a value on myself, others would value me in proportion. I had the laudable vanity of desiring to show my acquirements. I resolved to profit by the manner in which I had been received, and to place myself on a footing in life which the education my father had given me, and the polish I had just obtained on the Continent, enabled me to support. I had, indeed, considerable advantages; such as being an excellent Latin and Greek scholar; talking French and Italian perfectly; dancing, riding, and fencing well; playing on the harpsichord, guitar, and violoncello. These I considered as my fortune, and with these I determined to work my way. When I thus mention the favourable circumstances which attended me on my setting out in life, I must add that I possessed a temper warm and impetuous to a degree of violence, and that my vanity was more than equal to anything I had to be vain of. These were the

disadvantageous parts of my character, and these I resolved, if possible, to subdue. Whatever may have been my efforts to effect this, it is most certain that even to this moment (1788) those efforts have not been completely successful.* Though more easily controlled, I still occasionally blush to think that my temper sometimes carries me beyond that calm serenity which true wisdom demands, but I trust that I have obtained a considerable dominion over it, and that my vanity has now subsided to that just estimation of my own faculties which every man, who wishes to maintain himself in a due equipoise with those around him, ought to preserve. I often reflect with pleasure that, when I was young in the world and had nothing to boast of, I was vain and supercilious, and that; in proportion as I have had cause to rise in my own opinion, I have gained a just appreciation of myself, and have become more humble.

Vanity was to the last the besetting weakness of Sir J. B Burges. It led him to fancy himself a poet, whereas he was only a fluent versifier. His verses, it is true, were quite equal to those of his contemporaries during his early manhood. When two such poetasters as Whitehead and Warton were successively counted worthy of the distinction of being dubbed Poet Laureate, it would be unfair to expect great things from the rank and file. But, vanity apart, he had many admirable qualities, which commanded the esteem of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was a high-minded gentleman, in the old-fashioned meaning of that word, and exceptionally independent for the times in which he lived. He might be biassed by friendship, but he was inaccessible through fear or self-interest. Not that he was indifferent to social and political influence, or that he omitted to make an honourable use of the opportunities for personal advancement which occasionally came in his way. Far from it. It will be seen that the example and teaching of his

* In the MSS. "compleatly successfull," but the modern system of orthography has been adopted throughout.

grandfather, Lord Somerville, were not lost upon him. The "dour" resolution which carried that nobleman through his unpleasant experiences at Kensington, was exhibited in a softer manner by his grandson when he found himself at Rouen with only a few shillings in his pocket. A certain analogy, too, will be traced between Lord Somerville's adherence to his Dukes, and the determination adopted by young James Burges to avoid much association with the Templars, and to work his way into the best society in London. They were equally successful, as they deserved to be, for neither of them ever stooped to ignoble and ungenerous courses, however anxious to struggle to the front. The younger of the two modestly attributed the prosperity he attained to "a quarter of an hour accidentally employed at a ball at Bath," and may now be allowed to describe the episode which exercised such a salutary influence on his subsequent career:—

One evening I sauntered into the ball-room with all the affectation of nonchalance and indifference which was then the fashionable mode of behaviour. Of all fashions it was certainly the most ridiculous, and though it supplied many a stupid beau with a screen for his want of other qualifications, yet such an apparent state of apathy hung like a heavy weight upon myself, whose natural vivacity and impetuosity of temper made me always take an active interest in whatever was going forward. A behaviour of this kind, however, being the *mode*, I put it on like a new coat, while in conformity with the reigning humour, and with an air of insensibility which I never felt, I contemplated with languor a variety of couples going down a country-dance. A young lady, with whom I was slightly acquainted, came up and began to rally me on my indolence. As it was also the *ton* to despise dancing, I gravely replied that I never danced. "I am sorry to hear that," said she; "there is a charming young woman of our party here to-night, who is just come to Bath, and who can't dance because she knows nobody. I thought you would have been a proper partner for her."

"Ay!" said I. "Who is this hapless damsel?" "She is Miss Betty Noel," she answered, "second daughter of Lord Wentworth. However, as you are too fine to dance, I fancy there are many gentlemen here who will be glad of the honour of dancing with her." "Nay," said I, "I have not absolutely foresworn it, and, if you will introduce me, I will ask the favour of her hand." I accordingly advanced with my guide. Miss Noel received me with the utmost good-humour and frankness. We danced for some time, and then sat down on a side bench, where we entered into a long conversation. At length she told me that, as she had attended her father to Bath on account of his health, she considered it her duty to wait on him, particularly before he went to bed. "I hope," said she, "you will think this a sufficient apology for my leaving you, as he keeps early hours and will, I know, expect me home to supper." I handed her to her chair, after she had given me permission to renew an acquaintance thus happily begun, and we parted with mutual sentiments of regard, which afterwards improved into the most sincere affection. During the remainder of her stay at Bath we frequently met, and she introduced me to her brother, the present Lord. Though neither of us, at that time, had perhaps the most distant idea of carrying our intimacy beyond the footing of friendship, it cannot be denied that we parted with mutual regret when she returned with her father to London. I felt as something essentially necessary to my happiness the promise she gave of renewing our acquaintance in Town. During that year, however, we saw little more of each other. In consequence of her father's health growing worse, they were obliged to go into Leicestershire, and his death, which happened in October, 1774, prevented the family from going out and from seeing company.

The pursuit of love had to give way to that of law. The travelled beau, cured of bashfulness by a comforted widow, petted by a pope, and smiled upon by the daughter of a British peer, was about to begin life in earnest as a law student, frequenting the Court of King's Bench, and residing in chambers in the Temple. He frankly admits that his previous training was at first very much against him. He

had been brought up as though his future had been easy for him without any exertion on his part. He had received the education and acquired the accomplishments of a man of fortune and fashion. He fancied that it would be a pleasant thing to take his seat in the fulness of time on the woolsack and repeat the experiences of a Murray, a Yorke, and a Camden; but neither he nor his father had any distinct ideas on the subject of legal studies or a legal career. Disenchantment awaited him on the very threshold. If ever he had thought at all upon the ways and means, it had been with the pleasant assurance that he would be abundantly provided with worldly goods and that the path which lay before him would be strewed with roses. All such delightful visions were dispelled by the confidential communication made to him by his father, preparatory to installing him in his chambers on the first floor at 11 Paper Buildings. It was to the effect that his present income would not exceed £200 per annum, and that eventually he would inherit no more than £5000.

However unpleasant the contemplation of such a change might be [he subsequently remarked] it was attended with one good effect. The style in which I had lived made me delicate in my choice of company. I had known what an elegant society was, and I felt a repugnance to enter into one less suited to the ideas I had formed. In my new situation, however, my only alternative was to lead a life of solitude, or to live as others in the same circumstances did. I might adopt one of these two plans—belong to some club of young lawyers at a coffee-house in Chancery Lane or the Strand, dine and sup there every day, and become a critic at the play-house—or live by myself in my own chambers, dine on a solitary mutton-chop, and occasionally launch out into the style of life for which my late experiences had given me a decided taste. I chose the latter.

His first year's residence in chambers afforded him little

pleasure. The forenoon was passed in the Court of King's Bench, taking notes. Now and again he dined in Lincoln's Inn Hall, but more frequently in his own room. The evening slipped away while reading and writing. Of his fellow-students, with a few rare exceptions, he saw little and did not desire to see more. Some of his father's friends, however, were kind and thoughtful towards the involuntary recluse, especially Mr. John Lamb, who subsequently gave him a most substantial proof of his friendship by bequeathing to him and his children a very considerable fortune. This gentleman, sprung from an obscure family at Ashford, in Kent, had gone into business at an early age. In 1745 he accompanied Major Sawyer to Scotland, where he was appointed Pay-master-General of the Duke of Cumberland's forces. As one of the Deputy Paymasters, Mr. Lamb displayed so much intelligence and honourable feeling that, on the suppression of the Rebellion, Major Sawyer engaged his services as an assistant in the Army Agency which he then established. On the Major's death his brother continued the business with Mr. Lamb as his factotum. As years rolled on the principal became a wealthy man, and in a proper spirit handed over several regiments to his subordinate who, in his turn, also became rich. This did not, however, avert a paralytic stroke, which affected the muscles of his neck and turned his head to one side, but without impairing the clearness of his intellect, the soundness of his judgment, the evenness of his temper, or the urbanity of his manners. As the friend of the father he now showed marked attention to the son, and James Burges was a frequent and might have been a constant guest at his table.

The Long Vacation was passed at Bath. The young student, who was really anxious to become a sound lawyer, availed himself of this opportunity to impress on his father the

expediency, perhaps the necessity, of placing him in the office of a special pleader, where he might obtain a clearer understanding of the technical phraseology and forms of expression which had hitherto been a stumbling-block in his path. Possessing no personal experience in such matters, his father wrote to Lord Camden to ask his opinion, and received the following reply :—

Before the present rage for dissipation prevailed, young men intending for the Bar were under the necessity of searching deep for information, and of applying their whole attention to render themselves masters of the knowledge necessary to their profession. It was then rare for attorneys' clerks and special pleaders to become advocates. As dissipation increased, and application grew less, the technical part of the law rose into more consequence, till, at last, it became a sort of middle mart between attorneys and advocates, and many formed in this school rose through the interest of the former into great business as the latter. But of the whole number I do not find there is one capable of shining above his fellows, or of supplying the place of the great men, as they go off. Want of proper education, or dulness of parts, generally occasioned their going to these middle-shops for first principles, and their appearance and success in life were such as might be expected from such a course of studies. Money was preferred to reputation and they got what they wanted.

Acknowledging that this statement was not altogether fanciful and prejudiced, Sir James Burges afterwards came to look upon it as overcharged. Lord Camden, he said, had "risen to the highest eminence by the force of ability, and by a coincidence of fortunate circumstances, and the latter were probably more instrumental to his rise than the former," but his own experience convinced him that,

"however brilliant has been the success of some men who pursued their legal studies without this technical assistance, as many and perhaps as great men have arisen from the

desk of a special pleader, or a drawer in Chancery. Place on the one hand Lord Camden, Lord Mansfield, Lord Thurlow, Lord Grantley, Lord Loughborough, and Sir William de Grey, who attained their present or their late eminence without such help; and on the other Lord Kenyon, Mr. Dunning, Sir John Scott (Lord Eldon), Mr. Erskine (afterwards Lord Erskine), Lord Hardwicke, and Lord King. The balance is so even that the nicest legal critic will probably find it difficult to determine on which side the weight of learning, of talents, and of merit preponderates. Both modes are equally eligible according to the genius, the temper, and the situation of the young man who is to choose. If his talents are bright, his elocution good, and his taste correct; if he discovers a proper and manly spirit, ambitious of distinction and emulous of fame; if his family connections are good, and his fortune such as to support him decently for a few years without other assistance—if these things concur, the mode prescribed by Lord Camden is what he ought to follow. If, on the other hand, any of these requisites are wanting—if he is more solid than brilliant, if he discovers small marks of future eloquence, or if his education has not been classical, and, above all, if his fortune is such as to make a more immediate addition to it of importance—then the office of a special pleader or of a drawer in Chancery is preferable. There is, indeed, one other reason to make it so—and I speak feelingly, because it was my own—I mean the impracticability, from the want of any one to advise with, of gaining that technical knowledge which neither ability, emulation, nor industry can acquire alone, at a time when our law is so choked and fenced in with these incumbrances.

As Lord Camden had expressed a wish to see the son of his old friend, the young man lost no time in turning to account such a gracious invitation. It was something to be acquainted with an ex-Lord Chancellor, especially as he was quite likely to be again intrusted with the Seals. It was therefore with the most pleasurable expectations that he sallied forth one morning and knocked at the great man's door in New Burlington Street. On sending in his name, he was shown into Lord Camden's study.

He received me with a very formal countenance, which, of course, I interpreted into the sage gravity of a statesman. I was just beginning a speech about the honour he did me in permitting me to wait upon him, when a knock at the street door was heard. Instead of attending to what I was saying, he exclaimed, "There's somebody coming!" I paused, and a silence ensued till a servant opened the door and announced Lord Nugent. His Lordship came in with his usual good-humour and cried out, "My dear Lord, I hope I don't disturb you." "Not at all, my dear Lord," Lord Camden replied; "pray sit down." Then, turning to me, he said: "I can't talk to you now, sir. You may call some other time." On that he rang the bell and bade the footman open the door. I rose and was retiring without taking any notice of my host, when Lord Nugent, seeing I suppose that I was hurt with this behaviour, begged that I would not go, as he had called merely to ask after Lord Camden's health. "No, my Lord," said I, "I have nothing to say to his Lordship, and I wish your Lordship a very good morning." With that I walked out of the house, fully determined never more to accept an invitation from one whose performance so little corresponded with his voluntary professions.

The lesson, however, was not thrown away. It led to the formation of two good resolutions which were never forgotten. The one was never to court the favour of a great man, but rather to act in such a manner as to make his own acquaintance desirable to those who might be, socially or politically, his superiors. And the other, was always to bear himself with respect, attention, and sympathy towards his own inferiors. At a later period Lord Camden was abundantly polite to Mr. Burges when he found that he stood in no need of patronage. By degrees, as already hinted, the young man found his way into the houses of his father's old friends, who treated him with great kindness and hospitality. Among these were Lord Abercorn, Lord Gage, Lord Rosebery, and Sir Sampson Gideon. At their houses he became acquainted with many distinguished individuals who gladly

welcomed him into their own social circles, and his time passed pleasantly enough till the Long Vacation in 1775. His mornings were devoted to regular attendance upon the Law Courts, and his evenings were employed in reading and writing, except when he was asked out to some pleasant house, where he was sure to meet the kind of company he most affected. At times when he had a spare half-guinea in his pocket he arrayed himself in his best attire, and repaired to the Opera House. The period of dismal thoughts and gloomy seclusion had come to an end.

At the end of Michaelmas Term, James Burges returned to his parents at Bath and spent his holidays at home. When the time came for resuming his studies, he joined a party made up of his intimate friends Sir William Dolben, his sister, son, and daughter, and Mr. and Miss Digby, afterwards Mrs. Mills. Digby and James Burges set off together in a post-chaise, their companions taking the coach, but a heavy snowstorm disturbed their arrangements and caused considerable delay. The post-chaise was the first to arrive at the Castle Inn, Marlborough, and dinner was ordered for the entire party.

Several hours, however, elapsed, during which the storm continued with increased violence, and night was just coming on when a servant of Sir William arrived and informed us that the coach was imbedded in the snow on the Downs about three miles off, and that after trying in vain for more than an hour to extricate themselves, the horses were knocked up and the carriage and its contents half buried in the snow. On receiving this intelligence we despatched fresh horses, and as many persons as could be found, to the assistance of the unfortunate travellers, who at length made their appearance, half frozen and half-starved. However, we supped together comfortably, and retired to bed in the hope of continuing our journey the next morning. But the storm raged all night with such violence that the roads were quite

impracticable, and we were informed that at the bottom of Marlborough Hill, about a mile from the town, the snow had drifted to a depth of thirty feet. All hope of moving for some days being thus cut off, we resolved to spend our time as pleasantly as possible. Our first inquiry was into the strength of the larder, which proved to be well stocked. We then procured some books, cards, a backgammon-table, a violin, a flute, a violoncello, and some music-books, and our concert was considerably strengthened by a travelling musician, who was snowed-up like ourselves at the inn and was only too glad to meet with a musical party. In this manner, and with the most perfect good-humour and cordiality, we passed five days. One of these happening to be Sunday, we decided to perform Divine Service in our parlour, and gave a general invitation to all the inmates of the house to come and join us. Our congregation numbered between twenty and thirty persons, to whom I read prayers. Such a thing had never before happened in that inn during the many years it had been conducted by Mrs. White, our hostess. At length, by the united efforts of all the labourers that could be procured, a way was cut through the snow, and we prepared to resume our journey. This was necessary, for the two good reasons that we were anxious to reach town as soon as possible, and that our expenses had already exceeded thirty guineas. As Digby and I travelled in a chaise, we led the way with six horses and three postillions, but the road was so bad, and we met with so many impediments, that we were more than two hours in getting to Hungerford, a distance of only ten miles. Further progress was impossible. We were therefore obliged to take up our abode in a very indifferent inn, which was a complete contrast to the palace we had left in Marlborough. Fortunately for us, some old ladies, descendants of the famous Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, and near relatives of Sir William Dolben, happened to live in the town. From them we received great civilities, and, as they were worthy, sensible women, we passed our imprisonment more pleasantly than we had expected. At last the storm subsided. After a tedious day's journey we arrived at Salthill, about forty-five miles distant, and on the next day reached London, ten days after our departure from Bath.

The year 1776 was destined to exercise a very important

influence on the life and fortunes of James Burges. His father's introductions, and his own excellent qualities and polished manners, had obtained for him admittance into the highest circles of society. The Duchess of Northumberland was particularly kind and attentive, though her Grace's hospitality was perhaps less valued than that of the Noel family, with whom, it may be remembered, he had become acquainted at Bath on his return from his Continental tour. Lord Wentworth had taken a house in Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, where he lived with his aunt and his three sisters, and where the young aspirant to the Woolsack renewed his intimacy with the Honourable Elizabeth Noel. Their friendship soon ripened into a warmer sentiment, and before they were themselves aware of it, they had drifted into the troubled waters of a love which scarce dared to hope for a fortunate issue. The lady appears to have been all that any man could desire for a wife. She had not quite completed her twenty-first year. Her understanding was clear and, for her age, remarkably mature. Her temper was sweet and unruffled, her affections true and steadfast, and her good sense was equalled only by her good nature. Her father had bestowed upon her an almost virile education, with which she united many accomplishments. Her musical talents were of the highest order, and few, if any, surpassed her as a player on the harpsichord. But these manifold advantages were unaccompanied by wealth corresponding to her rank. Her private fortune did not exceed £5000, while James Burges had nothing whatever beyond the small allowance made to him by his father. In these delicate circumstances the young man behaved in a most straightforward and honourable manner. Having accidentally discovered that his feelings were fully reciprocated by Miss Noel, he resolved at once to ascertain to what extent he

might look for assistance from his father. It seems to be a common law of nature that men should hesitate to acknowledge a love affair to their parents, even when it is an open secret, known to their friends and suspected by their acquaintances. James Burges was no exception to the rule. Although his parents had always exhibited the utmost considerateness and indulgence towards him, he shrank from a personal interview, and accordingly secured the services of a somewhat singular daysman. His agent was no other than his father's friend Colonel Braithwaite, who was subsequently surprised, defeated, and cruelly imprisoned by Tippoo Sahib. In the capacity of love's messenger the gay and gallant officer acquitted himself so far successfully that he easily persuaded both the father and the mother to approve their son's choice, and even to consent to an early marriage, but he signally failed to obtain any definite promise of pecuniary aid. Fortified, however, by his father's sanction, James Burges called upon Lord Wentworth and laid before him the whole case plainly and honestly. The revelation was not an agreeable one. To the suitor personally there could be no possible objection, but his means did not justify his union with any young lady of noble birth and high social position. Besides, there were already two Richmonds in the field, both of them Leicestershire neighbours possessed of considerable landed property, the one M.P. for Coventry, the other for the county of Leicester. In the end Lord Wentworth promised not to oppose his sister's wishes, provided he were satisfied that the husband of her choice could assure her a comfortable home. Thereupon the hot-headed lover rushed off to a coffee-house in Bond Street and ordered a chaise-and-four to carry him with all speed to Sulham, where his father was then staying. The utmost, however, that Mr. Burges could or would engage to do, was to increase his son's

allowance to £300 a year; but after some further persuasion the kind, good man promised to give an additional £40 a year, which, with Miss Noel's fortune, would make up their annual income to £700, and in the event of his son's death to allow his widow £240 a year for life. Much good advice was of course thrown into the bargain, and it is only fair to the young people to say that they acted as if in deference to it. Some further difficulties arose on the part of the lady's brother and aunt, but it was finally arranged that James Burges should be recognised as her affianced suitor, and that the marriage should take place in about two years.

The Noel family shortly afterwards went into the country, partly in the vain hope that absence might work in their favour, while James Burges diligently applied himself to his legal studies under the direction of Mr. Farrer, an eminent Chancery solicitor, who took infinite pains to impart a thorough knowledge of what was then considered the modern practice of the different courts. At Christmas he was invited to join the Noel party at Kirkby Mallory, and was present at the marriage of the eldest Miss Noel to the eldest son of Sir Ralph Milbanke, and heir to £15,000 per annum. The issue of this union was Lady Byron. In the following month of April, 1777, James Burges was called to the Bar, and removed from the Temple to a house he had taken in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury. A long engagement being neither agreeable nor profitable to any of the parties concerned, Lord Wentworth was easily induced to hasten the happy day. The marriage ceremony was accordingly performed at Marylebone Church by the bride's uncle on the 19th of June, 1777—the twenty-fifth birthday of the bridegroom—the bride being given away by her brother Lord Wentworth, in presence of the entire Noel family. A few months later Lord Chancellor Bathurst bestowed on the newly-called

barrister a Commissionership in Bankruptcy, a welcome addition being thus made to his slender means. His married life was extremely happy, but it terminated suddenly within the brief space of two years, his wife dying in childbirth, and leaving no issue. After a decent interval the afflicted widower sought consolation in a second marriage. Some time in the year 1780 he took to wife Anne, third daughter of Colonel Montolieu, Baron de Saint Hypolite, by whom he had ten children. This lady was evidently a woman of excellent parts, sound judgment, and considerable force of character.

CHAPTER IV.

Militia Quartered on Lincoln's Inn—Mr. Gibbon—Passage of Words between Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pitt—Marquis of Carmarthen—Opposition Leaders at Mr. Burges's House—Dismissal of Lord North and Mr. Fox—A Curious Scene—Mr. Pitt Prime Minister—His Colleagues—Lord Howe—Lord Sydney—"Lord Tommy"—How Mr. Pitt's Sinking Fund originated—Legacy Duties suggested by Mr. Lamb—The Mutiny Bill not a Money Bill—Discomfiture of Mr. Fox and Triumph of the Ministry—Short-lived Gratitude—Returned to Parliament for Helston.

IN the year 1818 Sir James Burges—for he had then obtained his baronetcy—committed to paper some very interesting recollections of the men and events which came within his own personal knowledge on his entrance into public life. As they certainly throw a new and surprising light upon many important points that have hitherto been obscure, or wrongly apprehended, they are here reproduced in his own words, subject to a certain amount of abridgment and condensation.

My acquaintance with Mr. Pitt began in the month of June, 1780, in the midst of the disturbances caused by Lord George Gordon. At that time we both resided in chambers in Lincoln's Inn, which was converted into a military depôt by the introduction of the Northumberland Militia, numbering 800 men, who remained with us for ten days, under the command of Lord Algernon Percy and Colonel Holroyd. Such novel guests occasioned no small bustle among the long-robed inhabitants of the place, and it was found expedient, in order to avoid the confusion likely to arise from a diversity of opinions, to invest the Attorney-General with a

kind of dictatorial authority, which, to do him justice, he exercised with great judgment. Among other good regulations, he proposed two which were immediately accepted, namely, to maintain and lodge both officers and men so long as they should remain with us, at our own cost and charge; and that six persons should be selected from among us, who should form a committee to advise and co-operate with our military commanders. Somebody present suggested that it would be advisable to give the preference to those who were acquainted with the officers, and thus it happened that the choice fell upon Richard Pepper Arden, Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Alvanley, Mr. Mitford, now Lord Redesdale, Mr. Graham, now a Baron of the Exchequer, Mr. Pitt, myself, and another, whose name I do not recollect. This circumstance naturally brought us into closer contact than might otherwise have been the case, and to it I am certainly indebted for my first acquaintance and subsequent intimacy with Mr. Pitt, who, though only twenty-one years of age, had already given large promise of the transcendent genius which was so soon to be manifested to the nation and to the whole world.

One of the first resolutions passed by our committee of six was that each of us should, in rotation, entertain at dinner our two military commanders and the field officers of the regiment. When my turn arrived I invited the four military gentlemen, our committee, and six other persons the best qualified I could meet with, among whom were my father, Lord Carmarthen, and Mr. Gibbon,* the historian, who was

* Lord Sheffield eulogises Mr. Gibbon's conversational powers as something quite exceptional. "Those," he remarks, "who have enjoyed the society of Mr. Gibbon will agree with me that his conversation was still more captivating than his writings. Perhaps no man ever divided time more fairly between literary labour and social enjoyment; and hence probably he derived his peculiar excellence of making his very extensive knowledge contribute, in the highest degree, to the use or pleasure of those with whom he conversed. He united, in the happiest manner imaginable, two characters which are not often found in the same person —the profound scholar and the peculiarly agreeable companion."—'Sequel to the Life of Gibbon in "Autobiography,"' vol. xv. In a letter to Mrs. Gibbon, dated from London, June 8, 1780, Gibbon says of his friend and biographer, "Colonel Holroyd was all last night in Holborn among the flames, with the Northumberland Militia, and performed very bold and able service."

then at the zenith of his fame, and who certainly was not at all backward in availing himself of the deference universally shown to him, by taking both the lead, and a very ample share of the conversation, in whatever company he might honour with his presence. His conversation was not, indeed, what Dr. Johnson would have called *talk*. There was no interchange of ideas, for no one had a chance of replying, so fugitive, so variable, was his mode of discoursing, which consisted of points, anecdotes, and epigrammatic thrusts, all more or less to the purpose, and all pleasantly said with a French air and manner which gave them great piquancy, but which were withal so desultory and unconnected that, though each separately was extremely amusing, the attention of his auditors sometimes flagged before his own resources were exhausted. At my repast, however, there appeared to be no reason to apprehend such an untoward issue, for one of the principal guests was his *fidus Achates*, Colonel Holroyd, now Lord Sheffield, his admiring friend and future biographer; and the rest of us were young untried men, except my father, who, having never previously been in the company of this celebrated person, was more inclined to listen than to talk.

In these favourable circumstances, Mr. Gibbon, nothing loath, took the conversation into his own hands, and very brilliant and pleasant he was during the dinner and for some time afterwards. He had just concluded, however, one of his best foreign anecdotes, in which he had introduced some of the fashionable levities of political doctrine then prevalent, and, with his customary tap on the lid of his snuff-box, was looking round to receive our tribute of applause, when a deep-toned but clear voice was heard from the bottom of the table, very calmly and civilly impugning the correctness of the narrative, and the propriety of the doctrines of which it had been made the vehicle. The historian, turning a disdainful glance towards the quarter whence the voice proceeded, saw, for the first time, a tall, thin, and rather ungainly-looking young man,* who now sat quietly

* Sir Nathaniel Wraxall says of Pitt: "In the formation of his person he was tall and slender, but without elegance and grace. . . . In his manners, Pitt, if not repulsive, was cold, stiff, and without suavity or amenity. He seemed never to invite approach, or to encourage acquaintance; though when addressed he could be polite, communicative, and

and silently eating some fruit. There was nothing very prepossessing or very formidable in his exterior, but, as the few words he had uttered appeared to have made a considerable impression on the company, Mr. Gibbon, I suppose, thought himself bound to maintain his honour by suppressing such an attempt to dispute his supremacy. He accordingly undertook the defence of the propositions in question, and a very animated debate took place between him and his youthful antagonist, Mr. Pitt, and for some time was conducted with great talent and brilliancy on both sides. At length the genius of the young man prevailed over that of his senior, who, finding himself driven into a corner from which there was no escape, made some excuse for rising from the table and walked out of the room. I followed him and, finding that he was looking for his hat, I tried to persuade him to return to his seat. "By no means," said he. "That young gentleman is, I have no doubt, extremely ingenious and agreeable, but I must acknowledge that his style of conversation is not exactly what I am accustomed to, so you must positively excuse me." And away he went in high dudgeon, notwithstanding that his friend had come to my assistance. When we returned into the dining-room we found Mr. Pitt proceeding very tranquilly with the illustration of the subject from which his opponent had fled, and which he discussed with such ability, strength of argument, and eloquence, that his hearers were filled with profound admiration.

The termination of the disturbances in the metropolis broke up our committee, and various circumstances combined to interrupt the friendly intercourse between Mr. Pitt and myself until the introduction of Mr. Fox's India Bill in 1783. The renewal of our connection, and the consequences that flowed from it, shall presently be set forth in some detail, but first of all I have something to say about the Marquis of Carmarthen.* At the period to which I have

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occasionally gracious. When animated," he continues, "Pitt's eye lighted up and became strongly intelligent. He walked up the House with a quick and firm step, his head erect and thrown back, looking neither to the right nor to the left; nor favouring with a nod or a glance any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many who possessed £5000 a year would have been gratified even by so slight a mark of attention." —'Posthumous Memoirs,' vol. iii. pp. 469–70.

* Described by Horace Walpole as "a light, variable young man, of

just referred he was about thirty years of age. He appeared then to have united in himself a combination of endowments, such as have rarely fallen to the lot of the most favoured individual. Descended from noble ancestry, heir to the Dukedom of Leeds, in possession of an ample independent fortune, and looking forward to the not distant accession to one still more considerable, he had in these respects no reason to envy any man. And not inferior were the advantages which Nature had liberally bestowed upon him. His talents were brilliant and acute, his memory uncommonly retentive, his power of conception so prompt that he was able at a glance to comprehend whatever was submitted to him, and to decide upon the line of action to be taken; while his ready wit and his wonderful facúlty of expression, whether by speech or by writing, in prose or in verse, charmed and dazzled all with whom he associated. These rare qualities had received the cultivation derivable from an education at Westminster School and at Oxford, followed by several years' residence at foreign Courts. In addition to all this, few men equalled him in personal beauty of face and figure. His countenance was most prepossessing, and seemed to indicate at once the quickness of his intellect and the suavity of his disposition. He had the gallant spirit of a noble gentleman with the manners and address of an accomplished courtier. His outset in Parliament had afforded strong hopes of his future eminence, and the favour of his Sovereign had already singled him out for distinction by unmistakable proofs of his regard both on public and private grounds.

It must not, however, be supposed that there were no shades to temper, or obscure, this flood of brilliancy. There were, indeed, many weaknesses, many blemishes, and much misconduct, which, perhaps, more than counterbalanced all

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very moderate parts, and less principle." . . . "After Wilberforce had one day, in 1785, dined with Pitt, we find him in his Diary contrast 'pompous Thurlow and elegant Carmarthen.' And at the same period the new American Minister, John Adams, writes: 'The Marquis of Carmarthen is a modest, amiable man; treats all men with civility, and is much esteemed by the Foreign Ministers, as well as the nation, but is not an enterprising Minister.'"—Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' vol. i. p. 311. The Marquis of Carmarthen was raised to the Peerage during his father's life. He married a Miss Anguish, whose beauty, accomplishments, and sweetness of disposition have been highly commended.

his natural and acquired advantages, and which, as he advanced in life, sensibly lowered him in public estimation, and afforded a melancholy illustration of the insufficiency of rank, fortune, talents, and accomplishments to ensure happiness or good repute, while unsupported by discretion and uncontrolled by principle. At the time, however, when our acquaintance commenced few circumstances had occurred to dim the lustre of his character. No young man at that day was so generally admired, nor was there any one of whose future success a higher expectation had been formed. At the early age of twenty-five he was made, in 1776, a Lord of the Bed-chamber to His Majesty, and in the following year Lord Chamberlain to the Queen. During the Rockingham Administration in 1782 he was nominated Ambassador to the Court of France, but did not take up the appointment, in consequence of the death of Lord Rockingham, and the consequent change of Ministry.

During the space of four or five years antecedent to the period to which I am about to return, a very intimate and unreserved friendship had subsisted between Lord Carmarthen and myself. Though I was the younger of the two, he usually deferred to my opinion, and in general, unless some irresistible temptation crossed his path, he was swayed by my advice. He certainly had a very sincere regard for me, which he manifested on all occasions, particularly during Lord Rockingham's brief Administration in 1782, by procuring for me—without any previous knowledge on my part or intimation on his—the appointment of Minister to the Court of Warsaw. When he informed me of this, he said, in his light, airy way, "As they have made me an Ambassador, I thought I could not do better than have you made a Minister. It's a pretty thing enough to begin with—a thousand a year and a service of plate; and it will suit you a great deal better than looking wise in Westminster Hall. And so, Mr. Plenipotentiary, I wish you joy!" As I considered the matter from a different point of view, I declined the honour thus thrust upon me, and the dissolution of the Ministry, which almost immediately followed, proved that I was right in my determination.

From this period Lord Carmarthen cultivated the acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, which began at my dinner. When the attempt made by Mr. Fox to force his India Bill through Parliament in 1783 had brought about a general rallying of

the King's friends, he was regarded in the light of a very useful associate by Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow, the leaders of what was then a very weak and inconsiderable party. The nature of the business not admitting of delay, and the success of their plans depending upon the maintenance of inviolable secrecy, few persons were admitted to their meetings, which frequently took place at a house I then occupied in Bedford Square. I was, of course, present on such occasions, when everybody assumed the privilege of giving his opinion without other distinction than such as must always arise from superiority of talent or intelligence. Had Mr. Fox carried his India Bill through both Houses of Parliament, the Coalition Ministry might have enjoyed almost dictatorial power for an indefinite period. The House of Lords, however, approved themselves the true and faithful supporters of the Crown and Constitution. They rejected the Bill and emancipated the Sovereign from bondage to a desperate and unscrupulous faction. The King also showed himself equal to the crisis. He lost no time in following up the advantage gained by the decision of the Lords, but instantly dismissed from his service Lord North and Mr. Fox, and the incidents of this process were related to me by Sir Evan Nepean, who was then Under Secretary of State.

After the decision touching the India Bill had taken place in the Upper House, Nepean was sent for, about eleven o'clock at night, to attend His Majesty at Buckingham House. The King was alone, and without any previous conversation or remark, at once directed Nepean to demand from the two Secretaries of State the Seals of their several departments, and bring them to him without delay. Nepean instantly repaired to Lord North's house, where he found him,* Mr. Fox, and a large party sitting after supper and dis-

* History is written with many variations. Mr. Massey asserts that it was one o'clock in the morning when Sir Evan Nepean knocked at the door of Lord North's bed-chamber, and stated that he had come on most important business. "Then," said the Minister, "you must see Lady North too," and declared that he would not get out of bed. Sir Evan Nepean having explained the nature of his mission, Lord North gave him the key of the closet in which the seals of office were kept, and turned round to finish his sleep.—Massey's 'Reign of George III.,' vol. iii. p. 209 (note). Sir Evan Nepean's own version is in every way preferable to this inherently improbable narrative.

cussing the measures which might be most advisable to take after what had so unexpectedly happened, but by no means despondent, or at all suspecting the misfortune that was impending over their heads. With his usual cordiality and good-humour Lord North asked Nepean what had brought him there at so late an hour, and requested him to sit down. This, however, he declined to do, and for some minutes stood, amid a general silence, in a state of the most painful embarrassment, at a loss how to discharge the unpleasant commission intrusted to him. At length, finding no suitable preface for what he had to announce, he said he was sorry to be under the necessity of informing his Lordship that he had the King's commands to require from him and Mr. Fox the Seals of their departments. One may conceive, though Nepean declared himself incompetent to describe, the diversity of sensation which was manifested by the company, who quickly passed from incredulity to doubt, from doubt to belief, of the authenticity of the message so abruptly delivered to them. Mr. Fox, in particular, refused to credit it, for, he said, it was impossible to believe that the King in his actual circumstances would hazard such a step. This, for a moment, seemed to revive the hopes of the party, when Nepean, who had now regained his composure, effectually crushed them by repeating the King's commands to receive the Seals and deliver them to His Majesty immediately. On this Lord North, whose admirable temper always served him in good stead at critical moments, turned to Nepean and good-humouredly replied: "If such be the case, Nepean, you will have very little trouble with me. My Seals are in your own custody— * you have only to take them to the King." As the Seals of Mr. Fox's department were in the possession of Mr. Fraser, that gentleman soon produced them, and Nepean, returning to Buckingham House, delivered the Seals to His Majesty, who took them without making any comment or observation on what had passed.

On Lord Temple resigning the delicate task of forming a new Ministry, the King sent for Mr. William Pitt and

* According to Wraxall, some little delay took place because Lord North's Seals were in the custody of his son, Colonel North, one of his Under Secretaries, who could not be found for some time. However, the King waited until they were brought to him at one in the morning, when he returned to the Queen's House.

placed in his strong, if untried, hands the helm of government.* The Administration thus hastily patched together was quite inadequate to the work that had to be done. It consisted, in addition to Mr. Pitt himself, of Lord Thurlow, Lord Carmarthen, Lord Sydney, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Camden (who soon made way for Lord Gower), Lord Howe, and the Duke of Richmond. With the Duke of Rutland and Lord Howe I never had any personal intercourse, but nothing was known of the abilities of the former, and his premature death left it in doubt whether or not he possessed any. A brave and experienced seaman,† Lord Howe can only be considered as a second-rate statesman, and as First Lord of the Admiralty he made such a poor figure that he was obliged to retire with so much unpopularity that the Navy especially hailed with delight the accession of Lord Chatham, though nothing more was known about him than that he was Mr. Pitt's brother. Of Lord Carmarthen I have already written at sufficient length, and to Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow I shall have frequent occasion to refer hereafter. The characters of the remaining three may be briefly told. Lord Sydney was a good-natured, heavy man, whom family connections, perseverance, and strength of lungs had brought into a sort of notoriety, quite disproportioned to his talents and acquirements, either literary or political. He had a sort of technical knowledge which in some measure qualified him to discharge the functions of Home Secretary of State, which, for the most part, demand a smaller share of splendid abilities than is necessary in the other principal

* Thus noticed in 'The Rolliad':—

"A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care."

"The Gibbon," as Lord Sheffield loved to call him, was magnanimous. Very possibly he had forgotten his passage of words with Pitt in Lincoln's Inn. In any case, he wrote to Lord Eliot from Lausanne, October 27, 1784: "A youth of twenty-five, who raises himself to the government of an empire by the power of genius and the reputation of virtue, is not less glorious to the country than to himself."—Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' vol. i. p. 237.

† George III. had a very strong personal regard for Lord Howe, and used to call him "My Admiral." He deeply regretted the death of the Admiral, and of his widow, Lady Howe.—See the King's letters in Jesse's 'History of George III.,' vol. iii.

departments of the Executive Government. He had, moreover, a kind of absurd pomposity—perfectly natural, and well assorting with his large, clumsy figure and broad, unmeaning face, in which not a ray of intelligence was discernible—that sometimes was irresistibly comical. While he figured as an orator in the House of Commons, he was generally distinguished by the familiar designation of Tommy Townshend,* nor was it quite dropped after he was advanced to the dignity of the peerage, being occasionally tacked to his title in the caricatures and newspaper paragraphs of the period. One day, when he did me the honour to take me in his carriage to the House of Lords, he suddenly remarked, "I can't imagine why they call me Lord Tommy. Can you tell me?" I answered as gravely as possible that I could not. "It's very strange," said he. "Lord Tommy! I should like to know why they call me that. But I'll ask Lord Carmarthen. He'll be most likely to know—don't you think so?" I told him I thought he could not do better, and I could say so honestly, for it happened that it was to Lord Carmarthen that he was indebted for the title that puzzled him. In other respects he was a good, worthy man, faithful in all things to Mr. Pitt, to whom he was nearly allied by the marriage of his daughter to Lord Chatham, and very obliging and accommodating in the discharge of his official duties.†

Of Lord Gower and the Duke of Richmond no more need be said than that in the capacity of consultative members of

* Described by Wraxall as "a man of independent fortune and of considerable parliamentary interest, present as well as prospective; two circumstances which greatly contributed to his personal as well as political elevation; for his abilities, though respectable, scarcely rose above mediocrity. Yet, as he always spoke with facility, sometimes with energy, and was never embarrassed by any degree of timidity, he maintained a place in the front ranks of Opposition."—'Historical Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 47. His name is mentioned in Goldsmith's 'Retaliation.'

† Nature had endowed him with a remarkably long chin, which he had a trick of protruding as though he would elongate it still further. This peculiarity is thus noticed in 'The Rolliad':—

"Oh! had by Nature but proportion'd been
His strength of genius to his length of chin,
His mighty mind in some prodigious plan,
At once with ease had reach'd to Hindostan."

the Cabinet, and as strenuous supporters of Mr. Pitt, they acquitted themselves equally to his satisfaction and their own. There were three gentlemen, however, who, though not included in the Cabinet, had really more to do with the conduct of public affairs than some of the more ostensible members of the Government. I allude to Mr. Henry Dundas,* Mr. Charles Jenkinson, and Mr. William Wyndham Grenville, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, having had many opportunities of becoming well acquainted with their characters.

Two circumstances connected with the very commencement of Mr. Pitt's Administration have never yet been clearly explained to the public. The second was known at the time to several persons, who kept what they knew to themselves; but the first was confined to three individuals only—Mr. Pitt, Mr. John Lamb, and myself. It was no less a matter than the establishment of the Sinking Fund, which proved the basis of Mr. Pitt's exalted reputation as a financier. Although few measures have been the object of so much public discussion, there is scarcely one respecting the origin of which so many falsehoods have been told. Dr. Price and various other economists have individually assumed to themselves the merit of the invention, and found less difficulty in obtaining credit for it in their respective circles from the contemptuous neglect with which such reports were treated by Mr. Pitt. When the project had got wind many ingenious persons tendered calculations, some of which he deemed deserving of attention, and for which therefore he returned thanks; and it is certain that Mr. Atwood, the celebrated mathematician, was actually employed by him to reduce the plan to system and order. But the measure really originated with an obscure individual, neither then nor at any subsequent period known to Mr. Pitt even by name. He was, indeed, no other than my kind and estimable friend, Mr. John Lamb, a man of very superior understanding, which he had constantly exercised on figures, calculations, and all matters connected with finance. Entertaining the highest opinion of his knowledge and sagacity, I had long been in

* Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville; Mr. Charles Jenkinson, much ridiculed in 'The Rolliad,' afterwards Lord Hawkesbury, finally developing into the Earl of Liverpool; the Hon. W. W. Grenville, afterwards Lord Grenville.

the habit of consulting him whenever difficulties arose with which my youth and inexperience were hardly competent to grapple.

A few days after the dismissal of the Coalition Administration Mr. Lamb asked me to accompany him into the country, as he had a matter of importance to communicate to me, and wished to avoid all chance of interruption. When we were safely closeted together he addressed me, after a few preliminary observations, in nearly the following terms:—"Admitting that Mr. Pitt"—(whom he commonly designated as "that wonderful youth")—"will finally succeed in this contest, it will be utterly impossible for him, opposed as he is by almost all the talent and Parliamentary strength of the country, to maintain himself in office for any length of time unless he can, as it were, identify himself with the nation by the adoption of some measure equally novel and important, the tendency and effect of which would be generally manifest. The enormous expenditure occasioned by the late war has brought us into a state of the greatest embarrassment and peril, insomuch that, unless some very decided remedy be at once applied, nothing short of a national bankruptcy can be looked for. If you ask me how this may be avoided, I answer: By the adoption of a plain and simple plan, grounded on principles which cannot be disputed, and of which the operation must prove infallible, provided it be adhered to and carried out with resolution. Sir Robert Walpole and others have made a wonderful parade of their Sinking Fund. I am old enough to remember the nonsense that was talked about it, and have witnessed its absolute non-effectiveness. It is lamentable to observe how men, in other respects of good capacity, deceived themselves into a belief that by a system inapplicable even to the common exigencies of domestic economy, they would be able to liquidate the embarrassments of a great nation. They appear to have been ignorant of what every schoolboy ought to know—that if you pay ten pounds with one hand and borrow ten pounds with the other, the balance of your account remains the same. But they have gone on paying ten pounds and borrowing a thousand, with the result we now behold. I do not despair, however, of the future if only Mr. Pitt can be persuaded to set about the work in the right way. Hitherto our wise men have confined themselves to a calculation of Simple Interest, which amounts to worse than nothing. Let

Mr. Pitt try the effect of Compound Interest, and he will soon find out the difference. A fixed Sinking Fund of one million a year, inalienable and constant in its operation, will pay off the whole National Debt in his own lifetime. Take a pen, and let us see how the idea will look upon paper."

I did as I was bidden and, as we had nothing to interrupt us, we not only satisfied ourselves of the justness of the calculation, but devised a method of providing the annual million by the imposition of a tax on personal property transferable on the decease of the owner, or, in other words, what is now known by the name of the Legacy Duty.* Furnished with these materials, I reduced the whole in the course of the evening into the form of a memoir. Just as we were parting, Mr. Lamb said to me, "Mr. Pitt knows nothing about me, and I have no ambition that he shall; but you are a young man, and may look forward to much good from improving your connection with him. He has no occasion to know how the idea was started, and you have no business to tell him. So keep the secret, and lose no time in giving him the paper. And, to make it more palatable, you may tell him at the same time that, whenever he has a point to carry at the India House, you have eight votes at his service."

I lost no time in communicating this paper to Mr. Pitt, who was too much delighted with its contents to ask any questions respecting the mode of its fabrication, so that I had no trouble in keeping the secret imposed upon me. Mr. Pitt's keen intelligence instantly perceived the importance of the suggestion, and the immense advantages which might be derived from it.† He set no bounds to his acknowledgment of the obligation under which he felt himself for so valuable a present, but his mind was too much absorbed in the work he had in hand to keep in recollection the individuals who rendered him services that needed not the publication of their names.†

* On October 13, 1785, Mr. Pitt wrote to Sir James Harris at the Hague to send him whatever information he could procure respecting the tax on successions imposed in Holland in 1723 and 1743. In a note it is said that "Sir J. Harris gave Mr. Pitt the desired information respecting the Dutch Legacy Duties, and the latter accordingly imposed them upon this country."—'Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury,' vol. ii. p. 156.

† Fox is reported to have said that the institution of the Sinking Fund was one of Pitt's chief claims to the gratitude of his country.

The second incident connected with Mr. Pitt's early tenure of the highest political office in the kingdom, in which it fell to my lot to play an important if inconspicuous part, is sufficiently interesting to be described at some length. It had been for some time clearly understood by the nation at large, as well as by the contending parties in Parliament, that the issue of the struggle between Ministers and the Opposition would be decided upon the question of Supply. It was obvious that in the existing state of the House of Commons, where every motion was carried against him, a dissolution would alone afford Mr. Pitt a chance of maintaining his position. From the advanced period of the session, however, and from the near approach of the 25th of March, when the annual Mutiny Bill would expire, it was equally clear that no dissolution could take place unless that Bill was previously renewed. On that ground, therefore, Mr. Fox took his stand with great confidence, and it was intimated to Mr. Pitt on his part that if he brought in that Bill it would be negatived. The embarrassment of Ministers was extreme. The rejection or expiration of the Bill would be equally fatal, and appeared to be avoidable only by their immediate resignation. They had, indeed, the King and the House of Lords on their side, but in the case of a Money Bill no effectual aid could be rendered by either. And yet the Ministry escaped shipwreck, though contemporary publications have omitted to explain how their deliverance was accomplished. The 'Annual Register' for 1783, which is extremely diffuse and circumstantial in all its other details of this contest, passes over the most memorable of all with singular brevity:—"It was not till the 9th of March that Opposition may be said to have struck their colours, and surrendered a fortress which they had defended with an unconquerable perseverance and spirit. The step to which we allude was the motion which was made for a long Mutiny Bill, and which Opposition suffered to be carried without a division. A short Mutiny Bill had for some time been the measure which they had announced as their last security against a sudden and premature dissolution. But even this last resource was given up by them, and the whole contest ceded, without any reserve, in the affair of the Mutiny Bill." That is all the 'Annual Register' had to say upon the subject.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who was a member of the House

at the time, and who, as is well known, was not only a diligent collector of political anecdotes, but possessed very good means of acquiring a pretty full knowledge of the circumstances, which he has detailed so agreeably, and in most instances so accurately, in his 'Historical Memoirs,' is still more concise in his account of this transaction. The following extract is the only mention he has made of it, and I know from his own acknowledgment that it contains the whole of his information respecting it:—"9th March. The spell which had so long suspended and paralysed all the functions of Government was now dissolved; and on the ensuing day the Mutiny Bill, no longer opposed, passed through the Committee." *

The threat of negativing the Mutiny Bill, which our Ministers were persuaded Mr. Fox intended to execute, had almost exclusively engaged their attention during the first days of March, when, as the crisis approached, every moment became more precious, and every delay more pregnant with mischief. I had various opportunities of witnessing the excess of their alarm and the vacillating nature of their deliberations, and I witnessed them with no small degree of surprise, as I could not bring myself to consider the matter as so forlorn and desperate as they did. My opinion, however, not being asked, I forbore to give it till Lord Carmarthen, speaking to me on the subject, begged I would endeavour to suggest some means of obviating the impending danger. "Do," said he, "turn it over in your mind. Come and dine with me to-morrow, when I shall have some of our Cabinet people, and we can talk the matter over at our leisure." I promised to do so.

With the subject to be discussed I had in the course of my legal studies rendered myself to a certain degree familiar, and I knew where to look for further information. I had four and twenty hours before me, and I employed them all without going to bed. Having committed to paper the

* "Next day, the 9th of March, came on the long-expected Committee on the Mutiny Bill. When the Secretary at War moved in the customary form that the blank as to the time should be filled up for the usual period of one year, it was found that in spite of all the previous threats no opposition was attempted. Only two independent Members, Sir Mw. White Ridley and Mr. Powys, rose to lament what they termed the degradation of the House."—Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' vol. i. p. 197.

result of my labours, I repaired with a light heart to Lord Carmarthen's, where I met a select Ministerial party. When dinner was over the subject of the Mutiny Bill was brought forward, and upon one point there appeared to be no difference of opinion, namely, as to the necessity of first introducing it in the House of Commons, seeing that it was a Money Bill—with the obvious corollary that it would be thrown out. This was the exact point to which I wished the discussion to be drawn. Lord Carmarthen, perceiving my desire to speak, asked me if I could hit upon anything to get rid of a seemingly insuperable difficulty. I replied that, having thought it likely that the topic might come uppermost, I had taken some pains to investigate it and, in order to avoid mistakes, had written down what I wished to say. Thereupon I produced my paper, to the contents of which my auditors paid no common attention. They were, however, a good deal startled by the exordium, which contained a direct contradiction of the proposition they had unanimously accepted as unanswerable. I maintained that neither law nor parliamentary usage made it an indispensable necessity that a Mutiny Bill, though in some respects a Money Bill, should originate in the House of Commons. I insisted that it was a matter of indifference in which House it originated, because, since the Revolution, it had originated sometimes in one House, sometimes in the other, though most frequently in the House of Commons. I had extracted from the journals a great number of instances of material alterations inserted in Mutiny Bills by the House of Lords, which were received and passed by the House of Commons. I also enumerated four or five Mutiny Bills that were first introduced in the House of Lords, and which passed through the other House without objection or hesitation. From all this I drew two inferences. First, that a Mutiny Bill did not come within the definition of a Money Bill so far as to make its introduction in the House of Commons indispensable. Secondly, that should such a proceeding be deemed advisable, the Bill might, consistently with parliamentary law and usage, originate in the House of Lords.

I need not attempt to describe the surprise and delight occasioned by this wonderful discovery, which any one might have made for himself if he had taken the trouble to look for it. *Dans le royaume des aveugles le borgne se fait roi;* and in a party of ignorant persons a little knowledge goes a long

way. The main point being thus secured, it remained to decide upon the course to be pursued. Considerable difference of opinion was expressed, until, after a time, I ventured to suggest that the simplest and most efficacious plan might be for Mr. Pitt to inclose a copy of the paper which had just been read to Mr. Fox, and request to be favoured with his determination one way or the other, so as to regulate his own line of conduct. The suggestion was unanimously adopted, and a letter despatched that same evening with the inclosure. The effect, as I have already shown, was perfectly satisfactory to Ministers.

A sense of recent obligations generally acts as a stimulus on generous minds, and at the moment Mr. Pitt seemed to be considerably impressed with what I had done for him. All coldness and reserve on his part disappeared. Strong hints were thrown out of the expediency of my withdrawing from the Bar, and devoting myself to political pursuits, and I received an absolute promise of a seat in Parliament. A dissolution being the immediate consequence of the passing of the Mutiny Bill, this promise was not forgotten. I was requested to go down to Totness, where I should meet with no difficulties, and for which my return would be certain. I repaired thither, underwent all the horrors and fatigues of a twenty-one days' canvass, and lost my election. I was exhorted, however, not to be discouraged, as an opening would immediately occur, and everything be set right. Accordingly, I soon afterwards received a summons from Mr. Pitt, who informed me that a seat for the borough of Seaford was ready for my acceptance and that, if I would call upon George Rose (Secretary to the Treasury) the business might at once be arranged without putting me to any further trouble. I lost no time in going to Rose at the Treasury, who not only confirmed what Mr. Pitt had said, but told me that as Mr. Harbin, who had the management of the borough, happened at that moment to be in the next room, the affair might be immediately settled. I found Mr. Harbin a very civil gentleman, who quietly informed me that the terms on which the seat was to be had were the payment down of five thousand pounds. On hearing this, I broke off my conference with him, and, returning to Rose, asked him what he meant by such a proposal after what I had done for them at Totness, and after what had subsequently passed. Instead of sharing my feelings he vowed to God that he thought the

proposal extremely reasonable, and expressed his conviction that, as things were circumstanced, a seat was not procurable on lower terms. I then betook myself to Mr. Pitt, to whom I reported what had passed, at which he professed himself highly displeased, assured me he had not been apprised of the nature of Mr. Harbin's arrangement, and renewed his promise of providing a seat for me as soon as possible.

I believe he was perfectly sincere when he said this, but Prime Ministers cannot command events, or dispose of them as they please when they do present themselves. For between two and three years after this incident I neither heard from him, nor had any communication with him. The fault may have been partly my own, as I disdained to thrust myself upon his notice. In any case I regarded the separation as final and conclusive, until one morning in January, 1787, I received a short letter from Lord Carmarthen, desiring me to come up to Town immediately to take my seat for the borough of Helston, in Cornwall, for which, as he informed me, I had just been returned.

CHAPTER V.

The First Lord Auckland—Lord Carmarthen and the French Treaty of Commerce—Warren Hastings—Pitt's Extraordinary Conduct—Mr. Burges's Maiden Speech—Misrepresentation—Mr. Burges and Mr. Pitt—Mr. Dundas and Sir Thomas Rumbold—Antecedents of Mr. Dundas—Influence of Dundas over Pitt—Warren Hastings returns from India—Jealousy of Dundas and Pitt—An Unworthy Transaction—Mr. Pitt's Subsequent Regret—Dundas's Cynicism—Curious Interview of Mr. Burges with Warren Hastings—A Life-long Friendship.

AT the commencement of the session of 1787 the attention of Parliament was chiefly directed to the consideration of two important measures—the treaty of commerce with France, and the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The convention with France was signed at Versailles on the 31st of August by the French Foreign Minister, the Count de Montmorin, on the one part, and by Mr. William Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, on the other. This Mr. Eden had been Vice-Treasurer of Ireland under the Coalition, and was the first to desert the sinking ship, and take service under Mr. Pitt. Disappointed and angered by his patron's icy indifference to his supposed merits, he suddenly turned upon him in 1785, contesting his statements and harshly criticising his plans. He was further displeased by Pitt's opposition to his candidature for the post of Speaker in the House of Commons, but his ruffled plumage was smoothed for a time by his being sent to Paris in January, 1786, nominally as coadjutor

to the Duke of Dorset, British Ambassador at the Court of Versailles, but in reality to negotiate a commercial convention. Having a certain aptitude for diplomacy on the back stairs, he was not unfrequently enabled to transmit early intelligence to Pitt, though neither Lord Carmarthen nor Sir James Harris, afterwards Lord Malmesbury, entertained a favourable opinion of his judgment and trustworthiness.

Lord Auckland was essentially a time-server, and egregiously selfish. His letters to the Right Honourable George Rose, insisting upon some public recognition of his services, argue a man destitute of the most ordinary feeling of self-respect. He was simply insatiable, but his reiterated importunities obtained for him an Irish Peerage for his diplomatic activity at Madrid and the Hague, and in 1793 he was enrolled among the Peers of England. Not that he was then satisfied. So far from it, he charged Pitt in the House of Lords with insincerity on no better ground than the lack of a suitable provision having been made for himself. This outrageous conduct exhausted the patience even of Rose, a model and long-suffering Secretary to the Treasury. He accordingly declined to hold any further intercourse with Lord Auckland. Nevertheless, Lady Auckland shortly afterwards obtained a pension of £800 a year, which was subsequently increased by an additional £500 per annum—for the golden age of pensions and sinecures had not yet expired.*

At a later period, as Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, Mr. Burges had much correspondence with Lord Auckland,

* In 'The Rolliad,' "Billy Eden, the Renegade Scout," is repeatedly mentioned in terms of bitter derision: as in 'The Lyars'—

> "See Eden's faith expos'd to sale again,
> Who takes his plate and learns his French in vain."

And in another place—

and was evidently aware of his duplicity and want of fixed principles. But at his outset in public life he was brought in contact with the treaty and not with the treaty-maker. One day Lord Carmarthen invited him to a *tête-à-tête* dinner for the purpose, as he said, of making an arrangement with reference to that convention. The preliminary negotiations had, of course, passed through the Foreign Office, but Lord Carmarthen admitted that he had nothing to do with them beyond affixing his signature to despatches which had been drafted by Mr. Pitt. He therefore begged Mr. Burges to help him in preparing his speech on introducing into the House of Lords the Bill founded on the treaty. "I am conscious," he said, "that in making this request I am putting your friendship to a strong test; but I have had proofs enough of its extent to flatter myself that you will not withhold it on this occasion, where my credit as Secretary of State is so deeply at stake, and where, of course, I shall be expected to take the lead. As the Bill must previously pass through the House of Commons, where every clause in it will be opposed, my only apprehension is that you may wish to take a part in the debate and display the information which you possess on the subject. You will, however, have many opportunities which you may take or leave, as you like, while I am tied down to this; and from its very nature, which calls for the

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"There liv'd a man at Beckenham in Kent, Sir,
Who wanted a place to make him content, Sir;
Long had he sigh'd for Billy Pitt's protection,
When thus he gently courted his affection.
'Will you give me a place, my dearest Billy Pitt, oh!
If I cannot have a whole one, give me a little bit, oh!'

These lines were afterwards set to music and sung with great effect by Mrs. Jordan. The treaty negotiated by Mr. Eden was known as "The East India Convention," because the French thereby acknowledged British supremacy in Bengal.

utmost secrecy, have no one but yourself to whom I can apply for assistance." Mr. Burges readily undertook to put him in the way of properly elucidating the various objects aimed at in the treaty, and disclaimed any particular wish to seek distinction for himself in connection with it. He therefore consulted many authorities, took careful notes of the objections urged in the House of Commons, and drew up a memoir which his noble friend quickly mastered. But when the eventful day arrived, and while all eyes were turned upon Lord Carmarthen, up rose

the identical Lord Temple who had fled from his post in 1783, and with a becoming apology for his boldness and insufficiency, proceeded to open the Bill, and detail the particulars of the commercial treaty. Enraged beyond expression at so unexpected a termination of my labours, and fearful that I should not be able to command either my temper or my countenance if I remained there any longer, I hastily quitted the House, and did not go near his lordship for some days. At last I received a very kind note from him, requesting me to call upon him at the Foreign Office. When I entered his room, he said: "I see by your looks that you are angry with me, and I can't wonder at it. It was, to be sure, a damned piece of business, but I could not help it. The day before the Bill was to be brought into our House Pitt told me that, as he was aware it was a matter out of my line, and one on which I had not bestowed particular attention, he had wished to relieve me from it, and had therefore arranged with the Marquis of Buckingham (for that was now Lord Temple's title) for him to open the Bill." "And pray," said I, "why did you not tell him you could do it yourself?" "For the best reason in the world," he replied, with a smile. "From all he knew of the matter he was perfectly founded in his conjecture; and I had neither the presence of mind nor the assurance to tell him what a change had been wrought in me. And so the matter passed without any more speaking about it, and so let it pass between us; and come and meet some pleasant people at dinner at my house to-day.' And so that squall blew over.

In the early days of the Warren Hastings impeachment, Mr. Burges bore a conspicuous, if not an influential, part. His conduct gained him the King's favour, and the friendship of the persecuted man who had added an empire to the British Kingdom. At the same time it estranged Mr. Pitt, whose displeasure, however, gradually evaporated, and was succeeded by real confidence and substantial kindness. Shortly before Mr. Burges took his seat as the representative of Lord Carmarthen, rather than of the borough of Helston, two charges brought against Mr. Hastings had been partially disposed of. A large majority—119 to 74—including Pitt's silent vote, had negatived Burke's motion in condemnation of the Rohilla war, and even as regards Mr. Fox's motion in the matter of Cheyt Sing, the Raja of Benares, public opinion had been in favour of the accused notwithstanding Pitt's extraordinary act of tergiversation, in voting with Fox after justifying Hastings for inflicting a fine on the contumacious Raja, though the amount of the fine appeared to him somewhat out of proportion to the alleged offence.

The House was thunderstruck, [says Macaulay] and it well might be so. . . . The one course which it is inconceivable that any man of a tenth part of Mr. Pitt's abilities can have honestly taken, was the course which he took. He acquitted Hastings on the Rohilla charge. He softened down the Benares charge till it became no charge at all; and then he pronounced that it contained matter for impeachment.

Many reasons were given to account for the Prime Minister's glaring inconsistency. It was reported that the Lord Chancellor Thurlow had declared that if the first Lord of the Treasury was afraid to recommend Hastings for a peerage, he was ready to take that responsibility upon himself. Pitt's ruling weakness was an insatiable love of

power. He would brook no encroachment on his privileges and functions. It was a thousand times more endurable that Hastings should be impeached, than that William Pitt should suffer any diminution of grandeur. It is morally certain that Dundas had a good deal to do with this untoward business, and some clue to his motives will be given a little further on. Mr. Burges, however, positively states that the general impression on the public mind as to Mr. Pitt's aversion from a formal prosecution of the ex-Goveror-General remained unaltered. He then proceeds to explain the part taken by himself, for which he was at the time most unfairly ridiculed:—

The high character of Mr. Hastings, and the acrimony and talents of his prosecutors gave such an interest to the business that it, in a great measure, superseded all other topics of conversation. It was not unfrequently discussed in the ministerial circles to which I was now invited, in which there seemed to be little diversity of opinion; and it was on all hands agreed that, if the next charge respecting the Begum should be negatived, the whole prosecution must fall to the ground. It was not long before I caught the general contagion. I set myself diligently to work, read every publication on the subject, and rose from them with a decided conviction of the integrity of Mr. Hastings, the iniquity of the attack made upon him, and the propriety of opposing it.* Having resolved on this course, I took the

* Lord Shelburne (first Marquis of Lansdowne) observed in his place, March 10th, 1795, that on hearing the ex-Governor-General called, like Raleigh, "a spider of Hell," he had asked to see his commission and instructions. There were no instructions, but his commission bestowed upon him absolute sovereign power in India. If tried at all, it should have been by a Mohammedan judge and jury, but it was absurd to apply Christian notions and Constitutional principles to a people living under Mohammedan law, and accustomed to despotic government. In fact, there were only two questions to be considered—had Warren Hastings governed India to the satisfaction of the people, and had he improved the interest his native country held in those distant possessions? Frederick the Great would have asked only that, and would have been satisfied with the

opportunity of a private conversation with Mr. Pitt to communicate to him my purpose. He not only highly approved it, but went far into the subject with me, in a manner so earnest and so cordial as to leave no doubt in my mind of his sentiments respecting it; nor did his subsequent conduct in any degree tend to diminish the strength of this impression. On the evening when the charge was brought forward, on his entering the House he took me behind the Speaker's chair, where he suggested several new hints. The effect produced by Sheridan's opening of the charge gave me but small hopes of being much attended to, and of course I felt disposed not to rise; but Mr. Pitt, immediately behind whom I was sitting, urged me so strongly to get up, that at last I complied with his wishes. I soon, however, found that the effervescence of the House was too great to admit of any calm attention to my arguments; so, whispering to Mr. Pitt that I would leave the remainder of what I had to say to him, I sat down, and the debate, on his suggestion, was adjourned till the following day.

Sir Gilbert Elliot, one of the managers, and at that time a vehement admirer of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, though his admiration of those remarkable men subsequently cooled down, thus describes the scene, which he witnessed with his own eyes, and in which he probably took a conspicuous part:—"The conclusion, in which the whole force of the case was collected, and where his (Sheridan's) whole powers were employed to their utmost stretch, and indeed his own feelings wound to the utmost pitch, worked the House up into such a paroxysm of passionate enthusiasm on the subject, and of admiration for him, that the moment he sat down there was a universal shout, nay, even clapping, for half a second; every man was on the floor, and all his friends, throwing

answer, "I found the resources of the Government equal to three millions; I left them five and a half; and the people happy and contented." Warren Hastings had been too lenient to Cheyt Sing, and in his opinion should be acquitted on every charge. By that time such was the general opinion.

themselves on his neck in raptures of joy and exultation. . . All the Ministry and all the friends of Hastings were struck absolutely dumb, and sat confounded, not knowing how nor daring to meet the impression made on the audience; and after Burgess (*sic*) had talked absolute nonsense for an hour in favour of Hastings, they recollected themselves enough to move for an adjournment. Pitt, I think to the disgrace of Government on such a question, not only never gave the least sign of feeling, or of life, during the speech, but would not give the least hint of his opinion or intentions, which are a profound and impenetrable mystery even to his friends at this moment." If the hubbub was as great as it is here represented to have been, it would have been useless for the Opposition to have continued the debate. Mr. Burges at least had the courage to make the attempt at Mr. Pitt's request, and it is not unreasonable to question Sir Gilbert Elliot's competence at that moment to judge whether sense or nonsense had been uttered. It was to Mr. Pitt's credit that he was not swept away by a torrent of words. He knew Sheridan to be essentially an actor, and estimated his declamation at its real value.

In recording this incident Bishop Tomline remarks; "At length after a considerable interval a young member, who had never before risen in the House, attempted a reply; but being unable to command attention, he was soon under the necessity of sitting down." The Editor of Sheridan's Speeches also confines himself to a bare recital of the fact: "After a considerable suspension of the debate one of the friends of Mr. Hastings—Mr. Burgess (*sic*)—with some difficulty obtained for a short time a hearing; but, finding the House too strongly affected by what they had heard to listen to him with favour, sat down again." The notice in the 'Annual Register' for 1787 is equally brief and dispassionate, but in the following

year Mr. Burke waxed characteristically insolent in referring to the young member's self-possession while older men were quivering with emotion "under the spell of the enchanter," and Mrs. Oliphant, an admirable novelist but an indifferent writer of political memoirs, has thought proper to follow his unjust and ungenerous leading.

When the House resumed on the following day, Mr. Burges very reasonably expected that Mr. Pitt would apply his vast intellectual and oratorical powers to the demolition of Sheridan's brilliant sophistries and rhetorical exaggerations, and accordingly placed himself "in a snug corner of one of the Opposition benches, just facing the Treasury bench," whence he could obtain the best view of Mr. Hastings's mighty champion.

In due time he arose, but what was the astonishment of the House, and above all of myself, when, with a steady countenance and sonorous voice, he poured forth an invective against the unfortunate Hastings, so energetic and so acrimonious, as precluded all hope of further support or assistance from him against the formidable host by whom that persecuted gentleman was assailed. The sensation produced by it was decisive; and, under any other circumstances, I doubtless should have been amused by the variety of emotions depicted on every countenance around me, had not my mind been occupied by feelings of a very different kind. The leaders on both sides being thus unanimous, little attention was paid to what any one else presumed to advance. The question was put and pronounced by the Speaker to have been carried, when I started up and demanded a division—from what motive, or with what hope, I can no more say now than I probably could then, unless it were that no other mode of venting the mingled feelings of indignation and contempt which were working within me immediately presented itself. Few unpremeditated enterprises, however, ever succeeded better than this one, so unexpectedly hazarded under the most forbidding circumstances. The question, indeed, was carried by a great majority (175 to 68), but those who were against it were almost entirely of those who till then had implicitly voted with the Minister. This was not

only mortifying to Mr. Pitt, but was highly encouraging to Mr. Hastings and his steadfast friends. That the impression made upon Mr. Pitt's acute and sensitive mind was strong and unpleasant, I had an early proof. When the House broke up, he said to me with an austere look, "So, sir, you have thought proper to divide the House. I hope you are satisfied." "Perfectly so, sir," I replied. "Then you seem satisfied very easily." "Not exactly so, sir. I am satisfied with nothing that has passed this evening except the discovery I have made that there were still honest men present." On that, with a stern look and a stately air, he left me.

Mr. Burges was a sturdy partisan. He seldom did things by halves. He may have been sometimes a little hasty in forming his conclusions, but when formed he adhered to them tenaciously and lost no time in acting upon them. In the case of Warren Hastings he refused to see any spots upon the brilliancy of his character and career. He felt convinced that the impeachment of that remarkable man originated with Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, and he states his reasons with sufficient precision. The unexpected collapse of the committee of inquiry into the conduct of Sir Thomas Rumbold, ex-Governor of Madras, gave rise to disagreeable suspicions with reference to Mr. Dundas and Mr. Rigby, both of whom began by taking an active part against the accused, but suddenly cooled down and connived at his escape from justice. Mr. Rigby has been handled with adequate harshness by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, but the possibly greater delinquent was strangely overlooked by that amusing if not always trustworthy writer; and it was with a view to repair the consequences of his oversight that Mr. Burges undertook to guide the judgment of posterity. His narrative is here slightly abridged:—

Mr. Henry Dundas was descended from an ancient and respectable family in Scotland, which for several generations had been distinguished by a marked superiority of talents,

by which it had been raised to great eminence and consequence. The highest judicial situation in that country, that of Lord President of the Court of Session, had been consecutively and with great ability filled by his father and brother; and he himself, at what was esteemed an unusually early age, had risen to the post of Lord Advocate. This success, however, only whetted his ambition for a loftier elevation. Looking upon Scotland as too narrow a field for the display of his exceptional abilities, he descended into the political arena and procured a seat in Parliament. He had evidently not miscalculated his powers, for he soon acquired indisputable weight and influence in the House and with the leading persons in the Administration. All that he now wanted was a stage for the clearer manifestation of what was in him. This was afforded him by the inquiry into East Indian delinquencies, and he succeeded in being appointed chairman of the committee charged with the investigation of those abuses. In that capacity he assumed a large discretionary power, and exercised a somewhat singular influence over a host of peculators, whose interest it was to take the sting out of the inquiry. The first of these gentlemen who fell into his hands was Sir Thomas Rumbold,* whose prosecution was begun with a degree of violence and acrimony strangely contrasted with the suddenness with which it was dropped. Fraudulent connivance was at once, and very generally, suspected. Anecdotes, unfavourable to the characters of all concerned, were widely circulated, and were at least never contradicted. To rake up the ashes of the past by the repetition of scandalous stories over which the veil of thirty-five years is now cast, is by no means agreeable to my nature and disposition; but what is all history but anecdote? And how can truth be recorded, if all circumstances injurious to the fair fame of the individuals under notice, are to be eliminated? In the case of Mr. Dundas, who commenced his English career as the parliamentary prosecutor of an alleged peculator, and who ended it by becoming himself the object of a parliamentary prosecution for peculation, no fastidious delicacy need stand in the way.†

* Appendix B.

† Sir Nathaniel Wraxall was disposed to acquit Dundas of anything worse than culpable weakness in allowing himself to be influenced by Rigby, whose integrity was by no means above suspicion.

It is treading on safe ground to affirm that Mr. Pitt could hardly have dispensed with the co-operation of Mr. Dundas—a man thoroughly conversant with public affairs, whose abilities stood high in the estimation of the country, and whose professions of personal attachment and of veneration for his leader's superior endowments, made a strong impression upon Pitt's ardent and unsuspecting nature. Pitt's disposition was frank, liberal, and considerate. His attachments were strong and his friendships sincere. Superior to artifice and duplicity, he was too apt to judge of others by himself, and to give credit to appearances against which a greater experience of mankind and of the world might have guarded him. To this imperfection, if such it may be called, was added another, innately inherent in his disposition and wonderfully strengthened by the success attendant on his seemingly precocious public efforts. To profess a personal attachment to him, never failed to gain his heart. To express admiration of his talents, to defer to his judgment, and, above all, to avoid everything that bore a semblance of competition or rivalry, was a sure passport to his intimacy and confidence. These weak points of his character were discovered and abused by many, but by no one were they turned to better account than by Mr. Dundas. It is only just, however, to remark that at that early period Mr. Dundas could have had few opportunities of making himself so thoroughly acquainted with Pitt's weaknesses, and that he is rather entitled to the credit of having foreseen his greatness, and of having therefore attached himself to his rising fortunes, at the price of the connections he had previously formed and held to up to that time. Under Lord North he had made a successful *début*, and during the brief Administration of Lord Shelburne he had filled the post of Treasurer to the Navy, and was thus brought into intimate relations with Mr. Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the twenty-third year of his age. With the accession to power of the Coalition it became necessary for Dundas to look carefully around. Considerable as were his own parts and eloquence, they could not be compared with the extraordinary gifts nature and art had conferred on Fox, Burke, and Sheridan. By uniting himself with that brilliant galaxy he could not hope to occupy more than a secondary position. The front rank was already made up, and there was no room for him. Even after the downfall of the Coalition their parliamentary influence was little dimi-

nished. The King might be opposed to them, and in the Lords they might be in a minority, but in the Commons they carried every question brought forward by themselves and negatived everything brought forward by their opponents. Such being the case, Dundas resolved to ally himself to Pitt, who restored him to his former post of Treasurer to the Navy, to which, after the new East India Bill came into operation, was added the Presidency of the Board of Control.* He also dispensed the valuable patronage of Scotland.

All these advantages he was enjoying without alloy when the return of Mr. Hastings to Europe roused him out of his sense of security. There was now imminent danger of losing the practical government of India, and its immense patronage. Of all public characters that of Mr. Hastings stood the highest in the King's estimation. As Governor-General of India he had, during a long period of unexampled embarrassment and difficulty, displayed a degree of talent and energy by which, almost without resources and without any support from this country, it was on all hands acknowledged that he not only had saved that "most valuable jewel of the British Crown," but had, by his brilliant successes and the importance of his conquests, afforded to the Government at home the only means by which a peace could be negotiated.

Towards Dundas the King entertained feelings of strong repulsion. The conduct of that individual in the Rumbold case had affected the King's mind most unfavourably. There were passages, too, in his private life which were quite at variance with His Majesty's own principles and practice. The King was further annoyed by his forward and familiar manners and broad Scottish dialect, and felt, moreover, a mortal antipathy to his handwriting, which I have heard him, and with great truth, declare to be the worst and most ungentlemanlike he had ever met with. This, by

* At the Board of Control, Dundas reigned supreme. He himself wrote to Lord Cornwallis from Wimbledon, July 29, 1787: "Out of delicacy to Lord Sydney, the alteration in the constitution of the India Board was not made, as intended last winter, but certainly will in the course of next. Lord Sydney never attends, nor reads or signs a paper, but still I do not think he likes to see the business so exclusively in my hands, as the head of the Board. Mr. Pitt is a real, active member of the Board, and makes himself thoroughly master of the business."—'Cornwallis Correspondence,' vol. i. p. 321.

the way, was a curious particularity of our good King; but it was one which operated forcibly on more occasions than one that have fallen within my own observation, to add to the dislike which he might have preconceived against an individual. All this, however, would have given Dundas but little concern, had he not by some means become master of a secret which showed the small reliance that could be placed on his fancied security. That secret was no other than the King's intention of profiting by Mr. Hastings's talents and experience, and of recognising his distinguished public services by appointing him to the post of President of the Board of Control.*

It would argue but a small knowledge of human nature, and especially of Mr. Dundas's disposition, to have any doubt of the effect produced by the revelation of this design on the part of His Majesty, of whose steadiness and perseverance in the prosecution of any purpose which he had at heart there could not be two opinions. He at once perceived that his own ruin could only be averted by that of Mr. Hastings. Avoiding all appearance of hostility towards his rival, and seeming rather to discountenance the violent and acrimonious attacks made on him by Burke, Francis, and their adherents, he contrived, under the mask of candour and moderation, to lead them to the institution of a Court of Inquiry, and from that to the introduction of specific charges, the dependence of which, whether or not they ended in a formal impeachment, must for a considerable time, if not for ever, prevent the accomplishment of the King's purpose. But, though he contrived to keep his secret better than His Majesty had done, it was impossible to avoid the detection of his real design, in spite of all his efforts to conceal it. Mr. Hastings and his friends were not the last to make this discovery, and as they possessed favourable channels of access, they were not slow in conveying it to the King, upon whose mind it made a deep impression.

Neither was Mr. Dundas destitute of sure sources of intelligence as to what was being discussed and contemplated at Court. Unless he succeeded in sacrificing Mr. Hastings without further delay, his own dismissal from office was

* Wraxall was also of opinion that Dundas feared he would be supplanted by Hastings at the Board of Control.—'Posthumous Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 35.

certain and imminent. Only one course of safety presented itself, and that a desperate one. Nothing remained for him but to convince Mr. Pitt that he was imperilled by the growing favour shown by the King to Mr. Hastings. There is in the nature of every Minister an instinctive antipathy to a possible rival. From this failing Mr. Pitt was as little exempt as any of his predecessors or successors. Fully conscious of his own superior endowments, and proud of his position at the head of the British Government, he could not be expected to view with equanimity the chance of encountering a rival distinguished by the royal favour. Mr. Dundas, careful to keep his own motives and interests in the background, sedulously fanned Mr. Pitt's jealousy and uneasiness, and so alarmed his mind that he hurried him on to a decision, before he had time to satisfy himself as to its justice or expediency. I know positively that so late as the very day when the Begum charge was brought forward, Mr. Pitt was well disposed to vindicate and support Mr. Hastings. And it is equally certain that on the very next day he appeared as his bitter enemy and acrimonious accuser. That his subsequent reflections upon this affair were not pleasant I have good reason to believe; and that he shrank with a singular degree of soreness from even the most distant allusion to it, I had an opportunity of witnessing. Some time after he had made common cause with Mr. Hastings's prosecutors, I happened to meet him at Lord Carmarthen's. The conversation after dinner chancing to turn upon this unlucky subject, a considerable variety of opinions was expressed by the company. An accidental allusion being made to his unexpected change of sentiments respecting the Begum charge, Pitt suddenly rose from his chair and, striding to the fireplace, remarked in a dignified tone to Lord Carmarthen, "We have had enough of this subject, my Lord. I will thank you to call another." "With all my heart," said Lord Carmarthen; "I am as sick of the subject as you can be. So come, Pitt, sit down and put the bottle round, for, strange to tell, it stands by you."*

* William Pitt was not often chargeable with stopping the bottle. It was the fashion of the times to drink hard, and in that respect he went with the fashion of the day. The Rev. G. Croly relates how Pitt, Thurlow, and Dundas, after dining with Charles Jenkinson (afterwards Lord Hawkesbury) at Croydon, were returning to Wimbledon on horseback,

In Mr. Dundas no such fastidious delicacy was observable. He enjoyed in its full plenitude the victory he had gained, and made no secret of the feelings with which he contemplated his triumph. Of this, as well as of the style* and manners of Mr. Dundas himself, a memorable instance occurred some time after the impeachment had been carried into the House of Lords. As I was present on the occasion I can vouch for the perfect authenticity of the incident. Lord Maitland, one of the managers, came up to Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons. and asked his opinion on some point respecting the impeachment. Dundas declined to give any. Lord Maitland urged him strongly and said, "You cannot be indifferent about our success." "Troth, am I," answered Dundas; "ye hae done a' we wanted, and I shall gie mysel' nae trouble aboot what comes o' ye." "Will you say so to any one else?" Lord Maitland asked. "Troth, shall I," replied the other. On that Lord Maitland called aside Fitzpatrick and Sheridan, also managers,† to whom, without shame or scruple, Dundas repeated what he had just said.

When I volunteered in the House of Commons to interpose on behalf of Warren Hastings, I was so entirely a stranger to him that I did not know him even by sight, and most probably he had never heard my name. That eventful evening, however, made him desirous to become acquainted with the stranger who had stood by him when his own friends

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when the whim seized them to dash through the toll-gate between Tooting and Streatham without paying. The keeper, mistaking them for highwaymen, boldly discharged his blunderbuss at them, but fortunately missed them all.

* In Dr. Lawrence's prefatory Criticisms on 'The Rolliad,' it is written of Mr. Dundas:—

> Turn and return: whole hours at Hastings bawl,
> Defend, praise, thank, affront him, and recal.

But Wraxall says in his 'Posthumous Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 166, "Dundas manifested more amenity of manner, more placability of temper, more facility of access; a more yielding, accommodating, and forgiving nature (than Pitt). If Pitt subdued, Dundas conciliated adversaries."

† The managers were Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pelham, Windham, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Grey, Adam, Anstruther, M. A. Taylor, Lord Maitland, Dudley Long, General Burgoyne, North, St. John, Fitzpatrick, Wilbraham, Courtenay, and Sir Thomas Erskine.

had abandoned him. He accordingly lost no time in calling upon me to return thanks. Our conversation was deeply interesting, but I made a note of only one passage. I explained to him that, independently of my own conviction that his cause was just and honourable, I had been moved to take part in his defence by the positive instructions of my father, who had died about two years previously. Expecting that I should one day have a seat in Parliament, and foreseeing that an attack would be made upon Hastings, to whom he attributed the preservation of our power in India, he charged me to abstract myself from all personal and party considerations, and support him liberally and manfully. Mr. Hastings was deeply moved by my little tale. The tears ran down his cheeks, as he pressed my hand, and exclaimed, "Would to Heaven that your father could now listen to the effusion of my gratitude, and witness the sincere acknowledgment I make to him and to you!" That interview was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship which lasted, without a flaw, for thirty years, and terminated only at the death of that great and venerable man."*

* Warren Hastings died on the 22nd of August, 1818, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. "He met death," says Macaulay, "with the same tranquil and decorous fortitude which he had opposed to all the trials of his various and eventful life."

CHAPTER VI.

Eulogy of Warren Hastings—Likeness to Uncle Toby—"This, too, will pass"—The Indian King and his Three Favourites—Mrs. Hastings accepts "Rosetta"—Mr. Hastings's Opinion of Indian Histories—Mr. Burges Moves for an Account of the Expenditure—A Scene in the House of Commons—A Skirmish with Sheridan—A War of Words with Burke—Sheridan's Speech on the Oudh Begums—Mr. Burges's Tactical Error—Burke's Revenge—Extract from the "Letters of Simpkin the Second"—At the Royal Levée—The Prettiest Spot in the Island—The King's Displeasure with the Managers—Mr. Burges at Hendon—Anecdote of the Duke of Kent.

DURING the winter session of 1787–88 Mr. Burges appears to have occupied apartments in Fludyer Street, while Mrs. Burges and her three children—James George, Clara Maria, and Charles Montolieu—remained at their country-house, at Nantcribba, in Montgomeryshire. He was, however, a very regular and communicative correspondent, and if generally on good terms with himself he was evidently anxious that his wife should take an active interest in all that was passing around him. In matters that presented any difficulty he was usually guided by his wife's judgment, which appears to have been remarkably sound and based on the loftiest principles. The allusions to Warren Hastings in his confidential letters were frequent, and often in the highest degree interesting. Mr. Burges, being naturally sensitive and tender-hearted, was deeply moved by the painful position in which his friend was placed, chiefly

through a network of abominable intrigue, and his sympathy was naturally extended to Mrs. Hastings, to whom he always refers in terms of commiseration. On the 23rd of February, 1788, he thus wrote to Mrs. Burges:—

The conduct of Mr. Hastings on his trial impressed me with a still more exalted idea of his character than I had previously entertained. Exposed as he is to the torrent of abuse and Billingsgate invective publicly thrown upon him every morning, he has never yet shown a trace of passion, and even his countenance has hardly ever altered. "You cannot imagine," he said to me, "what my struggles are when I hear the atrocious calumnies of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox. My spirit sometimes rises and almost gets the better of my resolution. They charge me with cruelty and oppression, with injustice and tyranny; but I never was so cruel, oppressive, tyrannical, and unjust to any man as they are to me. Do they think it nothing to submit to their obloquy, and patiently endure insults which no man ever yet bore with patience? I try to bear it all like a man. When I quit my house in the morning I summon all my courage. I prepare my mind and my body to undergo the tortures of the rack without flinching. I say to myself, They may tear me limb from limb, but they shall not make me degrade myself. God knows, I would not inflict such a punishment upon them, whatever cause I have to hate them. I would not hurt them, however much I despise and abhor them." "That I am sure he would not, Mr. Burges," cried Mrs. Hastings. "Do you know, notwithstanding all they say, I sometimes laugh at him for being like Uncle Toby. He is so tender-hearted that he won't kill a fly, and even in India he used to scold me for killing a mosquito when I caught it stinging me. He used to say, 'Let the poor thing go. The little drop of your blood is a feast to it.'" And then she burst into tears.

Mr. Hastings is fond of eastern anecdotes, which he frequently introduces either to illustrate his own situation, or to indicate the grounds on which he builds his resolution and confidence under persecution. Two of these will perhaps entertain you. "When I reflect," said he, "upon my present circumstances, when I listen to the railings of my accusers, and when my spirit rises up against them, I call to mind the

story of an Indian king whose temper never knew a medium, and who in prosperity was hurried into extravagance by his joy, while in adversity grief overwhelmed him with despondency. Having suffered many inconveniences through this weakness, he gave notice that on his forthcoming birthday the most acceptable present which any of his courtiers could make would be a sentence short enough to be engraved on a ring, and suggesting a remedy for the grievance of which he complained. Many phrases were accordingly proposed, but not one that was satisfactory, until his daughter came forward and offered him an emerald on which were engraved two Arabic words, the literal translation of which is 'This, too, will pass.' The king embraced his child, and declared that she was wiser than all his wise men. Now," continued Mr. Hastings, "when I appear at the Bar, and hear the violent invectives of my enemies, I arm myself with patience. I reflect upon the mutability of human life, and say to myself, 'This, too, will pass.'"

In the course of the evening I happened to express some surprise that sensible, intelligent men, like Fox and Burke, the self-appointed champions of humanity, could derive any gratification from wounding the feelings of a man whom they knew to be undeserving of the evil things they said. "My dear sir," Mr. Hastings exclaimed, "they are men whose own feelings are callous, and who have no idea of any sufferings but those of the body. They cannot understand that a man can feel any pain but what results from stripes, imprisonment, or poverty. I will tell you a story of another Indian king, who had three favourites—his vizier, his steward, and his body servant. One morning he wakened from an unpleasant dream, with a frown on his brow. His favourites appeared before him. He took offence at their manner of accosting him, and his fury increased when they tendered apologies. He frowned at his vizier and commanded him to withdraw. His steward he ordered into confinement on bread and water, and he sentenced his body servant to be whipped within an inch of his life. The night following the king slept well and arose in good humour. The harshness with which he had treated his favourites the day before afflicted him, and he immediately sent to inquire after them. The first account he received was that the vizier, on retiring from his presence, had shut himself up and died of grief. The second messenger brought him word that

the steward had refused to eat the bread and water, and had wept bitterly over his disgrace and the loss of his usual food. The third messenger informed him that he had found the body servant with his back covered with plaisters, but eating, drinking, and singing, and more than half drunk. The king reflected for a moment, and then murmured, 'Why did I not consider that to a virtuous mind disgrace is a severer punishment than starvation or stripes?'"

Mr. Burges's intimacy with Warren Hastings grew still closer as time went on, and was creditable alike to the young enthusiast at the outset of his political career, and to the careworn statesman who had built up a commercial factory into an imperial fabric. So high an opinion had the ex-Governor-General formed of his zealous admirer that he permitted him to present Mrs. Hastings with "Rosetta," a saddle-horse that had apparently been the property of Mrs. Burges. In writing to his wife to inform her that the horses were to be again advertised in the *World* on the morrow, Mr. Burges tells her what he has done, and deprecates her displeasure until they meet, when he hopes to satisfy her that he has acted quite rightly. "She is a very fortunate little mare," he remarks in conclusion, "for she has got into a service where she will be treated very kindly." The worthy gentleman was not proof against sympathetic tears and broken English fluently spoken.

In those days there were ladies who loved to make themselves as conspicuous as do certain of their successors at the present day. In one of his letters to his wife Mr. Burges mentions the beautiful and witty Duchess of Gordon as leaning over the gallery in Westminster Hall and clapping her hands at an incident favourable to Warren Hastings, as though she had been in a playhouse, or at the Opera. On another occasion he writes: "There was a curious phenomenon in our House last night—no less than Lady

Wallace sitting in the front row of the gallery, apparelled in a brown scratch wig, coat, waistcoat, breeches, and boots. She came in at a little past eleven yesterday morning, and sat out the whole debate, till she was forced to retire with the others on the division at seven this morning" (March 4th, 1788). In the third volume of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's 'Posthumous Memoirs' it is stated that this lady was one of the three daughters of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, and consequently sister to the celebrated Duchess of Gordon. She possessed great personal charms, and obtained an unpleasant notoriety through her eccentric manners and conversation. Habited as a man, she frequently sat in the Strangers' Gallery. She was married to a Scotch baronet, Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, against whom she brought an action for adultery, which she failed to prove, but nevertheless refused to live with him afterwards. In 1794 she embarked for Hamburg, with the avowed intention of conferring with Dumouriez. Her death took place at Munich, to the relief of all her relatives and acquaintances. She wrote a comedy entitled, 'Ton; or, Follies of Fashion,' which for three nights filled Covent Garden Theatre from pit to gallery, the characters being all well known people of the fashionable world. It is clever and spirited, but is spoilt by frequent passages much too indelicate for the taste of the present day. It was given for the first time on the 8th of April, 1786, with a prologue by Jekyll, delivered by Farren, and an epilogue by Captain Morris and Captain Topham, delivered by Mrs. Wells; but neither the one nor the other rises above a tame mediocrity. The following notice of the piece appears in the May number of the 'European Magazine':—"This comedy, the production of a muse of quality, is deficient in plot, situation, character, and business; and though supported by a party who evidently came to applaud

in all events, yet met with so much opposition as to oblige the manager to abandon it after the third night. Lady Wallace appears, however, to possess considerable talents, though not calculated for the theatre. In the course of the piece there were many happy turns of wit, with some points of satire properly directed. The general intention of the play was good, and the actors, though many of them were shamefully imperfect, would very evidently have done justice to the performance, had it met with the approbation of the audience." A copy of this play was sent by Mr. Burges to his wife to amuse her lonely hours at Nantcribba.

Mr. Burges may be said to have inherited from his father a strong friendship for General Caillaud, a highly distinguished Indian officer whom Burke quite gratuitously insulted, charging him with the deliberate murder of an Indian prince some years before. The General hurried up to town with the intention of vindicating his honour in the old-fashioned way, but was dissuaded from so doing by his young friend, in whose hands he placed the arrangement of the business. A parliamentary course of procedure was accordingly adopted in preference, but as all public interest in the matter has long since evaporated it is unnecessary to go into particulars. The steadfastness and prudence displayed on this occasion by Mr. Burges were worthy of a much older man, and were heartily commended by all who were cognisant of the facts of the case. It may interest Anglo-Indians to learn that Mr. Hastings characterised Dow's 'History of Hindostan' as "mere trash, and not worth the reading," but he does not appear to have explained that it was a translation from the Persian of Ferishta. He naturally preferred Orme's narrative of the 'Military Transactions of the British Nation in Hindostan,' though his praise did not extend beyond the first half of the first of the

four quarto volumes. He recommended Mr. Burges, however, to procure James Fraser's 'History of Nadir Shah,' and Scrapton's 'Hindostan,' as the best works then written on the subject of India. These books and Lady Wallace's play Mr. Burges accordingly sent down to his wife in the country. The following letter to Mrs. Burges illustrates a curious episode in the Warren Hastings trial. It is dated May 10th, 1788:—

Just half an hour ago [apparently at 7.30 A.M.] I quitted the House of Commons, where I had the pleasure of passing the whole night on Sir Elijah Impey's business. At that hour Sir Gilbert Elliot* on the part of the impeachment, and I against it, told the House, and my side proved victorious. In the course of the evening some remarkable things happened. I made my motion for an account of the money expended on Hastings's trial, in which I was most strongly and handsomely supported by Pitt. After some vapouring from Fox and Burke, the motion was carried, and the account may be expected in a few days. Some hours afterwards, Sir James Johnson thought fit to get into a serious scrape; first, by attempting to turn Mr. Sumner out of his place; then, by

* Afterwards Earl of Minto, Governor-General of India. In familiar letters to intimate friends, Mountstuart Elphinstone was fond of referring to Lord Minto as "Gibbie Elliot of Stobs," in allusion to an ancestor known in the district, says Lady Minto, as "Gibbie wi the gowden garters." As yet quite a young man, Sir Gilbert Minto was fascinated by the glamour of the remarkable clique then composed of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Pelham, and Grey, but declined to take an active part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, who had shown much kindness to his deceased brother Alexander, a writer on the Bengal establishment. He was therefore deputed to impeach Sir Elijah Impey, in which he failed, though through no want of ability or earnestness on his part. At a later period he greatly distinguished himself as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Italian States and Viceroy of Corsica. He was subsequently sent as Ambassador to Vienna at a critical moment, and acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the Government. His character, as delineated by his great-niece the Countess of Minto, appears to have been singularly good and noble. Children took to him by instinct and adhered to him by affection.

complaining aloud that the said Sumner would not stir; and lastly by threatening to knock Lord Mornington down for advising him to be quiet. He very narrowly escaped being sent to Newgate, which he most certainly would have been had he not asked pardon on his knees*. . . David Murray played me false and did not come down to second my motion, but his place was well supplied by my never-failing friend Sir William Dolben, who entirely concurred with my views.

You do not as yet know the immediate reason of my standing forward on this occasion. I did not mention it before, lest you might take alarm where no danger was. A few days previously there had been a division in the House, in which I went into the lobby with Mr. Pitt. As we were beginning to talk together, Sheridan came up and, addressing me, desired to know whether I continued in my resolution of attacking him and the rest about the expense of the trial. I told him I meant to move on that subject, though I hoped there would be no occasion to make an attack. "Why," said he, "there can be no occasion for you to do so. You cannot suppose the business will last much longer." "No," I replied, "not more than three or four years, if one may judge from the progress you have already made." "Nay," Pitt remarked, "that can never be, for I am sure they do not mean to go through all the charges." "Of that," I answered, "I am no judge; but, at all events, a little inquiry into your

* In the 'European Magazine' it is reported that Sir James Johnstone and Sir Michael Le Fleming entered the House while Sir Richard Sutton was defending Sir Elijah Impey. The former complained that a gentleman (Mr. Sumner) had taken his seat and refused to give it up, though he had left his hat and card upon it. Lord Mornington, with more good nature than prudence, tried to soothe the angry Scot, and was answered with scant civility. Pitt then moved that the House be resumed, whereupon Sir James protested his readiness to make any apology to the House; he venerated the House, he was down upon his knees to apologise for any inadvertency on his part. Grenville mildly suggested that he should "make some submission to the noble lord." "Submission to him!" he cried. "I'll be d—d if I do. I'll meet him, if he likes, to-morrow morning." The Speaker here offered a few conciliatory remarks, and Lord Mornington followed in the same strain. Whereupon the irate baronet, who had been dining not wisely but too well, shook hands with him, and there the affair ended. Wraxall says that Sir James Johnstone was "cast in a Herculean mould, of an uncouth aspect, rude address, and almost gigantic proportions."

proceedings can do no harm." "If you are positively determined," said Sheridan, "I cannot help it; but I will plainly tell you what we mean to do. Our purpose is to enter only upon one charge more—that of the presents. With that we shall certainly conclude, and hope to get through it before the summer recess, for it must be very short." "Why," exclaimed Pitt, "don't you mean to take up the opium contract, and one or two more in the contract charge? I thought there was impeachable ground there, and am surprised you should not take it up now." "No," said Sheridan, "we don't think of it; we shall confine ourselves to the presents. Now," he continued, turning to me, "do you seriously mean to persist in your attack?" "I certainly mean to persist in my inquiry," I replied, "because I hold myself bound to let the public know how their money is disposed of." "Well," he said, "you will then drive us to say publicly what I have now told you, but I hope you will think better of it." After that we all three walked into the House to be told, and nothing further passed just then. But last Thursday sennight, when an account of the money actually issued from the Exchequer on account of Mr. Hastings's trial was laid before the House, I happened to be in the midst of a group of managers, and, turning to Burke, I said, "We don't get much intelligence from this, for there is no account of particulars, and a survey of your proceedings must be extremely curious. I have a great mind to move for it, but I can't do that without your permission, Mr. Burke, who are the general." On this he flew into a passion, asked me what I meant by saying such a thing to him, and told me I was at liberty to do as I pleased. "But mark this, sir," he continued, "if you do what you say, I shall consider it as a personal attack upon myself, which I shall despise." "Will you, really?" I asked. "Yes," he answered, "I shall consider it a personal attack upon myself." "I am very glad to hear it," I replied, "for then you may be assured I shall make the motion, and you may take what course you please." Several of his friends afterwards came to me, and tried to prevail upon me not to do so. My answer was, "If Mr. Burke had had common sense, he would have acted differently. As he has thought fit to set me at defiance, he will find he has mistaken his man. He is perfectly at liberty to consider what I am about to do as a personal attack. Whether he does so or not, I trust he will feel it to

be so before many days have elapsed." Yesterday morning, however, he thought fit to alter his tone, or rather to move his battery from me to Pitt, for to me he was extremely civil, and to him he was very rude. Pitt, in return, threshed him handsomely. I believe the whole kingdom will applaud us for having thus brought the prosecutors to their trial.

Burke went so far as to characterise an assertion made by Pitt as untrue, and was reminded that such expressions were unusual in Parliament, and in the society of gentlemen, but that he had grown accustomed to extraordinary licence of speech in another place. The other retorted that Pitt was very seldom in that other place, and derived his information from whisperers and talebearers. To Mr. Burges, Burke was rather sarcastic than "extremely civil." The former having said that he was neither to be talked out of his purpose nor intimidated by angry words, Mr. Burke begged him to be assured that, as he had no expectation of altering his determination by any arguments he might use, so neither should he attempt to intimidate him, which he believed would be equally unsuccessful. He added that he quite understood Mr. Burges's allusion, but he really never entertained any idea of the kind. The managers, unlike Ministers on a vote of censure, having abstained from taking any part in the division, Mr. Burges's motion was carried by a majority of sixty to seventeen. In a letter to his wife Mr. Burges suggests the possibility of being made the hero of a second 'Rolliad,' except that Dr. Lawrence was probably aware that he would not submit to his insolence so quietly as Mr. Rolle had done. 'The Rolliad,' however, did contain an allusion to himself in Dundas's apocryphal journal for October, 1787.

After some dispraise of George Hardinge* for making

* Dr. Lawrence was only one of the authors of 'The Rolliad,' and the least brilliant. Among his contributors were Tickell, General Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, Bate Dudley, and O'Beirne, afterwards Bishop of

so many blunders, the question is asked, "Won't do for Chancellor——, why not try Burgess?" In contemporary writings the name is usually spelt with two "s's." Even Lord Malmesbury, who corresponded with him while Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was guilty of that mistake. On the 13th of March, 1795, while dancing attendance on Princess Caroline of Brunswick, in writing to Commodore Payne—the Prince of Wales's friend, "Jack" Payne—Lord Malmesbury remarks, "I send you one (letter) I received from Mr. Burgess."

The expenses of the trial in Westminster Hall were enormous. The first twenty-five days absorbed £13,000, and as there seemed every likelihood of the business going on for some years, there was really good reason to call for a proper account of disbursements. The papers produced being insufficient, Mr. Burges undertook to demand something more ample and explicit, but he committed a tactical error in choosing the very evening after Sheridan's great speech on the Oudh Begums. It might be, as Fox and Lord Grenville averred, that Sheridan had surpassed this demonstration of perfervid eloquence on former occasions, but it is certain that its effect upon all who heard it was electrical. "The curiosity of the public to hear him," Macaulay wrote, "was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had

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Meath. In the 'Memoirs of Lætitia Matilda Hawkins,' vol. i. p. 360, George Hardinge is described by her brother as a man of great parts, whose legal attainments entitled him to aspire to the highest distinction, had it not been that indomitable indolence and a certain spice of Bohemianism prevented him from making any serious efforts to push himself forward. Nevertheless, he was nominated Solicitor-General to the Queen in 1782, a Welsh Judge in 1787, and Attorney-General to Her Majesty in 1789. His uncle was Lord Camden.

been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration." It was on that same evening Mr. Burges was so ill advised as to play the part of the "justum, et tenacem propositi virum," heedless alike of the "civium ardor prava jubentium," and of the "vultus instantis tyranni"—in this instance represented by Mr. Burke. It was an imprudent thing to do, but at least it argued self-possession and earnestness, and did not at all merit the contemptuous allusion to be found in Mrs. Oliphant's 'Memoir of Sheridan' (pp. 145–6). It is there written :—

> In the sitting of the House held on the 6th of June, after an exciting morning spent in Westminster Hall, a certain Mr. Burgess (*sic*), the same pertinacious person who had risen to speak in favour of Hastings while still St. Stephen's was resounding with applause and inarticulate with emotion on the day of Sheridan's first speech, got up once more, while all minds were again occupied by the same subject, to call the attention of the House to some small matter of finance. He was transfixed immediately by the spear of Burke.

The preference of theatrical declamation to prosaic considerations of finance, is delightfully feminine. To Sheridan and his colleagues, however, it would have been no small matter of finance had Mr. Burges succeeded in cutting off, or even in sensibly diminishing, their pecuniary supplies. To Burke it was always an easy matter to simulate passion and pour forth any required amount of verbiage. In Adolphus's remarkably accurate and dispassionate History we may read how Burke offered Mr. Burges his warmest congratulations on having chosen that glorious day after the triumph of the morning, to fill up the happy interval between

the adjournment of the trial and their rising by asking them to examine the items of a solicitors' bill. "This proceeding alone was fit to follow his first onset within these walls, when he had stood up and boldly ventured for a long time, singly and unseconded, to call for the attention of the House, after every other member had been struck dumb with astonishment and admiration at the wonderful eloquence of his honourable friend (Mr. Sheridan), who had that day again surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by a display of talents unparalleled in the annals of oratory, and which did the highest honour to himself, to the House, and to his country. For his part, Mr. Burke added, his mind was not sufficiently let down from the height of exaltation to which it had been raised; it required a degree of bending, of wetting, and of relaxation, to sink his thoughts to the level of the proposed inquiry. After the sublime and glorious feast of the morning, this curious speculation on minute particulars indicated to him the intention of Providence that man should not be proud, but that ecstacy of the mind should be checked and cooled by some sudden mortification and disgrace.... If any man doubted the solicitors' charges, let him call the solicitors to the Bar, and examine them." The motion, of course, collapsed, being superseded by the order of the day.*

The further references to Mr. Warren Hastings and his trial which occasionally crop out in Mr. Burges's letters no longer possess any particular interest. He alludes, indeed, in terms of commendation to "The Letters of Simpkin the Second, Poetic Recorder of all the Proceedings upon the Trial of Warren Hastings, Esq., in Westminster Hall," and it

* Adolphus's 'History of the Reign of George III.,' vol. vi. pp. 149–50. It must not be forgotten that on the former occasion Mr. Burges rose with considerable reluctance, and only in deference to the urgent request of Mr. Pitt.

is possible that they may at the time have afforded some amusement to Mr. Hastings and his friends. They were written by Captain Ralph Broome of the Bengal Army, and originally appeared in the *World*. They are supposed to have been composed for the benefit of sympathising friends in Wales, but it must be admitted that the humour, such as it was, has since lost its flavour. Perhaps the least insipid passage in the little volume published by John Stockdale, "opposite Burlington-House," is the following extract:—

"There I found Mrs. Wells who, for new imitations,
Might challenge with safety all countries and nations;
With resemblance surprising, she imitates all
The speakers that figure in Westminster Hall.
When like Fox I observe her with vehemence speak;
She has got to the life his rat-tat and his squeak.
When she imitates Edmund, the Irishman's tone
Is so like, that you'd swear 'twas the orator's own;
To his mode of pronouncing surprisingly true,
When she speaks of the Bheagum and Canta—Bah-Bhoo (Baboo).
And when she's repeating what Anstruther said,
You have Saturn before you, the father of lead.
Then, all of a sudden, she changes the play
And shews her white teeth as politely as Grey.
When reading like Erskine, she rises and drops,
And is equally careful in minding her stops.
There is not one speaker, as far as I find,
Save only the clerk, who can leave her behind."

On the 26th of February Mr. Burges was honoured at the levée by the King's special notice. His Majesty began the conversation by asking how long he had been in town, and was answered:

"Since the meeting of Parliament, Sir." "Where was you before you came to town?" "In Montgomeryshire, Sir." "Oh, but I mean where did you pass the summer?" "At my own house in Montgomeryshire, Sir." "What part of the county do you live in?" "In the centre

of the vale, Sir." "I am told that it is a very beautiful county." "Extremely so, Sir." "They say it is the prettiest spot in the island." "I think it is, Sir." "Did you ever see a prettier place in England?" "I don't think I ever did, Sir." "Did you ever see so pretty a place anywhere else?" "Never, Sir, except the Tyrolese Alps and the Lago Maggiore." "Those are very pretty places, I believe; but yours is certainly a beautiful country." [On the 7th of May Mr. Burges attended another levée, and was again singled out by His Majesty:] When my turn came he gave me the usual dose of weather, and, as I thought, was moving off; but, to my surprise, he commenced a conversation, so remarkable, considering the subject and the person to whom it was addressed, that I made a note of it immediately after quitting St. James's. The strokes between the sentences should be filled up with my replies, but as they are obvious and of no importance, it requires no stretch of genius to imagine them. "Vastly unpleasant business, this trial."—"When will it end?"—"It puts a stop to all public business."—"They tell me there are about 140 causes in arrear in the Court of Chancery."—"It has taken a year to get through two charges."—"I should like to see a calculation of the time it probably will last."—"It must be some years."—"It is a very unfortunate business."—"The Chancellor [Lord Thurlow] must be tired to death."—"I am glad to see him look so well."—"I shall be happy when it is over."—"It never should have been brought forward."—"The managers do not seem to understand their business. There is a great difference between those who are Counsel and those who are not, in examining witnesses."—"The managers ought to have considered this before they undertook the business."

Mr. Pitt's coldness of demeanour after the division taken by Mr. Burges became so exasperating to the latter that he determined to have a full explanation on the subject with Lord Carmarthen, with the intention of resigning his seat in Parliament if it were not satisfactory. As the representative of a Minister he was, of course, expected to support the Government whenever his vote was required. To this he had no objection, being at heart a believer in their policy, but

he demurred to being treated as a bondsman who had no option as to acting otherwise. Accordingly he asked for an interview, and was invited to pass a day at Hendon. The result was all that could be desired. Lord Carmarthen was confidential as well as communicative, and Mr. Burges returned to town on the morrow much relieved in mind, and with all bitterness of feeling mitigated if not removed. In the course of conversation Lord Carmarthen told an anecdote of the Duke of Kent, father of our gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, which has already appeared in print, but will bear repetition. The magistrates of Berne had invited Prince Edward to a superb banquet, and, "by way of providing suitable company for him, had also invited the famous Count Cagliostro. The Count sat next to the Prince, and, at dinner, filling his glass, drank to the health of our King in the following manner:—"Monseigneur, je bois à la santé du Roi de 'Great Britain.' J'aime beaucoup boire à sa santé parce qu'il est si bon roi." Shortly afterwards he thought proper to toast our Queen's health, assigning as his reason that she was "une si bonne reine." Nettled at this insolent familiarity, the Prince filled his glass and turning to the Count, said: "Je bois à la santé du Roi de France. J'aime beaucoup boire à sa santé, parce qu'il chasse les coquins de son royaume."

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CHAPTER VII.

Horrors of the Middle Passage—Mr. Burges and Imprisoned Debtors—Lord Thurlow—The King's Illness—The Rev. Dr. Willis—The King's Amendment—Defection from Pitt of "Single-Speech" Hamilton and Lord Malmesbury—Mr. Burke slighted by Pitt—A Strained Coincidence—The King's Wet-Nurse—Lady Archibald Hamilton—Thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral—The Duke of Cumberland's Speech—The Duke of York's Duel with Colonel Lennox—A Severe Winter—Uniform of the Constitutional Club—Death of Mr. Speaker Cornwall—Election of "Bogey" Grenville—Succeeded by Mr. Addington—Mr. Pitt's Indebtedness—Mr. Burges publishes a Pamphlet—Difference with the Duke of Leeds—Appointed Under Secretary of State in the Foreign Department.

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Burges narrowed his benevolence to sympathy with Warren Hastings. Far from it. As a practical philanthropist he gave a steady support to Wilberforce in his arduous crusade against slavery. He was also a zealous associate of Sir William Dolben in mitigating the horrors of the Middle Passage. At that time, according to Bishop Tomline, the space allotted to each slave on board ship was 5½ feet in length by 16 inches in width, and the intervals between decks or platforms varied from 24 to 30 inches. The mortality during an average voyage of six weeks amounted to 12½ per cent., or at the rate of cent. per cent. per annum, and it must be remembered that there were comparatively few women and children, and no males beyond the prime of life. Sir William Dolben was vehemently opposed by the merchants of Bristol and Liverpool, for much the same reasons that moved the silversmiths of Ephesus to

object to the preaching of St. Paul. Well-meaning persons too were found who feared lest a Bill to humanise the treatment on board ship should seem to legalise and approve the traffic in human beings, apart from its incidental hardships. In a letter to his wife, dated May 13th, 1788, Mr. Burges thus describes the result of an exploration he had undertaken that morning in the company of Sir William Dolben, with a view to obtaining positive facts illustrative of the condition of the hapless negroes during their voyage to the West Indies and America:—

He and I set out this morning in a boat and boarded several Guineamen just ready to sail. We took notes of everything. The most remarkable is the space allotted to the captives. On an average, each person has about as much as would barely suffice for a calf just born. You shall have the particulars of two of the best ships we inspected. They are as follows:—The *Alfred* frigate, burthen 305 tons, proposes to take in 500 slaves. The space to be occupied by them measures in height about 5 feet. It is 62 feet in length and 23 in breadth, which gives 34$\frac{1}{5}$ square inches for each person. The *Maria*, burthen 230 tons, proposes to take in 400 slaves. The space to be occupied by them measures in height about 5 feet 10 inches. It is 54 feet in length and 20 in breadth, which gives 32$\frac{2}{5}$ square inches for each person. When you consider the length of time during which human creatures are thus wedged together, the heat of the climate, the horrible stench occasioned by the impossibility of their stirring out from sunset to sunrise, and the circumstance of their being chained two and two by the hand and the leg, you will be able to form some judgment of their situation, and to imagine what misery really is.

But Mr. Burges was not content to be merely a fellow-worker, walking in the footsteps of other men. He prepared a Bill for the amelioration of the condition of prisoners for debt, and twice carried it through the second reading, but was each time overpowered by the interested opposition of the legal profession, to whom the loss of fees and other

emoluments was a matter of weightier consideration than the sufferings of the poor and the oppressed. There were no fewer than 8000 debtors in confinement in London alone, and in 1784 the number had been considerably greater in consequence of the expectation of a new Insolvency Act. The Court of Queen's Bench derived an annual revenue of £20,000 from arrests for debt, while the King's Bench prison drew an annual profit of £3000 from the prisoners, besides the gain on the sale of liquor. A creditor, on payment of fourpence a day, could keep a debtor in prison for the remainder of his life unless a satisfactory arrangement were made. Upwards of twelve months often elapsed before redress could be obtained for a fraudulent arrest. Mr. Burges himself recapitulates in his letters some of the more flagrant evils he sought to remove or diminish, and some pertinent cases of oppression are cited by his correspondents from different parts of the country. The most formidable opposition Mr. Burges was doomed to encounter was covert and insidious. Professing the greatest sympathy and the warmest interest in the success of his Bill, Lord Chancellor Thurlow laboured in an underhand manner to work out its rejection by Parliament. His character, as sketched by Horace Walpole and filled in by the whole tenor of his public life, was repellent and in some respects contemptible. He was naturally indolent, unambitious, and strangely unconscious of his remarkable powers, so much so, indeed, that at one time he almost accepted the stewardship of the Duke of Queensberry's estates with a salary of £300 a year. His understanding was sound and comprehensive; his constitution, as regards both mind and body, vigorous and energetic. He was possessed of strong, sterling, good sense, but his temper was crabbed and overbearing, and his manners exceedingly coarse. His pleasures were low, indelicate, and sensual. His pride and

sullenness vented themselves in a rough, arrogant demeanour, and in a stupid unmeaning practice of seasoning his speech with oaths and imprecations. At the end of a law term he was hurrying out of court without a word of farewell to counsel, when a young barrister muttered loud enough to be overheard, "He might at least have said, 'Damn ye!'" Thereupon he suddenly stopped, turned round, and uttered a few compliments. In 'The Rolliad' he is described as

> "The rugged Thurlow, who with sullen scowl,
> In surly mood, at friend and foe will growl."

According to Walpole he had no virtues, and was destitute of moral principle, which he regarded as a weakness. There was much of the conspirator in his composition. He was fond of intrigue, either to promote his own interests or to undermine an opponent, or even a colleague. It is well known that during the King's great illness Lord Thurlow coquetted with Fox in the hope of still retaining the Seals on the expected dismissal of Pitt, though he had the audacity to exclaim, when His Majesty's recovery was placed beyond a doubt, "When I forsake my King, may God forsake me!"* Upon which, with irreverent felicity, Wilkes murmured in a stage whisper, "He'll see you d—d first." At a later period his systematic obstructiveness compelled Pitt to raise the Hon. William Grenville to the peerage, and finally to get rid of a colleague whose grudging support was more annoying than his open enmity. That such a man should play a

* "It seems scarcely possible to exaggerate the strong impression which this half sentence made. Within the House itself the effect was not perhaps so satisfactory. Wilkes, who was standing under the Throne, eyed the Chancellor askance, and muttered, 'God forget you! He will see you d—d first!' Burke at the same moment exclaimed, with equal wit and with no profaneness, 'The best thing that can happen to you!' Pitt also was on the steps of the Throne. On Lord Thurlow's imprecation he is said to have rushed out of the House, exclaiming several times, 'Oh, what a rascal'!"—Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' vol. ii. p. 10.

double part towards Mr. Burges is not surprising. He could not deny the excellent scope and tendency of the Bill under discussion in the Lower House, nor was there much fault to find with its individual clauses. The only objection that could be urged against it was the pecuniary loss that would be inflicted upon a profession even then thought to be overcrowded. In any case, he took care that the Bill should not be carried.

The great event of the period under review was the King's insanity. It began with a bilious attack on the 12th of June, 1788, which partially abated and allowed His Majesty to proceed to Cheltenham. Deriving no benefit from the waters the King returned to Windsor on the 16th of August, and shortly afterwards symptoms of mental derangement began to be observable. By the 24th of October the terrible nature of the malady had become unmistakable. A violent fever set in, and the life of the royal patient was pronounced in imminent danger. Three physicians, Sir G. Baker, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Reynolds, were in constant attendance, and occasionally consulted Sir Lucas Pepys and Dr. Addington, father of the future Prime Minister. On the 3rd of December five physicians appeared before the Privy Council at Whitehall and attested the King's inability to attend to public business of any kind. A few days previously His Majesty had been removed to Kew after an outrageous resistance, which ceased, however, on a note from Pitt being read to the royal sufferer. Recourse was at last had to the Rev. Dr. Francis Willis, Rector of St. John's, Wapping, who for twenty-eight years had kept an asylum at Gretford, limited to thirty patients, of whom nine in ten were cured in the space of three months.* The King was predisposed in favour

* Dr. Willis was joined by his son, Dr. John Willis, who assisted him in his asylum in Lincolnshire.

of Dr. Willis, though he disapproved a clergyman entering upon a secular profession, and accordingly asked him how he reconciled it with his conscience to prefer medical practice to the duties of his sacred calling. "May it please your Majesty," said Willis, "our Saviour went about healing the sick." "Yes," the King replied, "but I never heard that he had £700 a year for doing so." Mr. Burges mentions two or three instances of the good effect produced by Dr. Willis's moral influence when harsher measures had proved injurious rather than otherwise.

On being desired to go to bed,

the King refused, and, on Willis's insisting on it, he flew into a passion and talked in high terms against being dictated to. In proportion as he raised his voice Willis grew more peremptory, speaking always in a steady, resolute tone. At length the King stopped and said with a smile, "Why, doctor, I believe what you say may be right. I will go to bed." "It is not enough," said Willis, "for your Majesty to go to bed. You must be quiet when you are there." The King promised he would, and slept till one o'clock. When he awoke, he wanted to get up, but, on Willis telling him he must again compose himself, turned round and slept till morning. He arose early and breakfasted. When that was over, "Doctor," said he, "though I may not see the Queen, is there any harm in writing to her?" "Far from it," Willis replied, and immediately called for writing materials. The King wrote a long and very sensible letter, full of kind expressions and good wishes for herself and the Princesses. When he had done, he remarked, "Now, doctor, the difficulty is how to send it." "Your Majesty," Willis answered, "may send it by a page." "I ask your pardon," said the King. "I sent one a few days ago by a page to my son York, and I am sure it did not reach him, for I have had no answer." "If your Majesty will allow me," said Willis, "I will carry it myself." "I shall be obliged to you," was the answer, "for you, I know will not deceive me." The letter was accordingly conveyed to the Queen, who was much pleased at such a mark of the King's affection and returning sense. "Now, madam," said Willis, "I beg favour of your Majesty to answer it."

She accordingly wrote a letter, which he took to the King, who appeared extremely happy on getting it.

After His Majesty had read the letter, Willis observed that his nails were very long, and asked him if he would not like to cut them. The King replied that he had wished to do so for some time, but they would not let him have a knife. "That is very odd," said Willis, "but if your Majesty will condescend to make use of mine, you will find it a very good one." The King accordingly took it and cut his nails.* Willis next observed that his beard was very long, and asked if he would not be shaved. The King said, "No; I always shave myself." "Your Majesty may certainly shave yourself, if you please," was the reply. "Why, do you know, doctor," said the King, "they refused to let me have a razor, for fear I should cut my throat." "I am surprised, Sir," Willis remarked, "that such a strange idea should have been entertained. Your Majesty has too much wisdom, too great a sense of the duty you owe to yourself and your people, ever to conceive such a thought; and, above all, your Majesty has too much religion, and too just a sense of the duty you owe to the commands of God, to incur His eternal displeasure." "Most certainly I have; you talk like a wise and a good man, doctor—very differently from those I have had about me. I am obliged to you for it, and am happy to have you here." On this Willis called for the shaving materials. The people present were up in arms, and vehemently remonstrated with Willis; but he was firm and resolute, and the King shaved himself without more ado.

The debates on the Regency Bill and the treasonable doctrines of Fox and his friends are treated at considerable length in Mr. Burges's letters, but no new incidents are produced, nor does his narrative materially differ from those with which the reading public has long since been familiar, except that he singles out some particularly disgraceful instances of "ratting."† Among these shameless waiters

* This is given in the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. xliv. pp. 75–80.

† Some one asked Lord Carmarthen how Fox came to let the cat out of the bag so soon. "To catch the rats, I suppose," was the prompt reply.

upon Providence were Lord Brudenel, whose family and himself might be almost said to owe their daily bread to the King's bounty. Gerard Hamilton, commonly known as "Single-Speech" Hamilton—though he really spoke on several occasions—was another of the backsliders.

He had [Mr. Burges wrote to his wife] a sinecure place in Ireland, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, worth about £2000 per annum. When disturbances prevailed in that island a few years ago, he applied to Pitt for leave to exchange it for a pension of £2000 a year on the Irish Establishment. After much importunity Pitt complied with his request. A little later he assured Pitt that he was in great want of money, and asked permission to sell his pension, as Prince Ferdinand and others had done. For a long time Pitt held out against this fresh demand, but at length gave way. Thereupon Hamilton sold his pension for ten years' purchase, which amounted to £20,000. As soon as he had pocketed this money, he went off to Brighthelmstone, where he insinuated himself into the good graces of the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and was among the first to join the Opposition against Mr. Pitt.

In some respects Lord Malmesbury's defection was still more pitiable, being ungracious in time and manner. His views from early manhood were in sympathy with those of Fox, but it was from Pitt that he received his appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Hague, with the treatment of an ambassador, and it was also from his hands that he accepted a peerage. Under these circumstances he might fairly have been expected to exercise some forbearance, if not to maintain an absolute neutrality between the two great political rivals. He himself thought that something more

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Another quidnunc inquired if it were true that Fox was suffering from a stomach complaint, and was answered: "It is very likely. He has been eating his own words, and they must have disagreed with him."—Burges MSS.

was required of him. He therefore called upon Pitt, and sat with him for upwards of an hour, during which he fully acknowledged his obligations and assured Mr. Pitt of his eternal gratitude, and particularly said that he only waited for some occasion in which he might be personally concerned, to show him by every exertion, in and out of Parliament, how sincere was his attachment. Two days afterwards he wrote to Pitt a letter, to tell him that he had reflected upon the conversation they had had; that there were particular reasons which made it impossible for him to take the part he then proposed to do; and that he hoped he might be excused if he acted with his former friends. To this Pitt wrote in reply, that there was no necessity for his Lordship to make any excuse about the matter; that he took it for granted that he (Pitt) must have misunderstood what had been said in their conversation, of which he was now convinced that he had not understood a single word; and that he begged his Lordship would act in any manner he thought proper, without giving himself the trouble of making apologies. At that time Mr. Burges had more than recovered his former relations with Mr. Pitt, who once more treated him in the most friendly and confidential manner; while his intimacy with Lord Carmarthen still remained unimpaired.*

No doubt the flatterers of the Prince of Wales were more eager than himself to proclaim the Regency and oust the Ministry. Many of them were needy men, of loose lives, and heavily encumbered with debt, whose only prospect of release

* Lord Sydney, Secretary of State, wrote to Lord Cornwallis, 21st February, 1789: "Sir James Harris was created Lord Malmesbury, and took his seat during the King's illness. He desired Lord Carmarthen and me to introduce him. He went to Mr. Pitt and declared his approbation of the intended measures and the restrictions on the Regent's power. He then went to the Prince, and turned to the right about."—'Cornwallis Correspondence,' vol. i. p. 407.

from the clamorous importunities of creditors lay in their early advent to place and pension. Fox suffered from chronic impecuniosity, Sheridan was always quivering on the verge of ruin, while Burke was ever rushing into extremes. Just then he was not only anxious to provide for himself and his brother Richard, but he had also a private wrong to avenge on the First Lord of the Treasury.

A committee had been appointed to examine the King's physicians. It was composed almost exclusively of Privy Councillors selected from two lists, the one Ministerial, the other supplied by the Opposition. Pitt had to choose twenty-one names from the two lists, Burke's being down on the adverse side. After reading aloud twenty names, Pitt paused for a moment. The scene that ensued is thus described by Mr. Burges :—

From the Opposition benches the name of Burke re-echoed. Pitt still remained silent, and Burke's name was repeated yet more loudly. All this time he sat erect with much apparent consequence. When Pitt had kept us all in suspense for a couple of minutes, he very quietly proposed Lord Gower. Burke threw himself back in his seat, crossed his arms violently, and kicked his heels with evident discomposure. [This disgrace presently produced another outburst on the part of Burke.] The question before the House [according to Mr. Burges] was whether, after the physicians had been examined by the Privy Council on oath, and their depositions had been laid on our table, it would be necessary to examine them again, without oath. Burke insisted it would be; and instanced the case of a divorce where evidence was given in Doctors' Commons, the King's Bench, and the House of Lords, and where, nevertheless, our House always examined the witnesses without oath. "Now, sir," said he, "should a divorce of greater magnitude than any of these come before this House, we should the more insist on our rights." By "divorce" he meant the divorce between the King and his Crown. This gives me a clue to guess at the authors of the following piece of impudence. You may recollect [he is addressing Mrs. Burges] a poor fellow who has been long

remarkable for writing with an uncommonly fine hand upon the pavement in chalk. This morning he wrote the following passage of Scripture on the pavement directly leading to the House of Commons stairs: "And Samuel said unto him, The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbour who is better than thou." When Burke talked of his "divorce" I mentioned this inscription to the friends around me, who all agreed that the coincidence between them was too great not to come from the same quarter.

Neither Mr. Burges nor his friends could have been in a very judicial frame of mind to be satisfied with such feeble evidence of a coalition between Burke and the street calligraphist. Men's judgments, however, were carried away by passion. Few on either side, whether the King's friends or the Prince's followers, were in a condition to distinguish between "a hern and a hernshaw." There was never a shape in the clouds but one party averred it was "like a camel," while the other protested it was "very like a whale," and yet it presented the same form to both. Party feeling ran so high, indeed, that an attempt was made to induce the belief that the King's affliction was of an hereditary character, and derived from his wet-nurse, forgetting that the stigma cast upon His Majesty would affect his children in their turn, including the Prince of Wales himself. The woman, whose name was Smith, was in the service of Lady Archibald Hamilton, and was nurse to her son Sir William Hamilton. She was recommended to the Princess of Wales, the mother of George III., by Lady Archibald Hamilton. She became laundress to the King, and died at an advanced age, having enjoyed the reputation of being a remarkably shrewd, sensible woman. This statement is accepted by Mr. Burges as conclusive, and it is quite possible that the good woman really was thoroughly sound in mind and body. On the other hand, Lady Archibald Hamilton, as depicted by Lord

Shelburne,* was an intriguing and unscrupulous person. She completely dominated the Princess, and loved to inflict upon her all manner of mortifications, for no other reason than that she was the wife of the Prince of Wales, the avowed "slave and blackamoor" of Lady Archibald. The Prince, indeed, had promised to marry her on her husband's death, but Lord Archibald Hamilton clung to life with a tenacity that baffled his wife's projects, and in the end she was obliged to consent to the Prince's marriage with the Princess. The King's restoration to health, however, dispersed all these malarious fogs. The political atmosphere once more became free from clouds and thick darkness. Mr. Pitt was confirmed in his place, and his enemies slunk back into the shade.

Of the interesting scene in St. Paul's Cathedral when George III. proceeded thither in royal state to return thanks for his recovery, Mr. Burges wrote to his wife a very touching description. His letter is dated from Fludyer Street, 25th April, 1789:—

On Thursday morning I rose at five, dressed and breakfasted. Neither coach nor chair being procurable for love or money I made my way through the mob to the House, where I found Lord Newhaven, and set out with him in his chariot. Our procession consisted of well-nigh 500 carriages, and such was the excellent order maintained by our civil and military protectors that not a single accident, not the slightest interruption, occurred. Lines of soldiers were drawn up on each side. Between them and the rails stood the mob closely wedged. Every window of every house was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Various booths were erected where such conveniences could be admitted, covered with company. Other booths were filled with bands of musicians in dominos, who saluted us with marches and loyal tunes. The whole of the circular part of St. Paul's was occupied by the charity children, 6500 in number, who were piled up in two semi-

* 'Life of William, Earl of Shelburne,' by Lord E. Fitzmaurice, vol. i. pp. 60-62.

circles, one on each side of the passage left for us. As the royal procession entered a band of thirty or forty drums and fifes struck up the "Grenadiers' March;" and on His Majesty's entrance all the children, accompanied by the organ, sang the Hundredth Psalm. There could not be a nobler burst of sound, but the rest of the music was very indifferent. The King looked tolerably well. His air was composed and thoughtful, but his devotion baffles description. When he came into the choir he stopped, as though struck with the spectacle. He then made a low bow, on recovering from which he burst into tears. When the form of thanksgiving for his restoration to health was about to be read, he seemed to collect himself together. He leaned his head on his hands, which were clasped. By degrees he grew agitated, and when the part descriptive of his late situation was reached, he suddenly extended his arms upwards, fixing his eyes on the ceiling. In this attitude he remained for at least a minute, when he again clasped his hands and drew them towards his breast, still keeping his eyes turned upwards. Presently nature relieved him from the agony of gratitude that oppressed him by a copious flood of tears. He applied his handkerchief to his eyes; and the Queen, who had earnestly watched him throughout, was immediately overcome in the same manner.*

A good story is told of the Duke of Cumberland, whose strong point was not eloquence. The question under discus-

* Sir Gilbert Elliot, albeit little given to the melting mood, acknowledges that when the children struck up the Hundredth Psalm, he found his eyes "running over" and "the bone in (his) throat, which was the case with many people." He was much struck with the alteration in the King's appearance, especially with his excessive leanness. "His face was as sharp as a knife, and his eyes therefore appeared more prominent than before." He also declares that "in general the King's manner was apparently indifferent; and he looked about with his opera-glass and spoke to the Queen during the greatest part of the service, very much as if he had been at a play." Sir Gilbert admits that he was so much above the royal couple, who sat, besides, under a canopy, that he had only a bird's-eye view, and did not see distinctly. Moreover, the *mot d'ordre* of his faction was to be incredulous as to the King's recovery.—'Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto,' vol. i. pp. 304–5.

sion was as to the peers going to St. Paul's in their robes. "My Lords," His Royal Highness is reported to have said, "I am of opinion it is proper to go proper. There can be no propriety without propriety. Therefore, if the noble Lord thinks a motion ought to be made, I will move that the Lords do go robed in their robes."

The Duke of York's duel with Colonel Lennox was mentioned by Mr. Burges in a letter to his wife dated May 17th, 1789:—

Some time ago the Prince of Wales was at a dinner (at the Daubigny Club) where a number of Opposition toasts were given. As the bottle went round he called on Colonel Lennox for a toast. He gave Mr. Pitt. The Prince refused to drink it. The altercation grew high, and he told Lennox he was as timorous and pusillanimous as his uncle the Duke of Richmond. On this Lennox very properly dropped the subject, and soon afterwards withdrew. Next morning, on cool reflection, the Prince sent him a message, apologising for what he had said, assuring him he did not mean to affront him, and hoping that he would forget what had passed. Lennox sent a suitable reply, and there the matter seemed to have ended. A few days ago, however, the Duke of York said, before a large company, that he had lately been present when Colonel Lennox, who is in his regiment, had put up with words which no man of honour would bear, and that he had been insulted without resenting it. This was immediately carried to Lennox, who, on Saturday morning, walked up to the Duke on parade and repeated what he had heard. "I have a right," he added, "as a gentleman, to ask your Royal Highness what the words were, who spoke them, and from whom you had your information. I conceive that you are bound to tell me, that I may have an opportunity of vindicating my character." The Duke told him he would speak to him when the field-day was over, and accordingly, after the officers had retired to the guard-room, he called Lennox up and told him he would not give him the information he desired, "but," he continued, "if you conceive yourself injured I am ready to lay aside my rank and give you any satisfaction you desire." "Your Royal Highness," replied Lennox, "may act in any manner you think proper, but I

cannot forget that you are a Prince of the Blood and my commanding officer. If you were not, I should know how to treat you."

At this point Mr. Burges breaks off his narrative, and repeats the fault of him who "left, half-told, the story of Cambuscan bold." Fortunately, the defect is more easily remedied in one case than in the other. The meeting came off on Wimbledon Common, the Duke being attended by Lord Rawdon, and the Colonel by the Earl of Winchelsea. The Colonel's shot removed one of the Duke's curls,* and on His Royal Highness refusing to fire, the seconds interposed and the affair ended. The officers of the Coldstream Guards, Lennox's regiment, subsequently agreed at a general meeting that he had acted with courage, but not with judgment, though they admitted the circumstances to have been peculiarly difficult.* Colonel Lennox, however, had not yet heard the last of this curious business. One Theophilus Swift, a very minor poet and in some way connected with Dean Swift's family, wrote to him a most offensive and at the same time ridiculous letter. For this impertinence he was called out and severely wounded. His motive was probably the hope of currying favour with His Royal Highness.

Mr. Charles Greville,† however, imparts an entirely new colouring to the duel between the Duke and Colonel Lennox. In 1822, he says, he went to Bushey with the Duke of York. "As we passed over Wimbledon Common he showed me the spot where he fought his duel with the Duke of Richmond. He then told me the whole story and all the circumstances which led to it, most of which are in print. That which I

* "Lord Rawdon always said that by delaying the signal for firing, and thus rendering Colonel Lennox's aim unsteady, he had saved the life of the Duke, whose curl was carried away by his opponent's ball."—'Cornwallis Correspondence,' vol. i. p. 469 (footnote).

† 'The Greville Memoirs,' edited by Hy. Reeve, vol. i. p. 62.

had never heard before was that at a masquerade three masks insulted the Prince of Wales, when the Duke interfered, desired the one who was most prominent to address himself to him, and added that he suspected him to be an officer in his regiment (meaning Colonel Lennox), and if he was he was a coward and a disgrace to his profession; if he was not the person he took him for, he desired him to unmask and he would beg his pardon. The three masks were supposed to be Colonel Lennox, the Duke of Gordon, and Lady Charlotte." Sir Gilbert Elliot wrote to his wife on the 30th of May, 1789, that "Colonel Lenox (*sic*) had been amusing himself all this winter with abusing and insulting the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York in the most scurrilous and blackguard way, both behind their backs and sometimes to their faces." This was done to curry favour with the Queen. He had, so to speak, been forced into the Duke's regiment over the heads of many officers, and without any previous intimation to the Duke. One day, at D'Aubigny's Club, he spoke evil of the Princes and their friends in the presence of the Duke of York, and was sharply called to order by Colonel St. Leger, who indirectly charged him with acting in a cowardly manner. H.R.H. afterwards mentioned to someone that Lennox had submitted to language which no gentleman ought to bear. What followed is pretty nearly the same in both versions, except that Sir Gilbert goes on to dwell on the Queen's heartlessness and seeming indifference when told of the danger her son had so narrowly escaped. The King was much agitated by the news, and exhibited the natural emotion to be expected from a parent. The Queen, on the contrary, "heard it all with perfect composure, and without the slightest expression of feeling or agitation." She merely remarked that she understood it was the Duke's own fault. To His Royal Highness himself she said, at their first meeting

after the duel, "Did you think Boodle's ball full last night?" At the French Ambassador's Her Majesty was very gracious to Colonel Lennox, kissing her fan to him half the length of the room, two or three times. It may be as well to remember that Sir Gilbert's authority was in the first instance "Jack" Payne, a parasite of the Princes, who only repeated what he had heard, or thought he had heard, from the Prince of Wales; and, secondly, the Prince himself, who was not absolutely truthful.

The winter of 1788–89 happened to be unusually severe. On the 29th of December Mr. Burges came to the conclusion that he never before knew what cold weather really meant. The streets were covered with ice, and the surface of the river was frozen. For his part, he went to bed in a flannel waistcoat, drawers, and stockings, with thick moreen curtains drawn closely round, while in the daytime he never ventured abroad without two flannel waistcoats and "a Prudence." A few evenings later there was "such a thick stinking fog that the coaches could hardly pass along the streets in safety." At least one man walked across the river at Wapping, whence it may be inferred that above bridge the Thames was completely frozen over. On the 11th of January the weather is described as almost unbearable.

This morning a pail of water was brought from the plug in the street, and before the door could be opened it was covered with a cake of ice. Nothing can look so dismal as the firemen from the different offices patrolling the streets day and night so as to be ready in case of fire. We are, however, much better off here than they are in France. Hamilton had a letter on Saturday from Paris, which says that butcher's meat was selling for thirty-two sous the pound. There is hardly any firing, and even the Duke of Dorset (the British Ambassador) has a small portion of wood sent him every day by the Government, as he can get neither that nor coals elsewhere. And what is worse, assassinations have become so frequent that orders are given for no one to stir abroad after eight in the evening.

The distress of the poor drives them to have recourse to any means to avert starvation. In the south of France the misery of the inhabitants is still greater. All this time, however, in Scotland the weather is uncommonly open and mild. Lord Abercorn's steward wrote him word on Saturday that they had no frost, but for the two previous days fine gentle rains.

The excessive cold did not, however, prevent Mr. Burges from donning a new attire, not particularly warm, which he calls the uniform of the Constitutional Club. In those days men had the courage of their convictions, and would have made motley their garb to distinguish themselves from their opponents. To belong to the Constitutional Club was a very simple affair. There was no balloting, and consequently no "pilling." Neither were there fees of any kind to be paid beyond the cost of the costume. A gentleman desirous of becoming a member inscribed his name in the club-book, and straightway hurried off to his tailor to be measured for "a dark blue frock, with a broad orange velvet cape and large yellow buttons, round each of which is the inscription, 'Constitutional Club.' The waistcoat is white kerseymere, with yellow buttons, bordered all round with orange-coloured silk. The breeches are white kerseymere with yellow buttons. In point of taste we certainly beat the Blue and Buff of our opponents." A few days later Mr. Burges wrote: "Our uniform goes on well. Several people have told me they will put it on. To-day (January 11th, 1789) in the House we were a pretty knot of orange capes, Pitt, Lord Mornington, Lord Bayham, Lord Belgrave, Villiers, Addington, and myself. I never saw Mr. Lamb so pleased with anything as with this dress, which he says is a wise and manly thing. I have been endeavouring to make Hastings's party assume it, and I believe I shall be successful, for two have promised to do so."

The death of Mr. Speaker Cornwall,* on the 1st of January,

* "Cornwall possessed every physical quality requisite to ornament

1789, as it was first supposed from pleurisy, brought about a contested election. He had complained throughout the previous week of a feeling of constriction at the heart, and on his body being opened it was discovered that "a bony excrescence had grown from the inside of the second rib, and at length pressed on the coats of his lungs and produced a settlement of matter." He was only fifty-four years of age. The Ministry having resolved to put forward the Hon. William Grenville, joint Paymaster of the Forces, commonly known as "Bogey Grenville," the Opposition rashly proposed Sir Gilbert Elliot (afterwards Lord Minto), and managed the affair so badly that he was beaten by a majority of 71—215 to 144. In any case Grenville's election was certain, but his victory would have been less triumphant had the Opposition exerted themselves ever so little. Sir Gilbert Elliot wrote to his wife that twenty to thirty of his promised supporters arrived too late for the division, and that a dozen votes were lost through sheer carelessness. Lady Elliot* treated his canvass as ridiculous, because of his physical incapacity to bear the fatigue, and protested that she was never more entertained in her life, and never laughed more heartily than in trying to realise the situation he hoped might fall to his share. Mr. Burges, who liked Sir Gilbert Elliot as little as Sir Gilbert liked him, was evidently pleased at his discomfiture, little foreseeing that

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the place; a sonorous voice, a manly, as well as imposing figure, and a commanding deportment. . . . After his election Cornwall gave little satisfaction, and had recourse to the narcotic virtues of porter for enabling him to sustain its fatigue; an auxiliary which sometimes, becoming too powerful for the principal who called in its assistance, produced inconveniences."—Wraxall's 'Historical Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 356. Cornwall owed his election to the interest of Charles Jenkinson, Secretary at War, who had married his sister.

* 'Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, First Earl of Minto,' vol. i. p. 255.

in 1790, through Lord Malmesbury's interest, the rejected Speaker would turn him out of his seat for Helston. Neither was he prescient enough to guess that a very brief experience of "Bogey Grenville's" industry and aptitude for business would cause him to change his opinion to an entirely opposite view. For the moment he could only tell Mrs. Burges that the new Speaker was the youngest man who ever sat in that chair, being only thirty-two years of age,* but "I have no doubt," he continues, "of his doing the business much better than his predecessor ever did. He enjoys the benefit of contrast, for I defy him to be less fit for his place than that poor man was. If he succeed in restoring regularity and decency in the House, he will be entitled to great credit; and I am inclined to think he will, for he is a man of spirit, and has excellent sense and a great love for business." Mr. Grenville was elected on the 5th of January, 1789, and on the 8th of the following June made way for Mr. Addington, son of Lord Chatham's physician, and the future Viscount Sidmouth. Sir Gilbert Elliot was again put forward in opposition, but only to be defeated by a majority of 41—215 to 174. The vacancy was caused by Mr. Grenville's promotion to the post of Secretary of State in the room of Lord Sydney. Mr. Burges seems to have been much dis-

* "Nature had bestowed on him no exterior advantages. His person was heavy and devoid of elegance or grace; his address cold and formal; his manners destitute of suavity. Even his eloquence partook of these defects."—Wraxall's 'Posthumous Memoirs,' vol i. p. 278. Wraxall says he was only twenty-nine years of age, and the youngest Speaker since the reign of Edward III. Mr. Massey's estimate of Grenville's qualifications as "Mr. Speaker" is not complimentary. "Grenville's manner," he says, "was cold, arrogant, and disagreeable; his knowledge of the law and forms of Parliament was imperfect, and the House was little disposed to show deference to a young man of thirty, merely because he inherited a great party name, upon which he seemed to presume to a degree hardly warranted by the ability which he unquestionably possessed."—Massey's 'History of England,' vol. iii. p. 412.

quieted by the report of Mr. Pitt's indebtedness, and at a subsequent period he contributed £1000 towards his patron's extrication from pecuniary embarrassment, though his name is not mentioned by Lord Stanhope.

I am very sorry [he writes] to hear a bad account of Pitt's circumstances. He has nearly run out his private fortune, which was £10,000.* He has spent his salary, £8000 per annum, and is dreadfully involved in debt, variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand pounds. He has never paid for his coach-horses since he came into office, and I am assured that he has a score at an inn near Holwood for beer, for his family, &c., amounting to £500. All this I am very sorry for, as I wished him to be irreproachable.

In the month of June, 1789, Mr. Burges wrote to his unmarried sister that he had just published a little book about some legal abuses, which, though literally written in three days, was extremely well received by the public, and attracted considerable notice among professional men. It was entitled 'An Address to the Country Gentlemen of England and Wales,' and would have furnished a foundation for a Bill against pettifogging practitioners had he retained his seat in Parliament. It was about that time he had the misfortune to lose a fine little boy, named Osborne, but circumstances occurred which checked over-indulgence in sorrow and compelled him to direct his thoughts to wider and more important questions. The thing came upon him as a surprise. The Duke of Leeds had expressed himself very strongly

* Wraxall affirms that Pitt inherited from his father only £5000, which was increased by a legacy of £3000 bequeathed to him by the Duke of Rutland in 1787, and yet in 1784 he had declined the Clerkship of the Pells, a life sinecure worth £3000 a year. After the marriage of his sister, Lady Harriot, to Mr., afterwards Lord, Eliot, he drifted into the bad habit of giving his tradespeople fresh orders when they became importunate for payment.

against the support given by Mr. Burges to the opponents of the Slave Trade, and had plainly intimated his wish that he should cease from troubling the merchants of Bristol and Liverpool. Firmly, but respectfully, Mr. Burges declined to vote against his conscience. He was quite ready to vacate his seat in Parliament, but not to sacrifice his honour. In reply the Duke, in the handsomest manner in the world, gave him *carte blanche* to act in accordance with his honest convictions, and a few weeks afterwards offered him the post of Under Secretary of State in the Foreign Department. He did not, however, take office till the beginning of August, when he accompanied his Grace to Weymouth to be presented to the King. As first and confidential Under Secretary he drew a salary of £1500 a year, his junior coadjutor being Mr. Ryder, M.P. for Tiverton, and a son of Lord Harrowby. The Duke of Leeds, as a further personal gratification, nominated Lord Wentworth, brother of the first Mrs. Burges, to be a Lord of the Bed-chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

Reforms in the Foreign Office—Royal Approbation—Mr. Burges maintains the Rights of the Foreign Office—Negotiations with Naples—M. Sundersberg and his Letters—Insurrection in the Low Countries—Nootka Sound—Mr. Alleyne Fitzherbert—Peace of Reichenbach—Letter from Mr. Burges to Mr. Fitzherbert—Mr. Joseph Ewart.

It is the proverbial quality of new brooms to sweep clean, and Mr. Burges was no exception to the rule. As it seemed to him, the organisation of the office was extremely defective, and he at once set about introducing order out of chaos. The clerks, of course, raised many objections and assured him that his proposed innovation would be intolerably burdensome, and quite beyond their powers of endurance. Their anxiety, however, was sensibly relieved when he informed them that he should himself undertake the additional labour without interfering with their unearned leisure. His dissatisfaction with the existing state of things was not unreasonable. In a letter to Mrs. Burges he explained the confusion in a very few words:—

The immense numbers of dispatches which come from and go to Foreign Courts are piled up in large presses, but no note of them is taken, nor is there even an index to them; so that, if anything is wanted, the whole year's accumulation must be rummaged over before it can be found, and frequently material concerns must be forgotten for want of a memorandum to preserve their memory. As to the past, it would be an Herculean task to attempt to put things right, but it is my intention to take better care in future, and to enter the

purport of every dispatch in a volume properly prepared for that purpose. By this means the Duke will be enabled at a glance to recollect everything that has passed, and public affairs will be reduced to a regularity they have never yet attained.

He added that, so far as salary was concerned, his post was preferable to that of a Lord of the Treasury, though the latter drew £1600 a year, but subject to land-tax and other deductions which reduced it by nearly three hundred pounds per annum. His annual income, including his private fortune, he estimated at £2600.

The Duke of Leeds and Mr. Pitt were much pleased with the new arrangements, and offered many civilities to the zealous and hard-working Under Secretary, who soon found that he had quite enough to do to avoid falling into arrears.

On Tuesday [he writes] I was at the office at ten, and continued there, incessantly employed (except for about three hours engaged in dining at the Duke's) till half-past twelve at night. Yesterday I was again at the office at a quarter before ten; remained there till half-past five, when I went to dinner at the French Ambassador's and afterwards to supper at the Duke's.

And this was during the parliamentary recess. Suppers were then in vogue, and not unfrequently lasted till two or three in the morning, and even later, as Lord Minto so often complains in the correspondence admirably edited by his grand-niece. With excusable complacency, Mr. Burges dwells upon the complimentary manner in which the King had spoken to the Duke of Leeds touching his conduct of the public business, which he contrasted with Mr. Ryder's carelessness and love of pleasure.

"As for Mr. Ryder," His Majesty is reported to have said, "I cannot approve of a peer's eldest son being in this place.

As to his wishing to learn effective business, he might have done that as a Lord of the Admiralty, if he had thought proper to discharge his duty; and, indeed, he might have done it there as effectually as in your Grace's office, if I may judge from his conduct since he was appointed. I think it extremely strange that an Under Secretary of State, within a fortnight after his appointment, should be running about the country to races and watering-places instead of attending to his duty. I saw him a little while ago at Weymouth, and thought that he ought to have been in your office, doing or at least learning his business."

The times were very critical, and Mr. Burges had quite as much to do as any man could desire. The responsibility, no doubt, rested with his superior, His Majesty's Secretary of State, but the Duke of Leeds, though keen-sighted and possessed of much promptitude and energy at a moment of pressure, was fitful and uncertain and deficient in close application. His confidential Under Secretary had, therefore, more to do than usually devolves upon a subordinate, and it is much to his credit that, with his previous inexperience of foreign affairs, he should from the first have attracted the favourable notice not only of his personal friend the Duke of Leeds, but also of Mr. Pitt and the King, for George III. watched the management of the public offices with much shrewdness and sagacity. In consequence of the Duke's indolence and indifference to ordinary business, Lord Hawkesbury, whose department was the Board of Trade, had contrived to filch from the Foreign Office the conduct of certain negotiations with the Neapolitan Court with which he had officially nothing to do, except with reference to customs duties and matters affecting the revenue. Mr. Burges accordingly intimated to the Neapolitan Ambassador that unless he communicated with the Foreign Office direct his treaty was not likely to make rapid progress. Lord Hawkesbury took this interference in good part, and wrote a very

civil note to Mr. Burges, expressing the pleasure he felt in co-operating with him in public business, and how much he was flattered by the approval bestowed on the ideas he had suggested for bringing the treaty with Naples to a proper conclusion. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall* describes Lord Hawkesbury, the Charles Jenkinson of 'The Rolliad,' and who was subsequently created Earl of Liverpool, as reserved but not silent, and, though guarded on certain topics, communicative on ordinary subjects.

> His manners were polite, calm, and unassuming; grave, if not cold; but not distant, without any mixture of pride or affectation. . . Supple, patient, mild, laborious, persevering, attentive to improve the favourable occasions which presented themselves, and always cool he never lost the ground he had once gained . . . He used to remind me of a man crossing a torrent on stones; and so carefully did he place his foot at every step as never once to wet his shoe.

His enemies likened him to a dark lanthorn, the twinkling motion of his eyebrows giving point to the allusion. He spoke rarely, but always to the purpose, and his knowledge of trade, navigation, manufactures, and revenue, was acknowledged to be exceptional. His weak point lay in his being more conversant with books that with men, and in postponing every other consideration to his own welfare and advancement. Such was the statesman with whom Mr. Burges elected to run his first "career with lance," prudently forbearing to strike his shield with the point of his weapon. He gained his object, however, and the treaty was finally negotiated through the Foreign Office. It is unnecessary to pursue this point any further, as not the slightest interest now attaches to the commercial convention with Naples, any more than to the settlement of a dispute with the Court of

* 'Historical Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 533–39.

Madrid respecting the Spanish claim to inspect from time to time any fortifications that might be erected by English engineers on the coast of Honduras. With the assistance of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, Mr. Burges succeeded in disposing of the Neapolitan and Honduras questions without troubling the Duke of Leeds for much more than his signature.

The rebellion in the Austrian Netherlands occupies quite a disproportionate amount of space in the Burges correspondence of this period. He seems to have taken a fancy to a man named Sundersberg, for whom he obtained a place as courier or king's messenger, and whom he afterwards occasionally employed on confidential missions. Judged by his letters, M. Sundersberg was apparently a native of Hanover. He calls himself a British subject, but he does not venture to express himself in English, while the French he employs is a bad translation of vulgar German. He had evidently discovered the weak point in his patron's armour, through which he stabs him with flattery, and fools his vanity to the top of its bent. It is surprising that a somewhat fastidious and remarkably well-bred, and also well-informed man, such as James Burges, should have given so much attention to the reports of this ill-educated, boisterous, insolent fellow, whose letters were unworthy of much notice by reason alike of matter and manner. A few brief allusions to his correspondence are all that can be needed in a memoir of this description.

The wisdom of letting well alone was hidden from the mind of the Emperor Joseph II. The love of innovation was with him a dominant passion. Against the past and the present he was ever at open war, though he had neither the intelligence nor the continuity of purpose to mould the future to his wishes, for he cannot be said to have had a will. At one time he sought to exchange the Low Countries for the

Electorate of Bavaria, with a view to strengthen his position in Germany; but on being opposed by Prussia, by the German States including Hanover, and by the Duke of Deux Ponts, the Elector's heir presumptive, he suddenly drew back and gave up the project. He was more headstrong, however, in his attempt to crush whatever semblance of liberty still lingered in the Austrian Netherlands. He began by removing Count de Murray from the command of the army, and by substituting in his place General D'Alton, a mere soldier of fortune, while he appointed Count Trautmansdorff to preside over the civil government. His next step was to abrogate the privileges of the University of Louvain, and to institute a Theological Seminary under the direction of foreigners. He broke down the provincial divisions which had endured from the earliest times, and declared the Netherlands to be one indivisible province, partitioned into nine circles or controllerships. He abolished the "Joyeuse Entrée," by which name was known the great charter promulgated on the entry of Philip the Good into Brussels. He approved the violence of the soldiery in firing on unarmed mobs, and finally drove the people into open rebellion. In an incredibly short space of time the country was purged of the foreigner. The Austrian garrisons in most instances capitulated without firing a single shot. Nowhere was serious resistance offered. The States of Brabant and Flanders made common cause against the common enemy. It was proposed to construct a constitution similar to that of Holland. Representatives were accredited to the British and Continental Courts in the hope of obtaining a formal recognition of the independence of the new State, before even it had become a State. In the meantime Joseph II. had the good fortune to die, on the 20th of February, 1790, and was succeeded by his brother Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, a pacific and tolerably

enlightened prince. He was at least wise enough to accept the mediation of Great Britain, Prussia, and the United Provinces, and to promise his revolted subjects the restoration of their ancient rights and privileges, and an entire amnesty of their recent commotions. These fair words were enforced by a reasonable exhibition of strength. At the head of a small, compact, well-appointed army General Bender steadily advanced from point to point, without encountering much opposition. The leaders of the people fled to other lands, and by degrees the old state of things was renewed, except that Leopold prudently made some further concessions and granted a few additional privileges of a popular character. This hasty outline may suffice to give a general idea of the circumstances out of which sprang the monstrous growth of M. Sundersberg's voluminous correspondence. It should be premised that some excellent reports of passing events in the Netherlands were regularly and amply supplied by Captain Sontag, who had been deputed by Mr. Fitzherbert, afterwards Lord St. Helens, to keep the Foreign Office duly informed as to the true state of affairs. But, after all, it is difficult not to agree with Prince Bismarck* that diplomatic reports may be "agreeable reading enough; but they contain nothing essential, and are mere *feuilletons* written for the sake of writing." Diplomatic literature the German chancellor is reported to have summarily characterised as "for the most part nothing but paper and ink."

As usually happens in such cases, the people were speedily disenchanted with the displacement of a despotism for the equally selfish rule of an aristocratic oligarchy. Captain Sontag dwells upon the popular discontent at the States assuming as their natural right "the power of regulating every thing for the public good." If that assumption

* Moritz Busch's 'Our Chancellor,' vol. i. p. 274.

were understood to be strictly temporary, urged the popular leaders, well and good; but the sovereignty dwells with the people, and it is for them to decide after what manner they choose to be permanently governed. "Disunion," Captain Sontag thereupon sagely remarks, "will do more for the Emperor than all his armies." The States, on their part, hesitated to confide the command of their troops, such as they were, to any person of real weight and influence, lest he should be tempted to use that powerful weapon for his own purposes. Some of the chief nobility ostentatiously placed themselves at the head of their respective "corporations" or guilds, and took their turn at mounting guard in deference to the fraternal equality of all men. Of one of the leaders of the patriotic party Captain Sontag tells an amusing anecdote. The Count de la Marck was ambitious of imitating Lafayette, but it was feared that he might prove deficient in courage as well as in ability. During the last war—the letter is dated January 26th, 1790—the Count went with his regiment to the East Indies on board the *Argonaute*, a French man-of-war, which accidentally caught fire. The first thing he did was to order the largest buoy to be brought into his cabin, but when the captain of the ship heard of this proceeding he caused the buoy to be removed and administered to the Count a severe rebuke for setting such a bad example to the soldiers and the crew. The thing of course got wind, and a caricature was published of the Count sitting astride upon a buoy, beneath which was written, "Monture du Comte de la Marck." Another conspicuous personage was the Prince de Bethune, a very flighty individual, not far removed from insanity, who, disgusted at being unable to raise a corps, went off to Paris in high dudgeon. The family is not remarkable for talent or attainments. A few years ago it was represented by a father and son, who were known as Bête-

Une, and Bête-Deux. The transition from the German English of Captain Sontag to the German French of M. Sundersberg is more amusing than edifying. The latter, however, goes more into details, and has an eye for the humours of the streets. He speaks of the superb banners adopted by the different volunteer corps, overloaded with paintings and gildings, until they were as stiff as brocade, and more suitable to hang out as signboards over dress-makers' shops than to carry at the head of a battalion.

M. Sundersberg had a serious grievance to allege against Sir John Peters, British Consul at Ostend. So highly did Mr. Burges's correspondent think of his titled friend that he had entrusted him with the key of his bureau, somewhere in London, and commissioned him to bring or send certain manuscripts, together with an "Album Amicorum," and some necessary articles, especially a pair of boots. But neither did he himself return to the Low Countries, nor did he confide the coveted articles to another, and they were much wanted, "principalement mes bottes." The Album, too, was valuable, for it contained a beautiful painting, for a copy of which the owner had once been offered twelve guineas. Sir John Peters had also promised to procure "un instrument pour prendre des insectes," but he did not care so much about that for, "on m'a vollé (*sic*) mes épingles." The Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is accordingly requested to hunt up Sir John Peters, and take everything from him. Finally, "Mrs. Thorne me mande que les bottes ont été tout le tems chez elle à sa disposition, mais il n'a pas pensé à me les faire passer malgré mes prières ; je l'ai prié de vous les remettre, et espère que vous voudries bien avoir la bonté de les faire porter par la première bonne occasion pour Dover pour être," &c., &c. At the same time the Under Secretary of State is requested to pay Mrs. Thorne the rent due to her, and

to hand over £50 to Mr. Freake, because of "that villainous affair of Hickey, but on no account to let the said Freake know where his debtor is to be found or what he is doing. The postscript to this letter is in strict harmony with what precedes: "Je vous prie de faire remettre les 2 incluses à la penny-post." M. Sundersberg ridicules, in a free and easy way, the childish practice of receiving in great state, at the door of the Chamber of Congress, the present of a cannon supposed to have been purchased by the subscriptions of young girls, who escorted in gay procession their patriotic offering. In reality the guns were lent for the occasion, while the slender amount subscribed was poured into the public Exchequer. The unfortunate Prime Minister, M. Van der Noot, however, had to embrace every one of the feminine patriots, who were drawn up in two rows to receive the compliment. The folly was short-lived—the spectacle of a serious discussion being suspended while a Minister of State kissed some scores of young girls dressed up for the occasion, becoming at last too much even for Belgian stolidity. Though nominally a courier, and provided with the badge of that function, a silver greyhound, M. Sundersberg was virtually a spy, and a very useless one to boot. His letters are amusing from their unconscious effrontery, but they convey no intelligence whatever of what was passing behind the scenes. And all this time there was an accredited agent at Brussels, Colonel Gardiner, subsequently Minister at Warsaw, who seems to have looked to his unavowed colleague for the information he himself was unable to procure. Probably the real cause of the failure of both was the absence of anything to tell. Destitute of foreign allies, the insurgents were powerless to act, and after the Treaty of Reichenbach their deliberations were idle words. M. Sundersberg appears to have been sent to Florence on a confidential mission, and

later on to Mannheim to report upon the condition and prospects of the French *émigrés*, but his letters are not worth reproducing.

A far more important question than the insurrectionary movement in the Austrian Netherlands occupied the serious attention of the Foreign Office during the winter of 1789–90. At one time war with Spain seemed almost inevitable, and there was also danger that France would ally herself with that power. This episode, known as the affair of Nootka Sound, has been so often and so thoroughly explained that it would be now a mere waste of time to repeat the well-known incidents. Fortunately the power of France to strike a heavy blow at England was not equal to the ill will then borne by her to this country, and the Spaniards single-handed were manifestly incapable of measuring themselves against the might and majesty of Great Britain. The English Minister at Madrid at that critical juncture was Mr. Alleyne Fitzherbert, who had won his spurs at St. Petersburg as successor to Sir James Harris—characterised by Mirabeau as "*ce rusé et audacieux Harris*"—to whom Fox wrote that the new ambassador was "a man of parts and of infinite zeal and industry," and worthy of entire confidence. Lord Malmesbury, however, met him eleven years afterwards at the Hague, and entered in his diary, "I found Lord St. Helens friendly, but *insouciant* as to business, and not attentive enough for his post." No such charge could have been made against Mr. Fitzherbert at Madrid. Spanish arrogance, bluster, and mis-statements failed to make any impression upon the firm, imperturbable demeanour of the British Minister, and in the end the demands of his Government were fully satisfied at every point, war was averted, and Mr. Fitzherbert became an Irish peer with the title of Lord St. Helens.

The aspect of affairs on the Continent in the latter half of the year 1790 is clearly delineated in a letter, dated 9th of August, from Mr. Burges to Mr. Alleyne Fitzherbert at Madrid. After congratulating His Excellency on the happy result of his labours up to that date, he proceeds to sketch, for his benefit an outline of the proceedings of the Congress of Reichenbach in Silesia. Peace was there concluded between Austria and the Porte, to which Russia declined to be a party. The dispute between the Emperor Leopold and his revolted subjects in the Low Countries was also adjusted, while the King of Prussia found it expedient to lower his tone and renounce his grand scheme of territorial aggrandisement. This brief introduction may be supposed to bring Mr. Burges on to the stage. He assumes that Mr. Fitzherbert was aware that a provisional congress had been opened at Reichenbach at the beginning of summer for the purpose of arranging differences between the Porte and the Court of Vienna, and then proceeds to inform him that

the business at its outset promised little of peace; for the King of Prussia, calling himself a mediator, appeared for the first time at the head of 250,000 men, with an evident disposition to quarrel, and with the avowed intention of possessing himself of Thorn, Dantzic, and an adjoining territory of about four hundred square German miles. To compass this object he proposed to indemnify the Poles by a slice of Galicia of nearly the same extent; and to induce Austria to submit to this loss, the terms of the Treaty of Passarowitz * were offered to her. In this arrangement, however, the Turks seemed to be sacrificed to the interests of their great ally; but the King of Prussia was not really forgetful of them, for, while he proposed these terms to Austria, he at the same time sent to Constantinople the ratification of Dietz's Treaty, by which, as you

* A treaty was concluded at Poscharewatz between the Imperial Government and the Porte in 1718.

will recollect, it was engaged that all the conquests made by the Austrians during the war should be restored to the Porte.

I am afraid you will hardly think me serious in giving you this detail; yet certain it is that such was the system pursued by Prussia, and that such were the contradictions which arose from his plan of personal aggrandisement. Our sentiments when this account reached England you will easily conceive. No time was lost in representing our disapprobation, and strong assurances were given that our support, in case a war should follow from the failure of such a plan, was by no means to be expected. In the same manner the Dutch construed the defensive treaty, and representations of the same nature were forthwith conveyed from the Hague. These, doubtless, had weight; but I fancy a still stronger effect was produced by the vigorous declaration of the Poles; who fairly said they entirely disapproved of the plan, as taking from them, without even their consent being asked, one of their best possessions, which they estimated greatly beyond any parts of Galicia; which must make Prussia a very formidable maritime power at their expense and to their destruction; and, which finally, they were determined not to give up so long as they had strength to retain it. How far the King of Prussia was influenced by these reasons it is difficult to say. A very short time, however, sufficed to bring about a considerable change in his way of thinking; for, while we were reflecting on the obvious and, as we conceived, the immediate consequences of these propositions, we were surprised with an account of the negotiation having taken a new turn by his Prussian Majesty declaring to the Austrian Plenipotentiaries that nothing short of the *status quo*, as before the war, would satisfy him, or prevent him from instantly commencing hostilities. This, as he argued, would of course operate as a *casus fœderis*, and oblige England and Holland to support him. To resolve upon this, he gave the King of Hungary a fortnight. This monarch, who had agreed to the former terms, lost no time in returning an answer to the new proposal, by which he unconditionally accepted the *status quo*, and complied with his Prussian Majesty's wishes *in toto*.

In consequence of this, on the 27th ult., declarations and counter-declarations were signed and exchanged between the Prussian, Austrian, English, and Dutch Ministers, which,

though consisting of a variety of instruments, may be classed under a few heads:

1st. The King of Hungary accepts the *status quo*, such as it was before the war. He agrees to restore all the conquests made from the Turks, to an immediate armistice, and to the opening of a congress, in which a peace is to be negotiated under the mediation of the three allies. He declares his intention of standing neuter if Russia should refuse to accede to the negotiations; and in fine, not to take part, directly or indirectly, in the war should it continue. His Hungarian Majesty is to keep Choczim *en dépôt*, as that fortress was conquered by the united arms of the two Imperial Courts, but consents that Prussia shall guarantee its restitution to the Porte on a peace. Lastly he reserves the right of settling separately with the Turks the question of limits.

2nd. The King of Prussia accepts fully the propositions of the Court of Vienna, with this restriction, namely, that if in the arrangement of limits between the Porte and Austria, the latter should obtain any acquisition on the side of the Aluta, Prussia shall have an equivalent on that of Upper Silesia.

3rd. The King of Prussia declares that no sort of hostile engagement subsists between him and the Belgic States; and that he will co-operate with the maritime powers to appease the troubles in those provinces, and to restore them to the Austrian dominion, on condition of the re-establishment of their ancient privileges and constitution.

4th. The English and Dutch Ministers guarantee, in the names of their principals, these several conditions *sub spe rati*.

Such is a short abstract of the voluminous papers which we have received here, and which will certainly be ratified without loss of time. From it you will perceive that Austria, to keep out of a new war, gives up everything which had been acquired by an enormous expense of blood and treasure; that the Belgic provinces will again become subject to her; that Russia will either join in the approaching peace, or will have Prussia to fight, when she is nearly exhausted; that Prussia relinquishes the acquisition of Dantzic and Thorn; and that this great and good work has been brought about *solely* (for that is the truth) by the wisdom and moderation of this Government, who, by keeping firmly to the principle they originally laid down, have tempered and

moulded the violent and uncertain politics of the Court of Berlin, and compelled the hot-headed monarch and his no less impetuous Minister (Count Hertzberg) to adopt a line of conduct *in terminis*.

Great Britain was represented at Reichenbach with great spirit and ability by Mr. Joseph Ewart, of whom an interesting account is given in Wraxall's 'Posthumous Memoirs.' He was the son of a Scotch minister at Dumfries, but was brought up as a surgeon, and in that capacity accompanied Macdonald of Clanronald to Vienna in 1782. Having quarrelled with his patron he was engaged, unofficially, as secretary by Sir Robert Murray Keith, the British Ambassador; and again in 1784 he held a similar position towards Sir John Stepney, British Envoy to the Court of Berlin. He was a man of great energy, but, unhappily for himself, was exceedingly irascible. However, he gave so much satisfaction to Lord Dalrymple, subsequently Earl of Stair, that he was appointed Secretary of Legation, and in 1788, was accredited as Envoy to the Prussian Court. There he married the Countess Wartensleben, a lady of good family, and acquired great influence over the King Frederick William II., and his Minister Count Hertzberg. He was an implacable enemy of Catherine II., and set on foot a confederacy between England, Holland, Prussia, and Turkey, with the avowed object of arresting her progress towards the south-east. The death of Joseph II. in February, 1790, greatly forwarded his views, for his successor Leopold was sincerely solicitous of peace, which he compassed at Reichenbach. The Czarina was accused of sending Ewart a poisoned potion on his setting out from Berlin, but he had received a timely caution from the Empress's physician, Sutherland, a kindly Scot like himself. Leopold is reported to have said of Catherine that "her head ought to be encircled in glory

in order to conceal her feet, which stood in blood." After the Duke of York's marriage Mr. Ewart was harshly recalled, and was never again employed on public service. As he did not, strictly speaking, belong to the Foreign Office, and had no courtly connections to take up his case, he was constrained to hold his peace and accept a pension of £1000 a year. He passed the remainder of his days at Bath, and was frequently consulted by Government with reference to foreign politics.

CHAPTER IX.

Projects of Catherine II.—Mr. Pitt's Counter-Demonstration—Opposed by Lord Grenville—The Duke of Leeds resigns the Foreign Office—Succeeded by Lord Grenville—Mr. Fawkener's Mission to St. Petersburg—Frustrated by Mr. Adair—Congress of Sistova—Polish Constitution—Finis Poloniæ—Stanislaus Augustus—Lord Auckland at the Hague—Anecdotes—Four Couriers—Correspondence with Erskine—Imprisonment of John Walter—The Ockzakow "Bustle"—National Dignity and National Wisdom—Lukewarmness of Holland.

THROUGHOUT the year 1791 the British Ministry were sorely disquieted by the ambition of Catherine II. of Russia. Her avowed object was the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. The bag and baggage policy of the present day is simply a plagiarism. The Czarina was resolved to banish the Moslem from the realms of Christendom. One of her favourite schemes was the construction of a Christian principality, composed of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bessarabia, to be governed by Prince Potemkin in the first instance, and ultimately by her grandson Constantine, who had received that name at the baptismal font in anticipation of his succession to the founder of Constantinople. The mutual jealousies of the other European Powers prevented a coalition with a view to check the alarming development of the Russian Empire. Leopold II. not only repudiated the restless dreams of his predecessor, but was sincerely anxious to live at peace with all his neighbours. Frederick William

II. of Prussia was a fitful and wayward prince, easily influenced by his mistresses, and ever covetous to appropriate Thorn and Dantzic. Neither France nor Spain was in a mood to follow the lead of Great Britain, or even to co-operate with the British Government then personified by Mr. Pitt. Holland alone dreaded the undue aggrandisement of Russia, but the Dutch were far too wary to commit themselves to a contest with the unscrupulous Czarina, unless supported by powerful and zealous allies. England was thus practically isolated, but that consideration had little weight with Pitt, who thoroughly understood the latent strength and almost inexhaustible resources of the English people. He therefore pushed forward the naval armaments, in conformity with the King's Message of the 30th of March, directing the attention of Parliament to the projected subversion of the Ottoman Empire. A dutiful address to the Crown was carried in both Houses by large majorities, and an early war with Russia seemed inevitable. The Opposition, however, nothing discouraged by their repeated defeats, persistently renewed their attacks until they succeeded in inspiring the country with doubts as to the necessity, or expediency, of engaging in a costly and dangerous conflict in defence of the Turks. Had his own Cabinet effectively supported him, Pitt would probably have disregarded the popular caprice, but he was opposed and dominated by his own kinsman, Lord Grenville, whom he had quite recently raised to the Peerage in the belief that he had secured a counterpoise to the overbearing arrogance and surly obstructiveness of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. According to Windham, as reported by Lord Malmesbury, Lord Grenville was "well informed and high-minded," and entertained loftier ideas of the national dignity than Pitt himself, but would never be a great Minister owing to his impenetrable reserve and repellent haughtiness of

deportment. His dislike to the contemplated war with Russia was only part of his deliberate aversion from all interference with continental affairs; and his rigid obstinacy finally bent to his will the more pliable temperament of the First Lord of the Treasury. Ministers, therefore, affected to yield to the wishes of the people, of which nothing was really known, and orders were issued for the suspension of the naval armaments. In this crisis the Duke of Leeds acted with admirable consistency. Entirely disapproving the sudden and undignified change of front announced by the Cabinet, he resigned the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and retired into private life. His successor, as a matter of course, was Lord Grenville, whose vacated post as Home Secretary was consigned to Mr. Dundas. It may here be stated that Mr. Pitt called upon Mr. Burges at the Foreign Office, and in the kindest and most flattering manner begged him not to think of following the fortunes of his patron. With becoming self-respect that gentleman, after thanking the Minister for his good opinion of him as a public servant, declined to give any answer until he had ascertained what the Duke of Leeds really desired him to do. His own impulse, he said, was to resign office, and he should certainly do so unless his Grace laid upon him a positive injunction to remain where he was. To the credit of all parties, it was speedily arranged that Mr. Burges's position should not be affected by the substitution of one Secretary of State for another, and with unwonted graciousness Lord Grenville said he congratulated himself on having such an able and assiduous coadjutor. Lord Malmesbury, who was no more free from prejudice that his fellow-mortals usually are, permitted himself to use an ungenerous tone in alluding to the resignation of the Duke of Leeds, who, he said, was "carried away more by his imagination and sanguine hopes,

in which his string of toad-eaters encourage him, than by reason and reflection." But in this instance "sanguine hopes" would have induced him to retain power and influence, and it could hardly be to the interest of "toad-eaters" to move their patron to take a step adverse to their own interests and chances of promotion.

The change of men was speedily illustrated by a change of measures. Instead of despatching a formidable fleet to the Baltic, the Ministry sent Mr. William Fawkener to St. Petersburg with instructions to prevail upon Catherine to restore to the Porte the town of Ockzakow together with the territory inclosed between the Bog and the Dniester. Upon that point the Empress was intractable; and as the new policy was characterised as *dolce e conciliante*, it was plain from the beginning that she would be allowed to take her own way. The British Plenipotentiary was, besides, impeded in an entirely unconstitutional and almost treasonable manner by Fox's friend, if not actual representative, Mr. (subsequently Sir) Robert Adair, who encouraged the Empress to hold out against all demands, in perfect confidence of their being withdrawn one after the other. This extraordinary amateur-diplomatist was particularly honoured by Catherine, who placed him at her right hand at public audiences, and on the conclusion of the treaty, which amounted to a surrender at discretion, the gifts presented to the accredited and non-accredited envoys were of a similar character, except that Mr. Adair's were of greater intrinsic value. The Empress further testified her high appreciation of Mr. Fox's unpatriotic conduct by instructing Count Woronzow, Russian Minister at the Court of St. James's, to send her the most perfect bust he could procure of that statesman, "puisque c'était par ses talents et son éloquence qu'il avait épargné une guerre sanglante aux deux nations qui les aurait également ruinées,

et qu'elle le placerait dans sa galerie entre Cicéron et Démosthène." Two years later however, after Fox had declared himself a thoroughgoing partizan of revolutionary principles, his bust was deposed from its pride of place, the Empress drily remarking, "C'était M. Fox de Quatre-vingt-onze, que j'ai placé dans mon cabinet."

Simultaneously with this "bustle"—to quote the diplomatic slang of that period—the British Foreign Office was kept on the alert by the Congress that was held at Sistova, and which after much wearisome discussion was nearly wrecked by the abrupt departure of the Austrian plenipotentiaries. Negotiations, however, were almost immediately renewed through the good offices of Count Bernstorff, the Danish Minister, and Old Orsova, the bone of contention, was suffered to remain in the hands of Austria. With that exception the *status quo* between the Austrians and the Turks was renewed through the mediation of the allies and a definitive peace concluded on the 4th of August, 1791. Another business, which scarcely attained the importance of a "bustle," was the inconsequent movement in Poland, intended to bestow a liberal constitution upon a people to whom the elementary principles of true liberty and a regular government were still unknown. Nevertheless, the Polish Diet on the 3rd of May, 1791, swore, in the presence of the King, the clergy, the nobles and the people, to maintain the new system. The Roman Catholic religion was recognised as that of the State, though a very large toleration was accorded to all who professed a different faith; and the crown was declared hereditary until the extinction of the family of the Elector of Saxony, when a national election was to decide upon a successor. The weak and amiable Stanislaus Augustus was, however, the last King of Poland, being fascinated by the stronger mind of Catherine II. A few years later, on the

25th of November, 1795, he accepted from the Czarina an annual pension of 200,000 ducats, equivalent to £93,700, and on the 21st of October of the following year the kingdom of Poland ceased to exist. The King himself died in February, 1797. Towards Mr. Burges he always evinced the most kindly feelings, frequently sending him friendly messages through his Envoy, M. de Bukatij, between whom and the Under Secretary of State there existed an intimacy of long standing. On the 3rd of November, 1791, his Polish Majesty wrote to M. de Bukatij, "You shall express to Mr. Burges how sincerely I share his grief on the loss of his son," and on another occasion he presented a portrait of himself to Mr. Burges accompanied with an autograph letter couched in the most flattering terms.

In the second volume of 'The Journal and Correspondence of William, Lord Auckland,' edited by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, are published eighteen letters addressed by Mr. Burges to that thoroughly selfish and unsympathetic diplomatist, at that time British Minister at the Hague. As already stated, Mr. William Eden, Secretary for Ireland, deserted the coalition of Fox and North, at the most opportune moment for himself. At first, indeed, it seemed that he was not likely to gain much by his defection, but in the end he prevailed upon Pitt to make use of his really extensive commercial knowledge in negotiating the "East India Convention" with the Court of Versailles, and while those negotiations dragged their slow length along, his appointments were equal to £6000 a year, though he always avowed that he was poorer by £3000 through that mission. His importunities on his own behalf were well known to the public of London, and he was constantly assailed with satire and epigram, which made no more apparent impression upon him than a schoolboy's squirt of dirty water

upon the hide of a pachyderm. Wraxall mentions a ballad, set to the air of 'Ally Croaker,' which was nightly sung with great applause by Mrs. Jordan, the refrain of each verse being,

> "Will you give me a place, my dearest Billy Pitt O!
> If I can't have a whole one, O give me a bit O!"*

He is described as being tall, elegant, and not ungraceful; a little too thin, perhaps, and of a pale complexion. His manners were calm, polite, and conciliating. His features were regular and his expression highly intelligent, but he never inspired confidence, and was so singularly deficient in the ordinary accomplishments of men of his order and vocation that, after he accepted his mission to France, he was obliged to engage a French master. His correspondence with Mr. Burges embraced the politics of the entire Continent, though these momentous questions did not cause him to forget his own personal requirements. After an expression of much anxiety respecting Alleyne Fitzherbert's negotiations in Spain; he thus proceeds: "May I request the favour of you to lay a few sheets of blotting paper at the bottom of the next box. It is an essential article to me. I happen to be at the end of my stock, and it is not made here" (the Hague). The paper was duly forwarded, and in return His Excellency was asked to procure for the Post Office a pound or two of the finest Dutch wax, as none could be had in England "sufficiently prepared." It was ascertained that the best wax was made at Amsterdam for five florins (8*s.* 6*d.*) per pound, and in the end the Post Office was supplied with a pound of the Hague and a pound of the Amsterdam quality.

The dominant idea of the British Ministry and of the majority of Continental statesmen was to excite a counter-

* See page 78.

revolution in France, under the erroneous impression that the national feeling was decidedly in favour of the restoration of the Bourbons. Mr. Burges, however, took an extremely insular view of the matter, and demurred to any interference in the affairs of that country, because—as he wrote to Lord Auckland on the 28th of December, 1790—

> we have felt too strongly the immense advantage to be derived by this country from such a state of anarchy and weakness as France is at present plunged in, to be so mad as to interfere in any measure which may, even remotely, tend to put France into the situation where a long and terrible experience has taught us she had the power to injure us; and when she had the power—I believe you will agree with me—she never wanted the will.

In common with most of his contemporaries, Mr. Burges failed to foresee the portentous issues of the French Revolution. He could even be amused by the grim humour that occasionally relieved the horrors of the situation. Wraxall, in his 'Historical Memoirs,' casually mentions his acquaintance with "the late Mr. Boothby, so well known during many years in the first walks of fashion and dissipation." This same gentleman came under Mr. Burges's notice in a different way.

> You remember [he wrote to his wife, August 1st, 1789] the old coxcomb who goes by the name of Prince Boothby. He happened to be at Paris during the height of the disturbances. Somebody, either out of mischief or malice, affirmed him to be a corndealer. No sooner was this said, than the mob seized him, and carried him off to instant execution. Luckily for him, he was met by some popular leaders who knew him and prevailed on the mob to shut him up in prison. There he lay for three days, and at last got off with considerable difficulty. I am told he is much more displeased at the suspicion than at the seizure, as it has cast an indelible stain on his air and manners, which could not preserve him from such an ignominious misconstruction.

In a similar mocking spirit he treated the ill-advised *quasi*-diplomatic mission to this country of the Duc d'Orléans, afterwards known as Philippe Egalité. The British nobility agreed as one man to receive him in the most contemptuous manner, and it thus happened at a grand supper party, at which the Spanish Ambassador and other notable persons were present, that the conversation turned on the Duke, and various conjectures were hazarded as to the rank and position he would hold in the diplomatic body. "C'est très difficile de l'apprécier," Mr. Burges quietly remarked. "On peut seulement dire avec certitude qu'il est venu ici sans caractère." The *équivoque* pleased the fancy of the day, and made the tour of London society.

In a letter from the Hague, dated "10th of January at midnight," Lord Auckland doffs his usual stateliness and, as it were, stands at ease. Pleading fatigue from fifteen hours of work without intermission as an excuse for a short note, he remarks :—

> It was rather a ludicrous circumstance last night. I had the foreign ministers and others, and a table of about twenty-six to supper. We were finishing the dessert when the Confiseur whispered to me, "Il y a quatre courriers, milord, dans le vestibule." The lady sitting next to me overheard him, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Mon Dieu! Quatre courriers, mais qu'est-ce qu'on fait de quatre de ces gaillards-là, tous à la fois?" "On les expédie, madame, et, sauf votre bon plaisir, c'est précisément ce que je vais faire."

At this point a digression takes place, and *la haute politique* gives way to questions of simple police. On the 1st or 2nd of February, 1791, Mr. Burges wrote to Sir Thomas Erskine,* Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, a letter that sufficiently explains itself :—

* Afterwards raised to the Peerage, and Lord Chancellor from February 5th, 1806, to April 1st, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just received the enclosed letter from the son of Walter the printer,* at present confined in Newgate for a libel on His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. As I know how natural it is for a person interested to represent his own case in the most favourable manner, I take the liberty of submitting it to you that you may have the goodness to tell me whether his statement is correct. There can be no doubt that the insolence of the paragraph for which he was convicted was inexcusable, or that he deserved a very marked punishment for having presumed to insert in his paper anything reflecting on so exalted a character. Should it, however, be true that His Royal Highness no longer considers this person as deserving of correction, and that he does not object to his being released from confinement, there will not, I presume, be any difficulty in obtaining a dispensation for the remainder of a punishment from which, I am convinced, nothing ought to relieve him but the operation of His Royal Highness's clemency. This is a matter with which I have no official concern; nor should I have presumed to take any part in it had not the inclosed application come to my hands. I mention it freely to you, as I am sure you will not put any construction upon it but what can be warranted by my most perfect respect for His Royal Highness,

* Mr. John Walter, "the printer of the *Times*," was sentenced in 1789, for a libel on the Duke of York, to pay a fine of £50, to be imprisoned in Newgate for twelve months, to stand in the pillory for one hour, and to give security for good behaviour for seven years, in his own recognizances for £500, and in two sureties for £100 each. The pillory was remitted. While undergoing this sentence he was brought up from Newgate to the Court of King's Bench to receive judgment for two more libels inserted during his imprisonment. The one was a truthful statement of the misconduct of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, by which they had incurred the displeasure of their Royal father. For this Mr. Walter was condemned to pay a fine of £100, and to undergo an additional year of confinement. The second libel was an assertion that the Duke of Clarence had left his ship without leave from the Admiralty, or even from his commanding officer. For this offence Mr. Walter was sentenced to pay a fine of £100. He was released, March 7th, 1791, after sixteen months' imprisonment, through the intercession of the Prince of Wales.

as well as by the sincere esteem and regard with which I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

To Mr. Burges from Mr. John Walter.

Newgate, February 1st, 1790.

SIR,

Little did I ever expect ever to be an inhabitant of this vile receptacle, or that any political sin would doom me to so severe a sentence. I am the more astonished when I daily read in the Opposition prints the most opprobrious libels and treasonable paragraphs against those who gave birth to my prosecutors and yet without notice. Even Almon,* convicted before my trial for a most atrocious paragraph against the whole family on the throne, escapes without being brought to judgment.

I am ordered up again on Wednesday to receive sentence on the informations on the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, that the measure of my sufferings may be full. Had I not listened to Mr. Bearcroft's† advice, but made a defence on trial with the Duke of York, and not permitted judgment to go by default on the others, I should doubtless have been this moment at liberty and not been trapped in my present situation. I was one of the jury who tried "Junius's Letter to the King" twenty years since, and under a similar evidence the printer of the *St. James's Evening* was acquitted, as the jury did not choose to vest a power in the Court to give a sentence which might have criminated him of having wilfully,

* Mr. John Almon—author, publisher, and bookseller—was convicted of having sold, through his shopmen, two copies of a monthly magazine called 'The London Museum of Politics, Miscellanies, and Literature,' which happened to include Junius's "Letter to the King." He got off easily for those times. He was condemned to pay 10 marks, equal to £6 13*s.* 4*d.*, and to give security for his good behaviour for two years: himself in £400, and two sureties in £200 each. His costs, however, amounted to £139 0*s.* 11*d.*

† Mr. Edward Bearcroft, frequently mentioned in Twiss's 'Life of Lord Eldon,' was for some time M.P. for Hindon, and afterwards for Saltash. He became Chief Justice of Chester.

maliciously, and seditiously published the papers when only the mere sale in the common course of his business was proved.

I cannot help complaining of the little attention shown me, where I have the greatest right to expect it both before and since my cruel confinement.

I am now going into the twelfth week of my martyrdom, without the least dawn of flattering expectation.

I should not have troubled you with these remarks had it not been at the same time to suggest a hardship experienced in this prison, and which, as I observe in my paper you intend to introduce a Bill for the regulation of gaols, may be worthy observation.

Newgate was undoubtedly a receptacle for felons, though it is the fashion of the Court, at present, to extend it to misdemeanours, by which means we are subject to more solitary confinement than felons who are guilty of murder, and the greatest outcasts of society. Though I am confined in what is called the State side and, by paying for a room, have one to myself, yet the same entrance leads likewise to the felons, and whenever any are brought into the gaol the outward door is shut, and they are fettered in the common passage, so that it discourages my friends from access, and such is the audacity of some of the turnkeys that they will frequently keep them and those who bring my provisions for an hour at the door, even when they are lolling in their chair in an adjoining room, because several people shall collect together; and what is still worse, at 8 o'clock I am locked up every evening in common with the felons, after which time no soul is permitted to have a person with them. At the King's Bench the doors are opened till 10 o'clock, with liberty to have servants to attend them all night, but here, were a person ever so ill, they might call their hearts out before any assistance could be procured. Judge then what a man must feel, who has till lately enjoyed even the luxuries of life. If any remarks here made are of use, though they will hardly avail me, yet I have so much philanthropy, they may be serviceable to others hereafter; as such I submit them to your consideration, and am with the greatest regard, sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN WALTER.*

* Grandfather of the present Mr. John Walter, M.P. The *Times* was started in 1785 as the *Daily Universal Register*. It came out as the *Times* on January 1st, 1788.

To this letter and its inclosure a reply was forwarded apparently on the 21st of February:—

I will tell you very shortly what I know on the subject of your letter. Some time ago I received a letter from Mrs. Knox, daughter of Mr. Walter, stating the dangerous state of health of one of her sisters, which was increased by her father's unhappy situation in prison, and asking my interposition with the Prince of Wales. I afterwards had a visit from the lady, accompanied by her husband Mr. Knox, whom I have frequently since seen on the subject. Being much affected with the representation made to me, I promised to speak to the Prince, and more than once applied to His Royal Highness. But what passed between us I never had the Prince's authority to communicate; *having only mentioned them in confidence to Mr. Knox to alleviate the anxiety and suspense of Mr. Walter's family.* I wish, therefore, that no notice may be taken of the letter to you, which you sent me inclosed, until I have the Prince's authority, as I went beyond my commission in speaking confidentially to Mr. Knox on the subject. I by no means wish to be understood to be complaining of breach of confidence, which I am persuaded was never intended, and I can easily forgive the anxiety of relations on such a subject, and I am still in hopes that I shall soon have the Prince's commands on the subject, as it is quite a mistake that His Royal Highness objected to asking a favour of the King or his Ministers. The difficulty which I stated to Mr. Knox was—*That the Prince was afraid of seeming officiously to interfere with the exercise of the King's prerogative.* I have taken very great pains to relieve the distresses which originally induced me to interfere, and I shall be happy yet to be successful. But unquestionably I have as yet no authority to name the Prince on the subject—my communications, for the reasons above-mentioned, being merely confidential, from a disposition to give hope to an unhappy family that had applied to me for assistance.

Believe me to be ever

Most sincerely yours,

THOMAS ERSKINE.

Returning to the foreign policy of the Cabinet, and notably

to the Ockzakow question, Mr. Burges thus wrote to Lord Auckland on the 22nd of February, 1791 :—

. . . The consideration I have been able to give to the intrinsic importance of Ockzakow and its district has convinced me that Russia ought not by any means to be suffered to retain it. It is, in my opinion, a question whether that Power shall or shall not establish a formidable maritime strength in the South of Europe—whether she shall hold the Turkish Empire at her absolute disposal—whether she shall regain, or perhaps increase, her former influence in Poland—whether she shall carry her point in defiance of the Allies, who hitherto have given the law to France, Austria, and Spain—and it is perhaps a question which may finally determine the very continuance of that alliance. All these appear strong reasons for persisting in our demand. On the other hand, we have before us a war, of which no one can calculate the events or the risks—we hazard the interruption of our present prosperous tranquillity—and we can look for no immediate personal advantages. In any case, where so much may be said on both sides, the utmost consideration undoubtedly is necessary. . . .

The next letter is more absolute, and may be regarded as a reproof of Lord Auckland's flippant levity in sneering at whatever savoured of speculative policy, the value of which could not be precisely estimated by pounds, shillings, and pence. Nowadays the views expressed by Mr. Burges would by a certain faction be derided as "Jingoism," their elegant synonym for English manliness. The letter in question is dated the 1st of March, 1791 :—

MY DEAR LORD,

As we have generally been pretty much of the same opinion upon Continental affairs, I feel some concern at the difference there now appears to exist between your sentiments and mine on this important business of Ockzakow. I evidently perceive that you consider the circumstance of that fortress and its district remaining in the hands of Russia as

a matter of light concern, and by no means of importance enough to justify vigorous measures on our part. I fairly confess that the more I consider it the more am I convinced to the contrary. It strikes me that it must give Russia such a command in the Black Sea as to enable her to avail herself of all the advantages of the Crimea to erect a formidable maritime power to command Constantinople and, indeed, the whole of the east of Europe—to obtain such a check upon Poland as effectually to command the Ukraine and the best parts of that republic—and to gain a breathing time, in the course of which she may recruit her forces, her marine, and her revenues, and be enabled with an accession of alliances to act with suddenness and vigour, when it may be out of our power to prevent her. Were I to go into a detail of all the facts on which I ground my opinion of the importance of this territory, I should far exceed the bounds of a letter. Let me refer you to maps and to your own knowledge of the country I have alluded to. Thinking as I do on this subject I am at no loss in saying that this is the moment for us by our interference to prevent the bad consequences which may result from Russia's carrying her point. We have everything in our favour. Our finances are in an excellent state; we have more money than has been known in this country for many years; we have a fleet of near thirty sail of the line ready for sailing, the expense of which is already defrayed; we have the season for our operations just beginning; we have the glory of having given the law to France, Spain, and Austria. On the other hand, Russia is exhausted by a long and ruinous war; she still has a formidable opponent in the Turk; she has lost her ally, the Emperor, and has not yet obtained the alliance of Sweden. Denmark has declared her intention to be neutral. Spain has actually joined with us in representations, and will not join against us in action. France is altogether out of the question. All these circumstances convince me that this is the moment for us to act. Should we adopt a different course and suffer Russia to retain what she asks, the Turks will be effectually at her mercy—she will be enabled to exert a formidable marine in the south of Europe; she may renew her alliance with Austria, with Sweden, with Denmark, and with Poland; she may strengthen herself beyond our power ever to equal her, I had almost said most undoubtedly even to check or to keep her within due bounds. I am also of opinion that

this is the moment for us to undo that miserable and absurd policy by which Russia was suffered, nay, encouraged, to become a maritime Power; by which our own officers and seamen were permitted to foster an enemy, whose first efforts were directed against ourselves. And if my reasoning applies to England, it does so still more forcibly to Holland, whose consequence, nay, existence, as a maritime Power is implicated in this question, and whose very existence as a State depends upon preventing a future offensive alliance between Austria and Russia (which cannot be of importance if the latter is not a leading maritime Power), which might effectually prevent her from acting with her present allies, and might even produce a revolution, for which there actually are, even now, very many advocates. It is, therefore, the undoubted interest of that Republic to act vigorously in concert with us and Prussia; and I sincerely trust your Excellency will keep up such a spirit there, at least till a contrary revolution is effected here, which, however, I do not think likely.

Mr. Burges would nowadays be stigmatised as an alarmist and a pessimist. Ockzakow was to him the sign and portent which Merv has been to many men of our own generation. The place itself was small and insignificant except through its situation, nearly midway between the modern commercial port of Odessa and the naval arsenal of Nicolaief. To use a hackneyed illustration, the thin edge of the wedge was then driven in, which has since rent asunder the Turkish Empire in Europe. The event has only too fully justified Mr. Burges's gloomy previsions. Lord Auckland, however, looked at the matter from a different point of view. He shuddered to think of the dangers the British fleet would encounter in the Baltic, without the support of a single ally. He foresaw the possible overthrow not only of the Turkish, but of the Russian Empire, and dreaded lest such a catastrophe should involve even Great Britain in its ruins. He was struck with "astonishment at the levity with which some people urge the war, and all

because they say that the National Dignity is engaged. I have no idea," he continues, "of National Dignity as opposed to National Wisdom; nor do I even admit that in such a pacification as we shall have influenced and accomplished without risking a war, we have any reason to think that our *dignity* will suffer." A pacification was certainly accomplished, but only by a surrender at discretion. Every point demanded by Russia was conceded. No risks, indeed, were encountered, but the material interests as well as the dignity of the British Empire were seriously compromised. The tone of his Excellency's letter roused the quick temper of the Under Secretary of State, who poured forth his indignation in a flood of energetic if diffuse declamation :—

Whitehall, March 21st, 1791.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have for some time abstained from writing to you, as I found our sentiments on the existing state of affairs were much too dissonant to admit of arguing about them, and especially as it had been thought proper to desire you to apply to Admiral Kingsbergen for his opinion as to the importance of Ockzakow. [Mr. Burges here takes much pains to demolish the Admiral's report, as being double-faced and misleading, points out numerous inaccuracies and contradictions, and convicts the Grand Pensionary of using loose phrases and seeking to mystify the real question at issue. He then turns upon the British ambassador.] I know not to whom your Excellency alludes as the persons who with levity urge a war, *and all because they say that the National Dignity is engaged.* If the longest and most sober deliberation which ever was given to a political subject be levity, then are our Ministers guilty. If it be levity to have negotiated for a year and a half without a change of principle—to have made every research and inquiry which our archives, which the experience and local knowledge of every informed person both here and abroad, would admit of—if to have paused for more than six weeks after we were called upon for a decision, then and not otherwise can I subscribe to the charge. As to the circumstance of its being *all because*

the National Dignity is engaged, I must equally differ from your Excellency, as I know of no one at all conversant with the question who could limit his argument to this one point; there being an infinity of others equally cogent and equally obvious. I am, however, one of those who think very highly of this same National Dignity. As the good character of an individual is his best possession; and that which a sensible man values more highly than any other, so should a nation estimate its character, in other words, should studiously maintain its dignity. The loss of character to an individual entails loss of credit, confidence, and weight in society. The loss of dignity to a nation lowers her in the scale of surrounding Powers, disables her from future exertions, and dissolves the magic of superior influence which former exertions may have perfected. There may be temptations, there may be reasons for giving up wealth, territory, or power, but there can be none of sufficient weight for giving up that pre-eminence of virtuous dignity which such a long adherence to an honourable course of successful integrity has established. Were other considerations totally removed, our very interest would lead us to adopt these principles; for I affirm that the invariable experience of past ages is as necessary to national prosperity as individual character is to individual success. Your lordship says you have no idea of National Dignity as opposed to National Wisdom. I perfectly agree with you. But I affirm that the one can never be opposed to the other. They are essentially the same, nor can the one exist, much less be maintained, without the other. National Wisdom cannot consist in anything which can degrade the National Character; nor can a nation ever arrive at dignity unless it pursues the paths chalked out by wisdom. I thank God we have at present much dignity to support—a dignity acquired by a long exercise of National Wisdom. I well know the characters and sentiments of his Majesty's present servants, and am well assured they will not suffer this dignity to be lessened, and I am equally convinced the people of England will not refuse their hearty concurrence to so noble and salutary a purpose, being well convinced that, with the dignity of this country, its commerce, its finances, and its power must stand or fall.

Thinking on this subject as I do, I cannot but feel a sincere uneasiness when I reflect on the intelligence we have

received from Holland, of something like a determination having been formed there not to support us, or to join with us, in case of hostilities taking place with Russia. How this sentiment can have taken place is surely difficult to say, as undoubtedly your Excellency's endeavours and influence in that country have been sedulously directed to induce the States-General to take means for co-operating with England and Prussia to make the Empress to agree to an armistice on the basis of the *status quo*, agreeably to your instructions of the 14th August last. At all events, it would have been desirable that the spirit of the Dutch should have been kept up till some decision of our Cabinet could have taken place. Should this, which I believe now to be at no great distance, prove to be in favour of hostile measures, I confess I look forward with much uneasiness to the future fate of the United Provinces themselves, as well as of the present alliance. This circumstance of the Dutch having decided on not assisting us (if it be true that such a thing exists) is a matter which, I confess, puzzles me to account for; as that Republic manifested a great spirit on the occasion of our Spanish bustle last year; and I should therefore have thought, would not now have adopted the system they are reported to have taken up, without some hidden and forcible reason which, should matters take the turn I have alluded to, undoubtedly it will be the interest of this country thoroughly to investigate.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Hammond on the State of Affairs in France—Mr. Burges unseated for Helston—Letter to Mr. Ewart—Mr. Fawkener's Instructions—Character of Lord Grenville—Letter to Mr. Ewart—Squabble between Mr. Ewart and Lord Auckland—Mr. Burges on Lord Auckland—Letter to Mr. Ewart—Mr. Burges on Ministers—His own Position.

A REMARKABLY able letter from Mr. Hammond, who at a later period succeeded Mr. Burges at the Foreign Office, will still, notwithstanding its great length, be read with considerable interest:—

Paris, 25th March, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I left England, I felt no kind of hesitation in promising to comply with your desire, that I would endeavour to give you some account of the actual situation of affairs in this country.

* * * * * *

There is one point upon which all parties seem to be agreed —that the restoration of the ancient form of government is become totally impracticable, from any quarter or by any means whatsoever. The three descriptions of persons *in the Kingdom*, the most interested in this event, are the Sovereign, the Nobility, and the Clergy; but it is evident that their exertions alone, unaided by foreign Powers, are absolutely inadequate to the accomplishment of it. That loyalty and attachment to their Sovereign, which were formerly the characteristics of this nation, exist no longer. The mental imbecility of the present King, and the profligacy of some branches of the Royal family, have implanted contempt and aversion so deeply in the bulk of the people, that his present melancholy state of captivity and humiliation, so far from

creating a spirit of indignation against those who have usurped his authority, has afforded a subject of ridicule and triumph to a great majority of the nation. In regard to the nobility,* their dispersion, their want of concert, of pecuniary resources and of a leader, but chiefly the circumstance of their estates being at the mercy of their enemies, all concur to prevent them from forming or carrying into execution any enterprize of much magnitude and moment. The respect that used to be paid to the character and functions of the clergy has been long dwindling away, and the influence which that body derived from their great territorial possessions now acts as an instrument against them. Not only inasmuch as their estates have been wrested from them, but also as the individuals who have purchased those estates under the national faith are now materially interested in protecting them, *by every means*, against any new invasion of their recently acquired rights, and the possibility of their ever reverting to their original possessors. With respect to the prospect of any *external* interference, you, Sir, are better able to judge of that than I can be. I am, however, firmly persuaded that no serious apprehensions on that head are entertained here. The ruling party, indeed, do not rely on the three millions of men (now trained to arms) alone—they assert they have a more effectual pledge for the non-intervention of other Powers, in possessing the persons of the King, and of such of the Aristocratical party as have not chosen to expatriate themselves, both of whom they would not scruple to deliver up to the fury of an exasperated populace on the first appearance of a foreign invasion.

I have been rather diffuse on the above point, as I know that in England the project of a counter-revolution is esteemed to be a matter much more easy to be effected than I fear it would prove in the event of an experiment for that purpose.

* The French nobles were estimated at about 200,000, and the clergy at 130,000. Towards the end of December, 1792, it was judged advisable to obtain some information as to the number of French refugees in and around London. There were found to be at least 15,000, of whom a large sprinkling were suspected of being emissaries of the Revolution. It should be borne in mind that patents of nobility were purchasable, and that consequently a certain proportion of the French nobility were not of noble blood. Of the 25,000 armed *emigrés* who took part in the Prussian invasion of France, the majority were of gentle birth.

There is no assertion of Mr. Burke's more true than this—that the French have shown themselves much more skilful in destroying than in erecting. As I am convinced that no man in this country, *even at this moment*, has any clear notions of the new order of things that is to arise in the place of the old, it is therefore needless to enter into any discussion of the numerous speculative theories that now swarm in the nation, which have no other foundation than in the heated imaginations of their fabricators.

No party in the National Assembly seems to be actuated by an adherence to a regular well-defined system, which is, I think, pretty clearly proved by the contradictory decrees that are every day issuing out to answer the emergency of the moment. And even if there was a system, there does not appear to be any man of abilities so transcendent, or of patriotism so unsuspected, as to be capable of giving direction and energy to the movements of any compact *concentrated* body of individuals. This is a circumstance which separates the French Revolution from every preceding one in any other country, and renders it impossible to discover a clue to the present and future operations of that body, in whom all authority is at present centered.

The duration of the present National Assembly is a subject of great importance, about which public opinion is much divided. But as the members of it have *decreed* "not to separate *until* they have formed the constitution," it is in their power to protract their existence to any period they may think proper. And I do not think they will be *in any hurry* to separate, both through an unwillingness to relinquish the personal consideration that is attached to them individually, and an uncertainty with respect to the future *legislature*. By remaining in this present state of real inaction and apparent industry, they inure the people (and especially the inhabitants of the capital) to anarchy and disorder, and they gain time to acquire a knowledge of the characters and sentiments of the persons the most likely to succeed them as representatives of the nation.

In the meantime they avoid rendering themselves obnoxious and unpopular, by throwing the execution of everything that is either odious or absurd in their own numerous decrees on the King and his ministers. They have stripped royalty of everything that could make it either respectable or amiable, and by perpetually separating the *function* from the *person* of

the monarch, they insensibly confound him in the general mass of citizens. Indeed this affectation is carried to so ridiculous a pitch, that I am rather surprised that we do not hear of the *pouvoir executif's* looking out of the window or going to bed to *its* wife.

In the midst of all this wretched scene of political confusion, it is strongly suspected that several members of the National Assembly have enriched themselves by stock-jobbing and other arts, and Mirabeau in particular. That arch-patriot is now living in great magnificence, and indulges his ruling passion for buying up valuable books with unexampled profusion.

As you may have been perhaps surprised that the late discussion of the question of Regency should have appeared to be a matter of such urgency, I think it necessary to remark that the King's health, not from extreme sensibility, but from want of exercise and from indulging too freely in the pleasures of the table, has suffered so much that it is not expected that his Majesty can survive many years.

I must not omit to mention two circumstances that have struck me greatly in my present residence in this capital—the tranquillity which now appears to subsist in it, and the little interruption that the newly-created paper money has had to encounter in its circulation. Excepting a greater number of men in military uniforms parading the streets, all the common occupations of life proceed as smoothly and regularly as if no event of consequence had occurred, and the public amusements are followed with as much avidity as in the most quiet and flourishing periods of the monarchy. In regard to the *Assignats*, although they are now at a discount of 7 per cent. and are expected to fall lower, no person seems to murmur at taking them in payment, or to express any doubts of their validity.

Be assured that I am, with the greatest esteem,

My dear Sir,

Your ever-obliged and

Faithful humble servant,

GEO. HAMMOND.

It has already been related how, on the retirement of the Duke of Leeds, Mr. Burges offered to share the political

obscuration of his patron, but was induced to remain at his post at the particular request of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, backed by his Grace. This was the second time, however, that Mr. Burges had tendered his resignation. At the General election of 1790 the little borough of Helston, which was entitled to two representatives in Parliament, contrived to return four members. Sir Gilbert Elliot bracketed with Mr. S. Lushington, and Mr. J. B. Burges coupled with Mr. Charles Abbot,* who lived to be one of the best Speakers who have ever kept order in the House of Commons, and was subsequently raised to the peerage as Lord Colchester. The dispute was, of course, referred to a Committee of the House of Commons, which sat for three hours on the 30th of December, 1790, and in the end unseated the second batch of candidates, very much to Mr. Burges's surprise and disgust. His proffered resignation of his official post was, however, handsomely declined by the Duke of Leeds.

Writing to his unmarried sister, Mr. Burges speaks favourably of Lord Grenville. "From what I know of him," he says, "I have great reason to be pleased with his nomination to the Foreign Department, as he is extremely sensible, well informed, diligent, and good humoured, and as he takes my continuance with him (as he assured me yesterday) in the most flattering and obliging way possible." A disquieting rumour touching the health of the Prince of Wales is thus referred to in the same letter (May 2nd, 1791):—

I understand the Prince of Wales is very far from well. He is supposed to have ulcers on his lungs, like the late Duke of Cumberland, and was actually blooded four times

* On the appointment of Sir Gilbert Elliot to the Viceroyalty of Corsica, Mr. Abbot succeeded to the vacated seat for Helston in June, 1795. Like most of his parliamentary contemporaries, he was inimical to journalism, and was polite enough to designate the reporters as "those blackguard newswriters." He was elected Speaker in 1802.

last week. His physicians have ordered him to live upon French beans and barley-water. He, however, dined on Friday with three hundred officers and, as I am informed, made great havoc of sundry savoury meats and much champagne, claret, and burgundy.

It is creditable to Mr. Burges's faculty for reading character that, so early as May, 1791, he observed the growing ascendency of Lord Grenville in the Councils of the State, and foresaw his future elevation to the leadership of the Cabinet. He did not, however, foresee Lord Grenville's shameful defection from his early friend, kinsman, and patron, or his desertion to Mr. Fox; but the Grenville family, one and all, were tainted with intense selfishness, and were always ready to subordinate public interests to their own. As so much has been said of Lord Grenville's haughty and reserved manner, it is only fair to quote Lord Minto's letter to his wife, of the 12th of August, 1805:—

There never was a more gallant or attentive husband [he had been married thirteen years]; and to all appearance, a better-natured as well as tempered one. We walked after dinner to his farm, where he patted and *poored* an old horse which they are keeping alive by mashes and care, a full quarter of an hour. This was an old horse he had been used to ride himself in his youth; but he went half the length of a field out of the way to do the same by an old cart-horse. I mention these traits only because they are very unlike the notion which is generally entertained of his character.*

To return to Mr. Burges—it was on the 6th of May that he wrote as follows to Mr. Joseph Ewart:—

There is a sort of versatility in the letters you now so frequently receive by messengers, which I apprehend may now and then puzzle you a little to account for; and I own I have my doubts how far the last, containing a request to postpone the consideration of the Dantzic business, will

* Lord Minto's 'Life and Letters,' vol. iii. p. 357.

prove palatable in the present moment at Berlin. Our foreign politics, however, of whatever nature they may be, are solely and exclusively those of Lord Grenville, who does his business by himself at his own house, with the aid of a correspondence (in writing) with me. By everything I can see, his Lordship is very rapidly gaining a pre-eminence, which promises to place him much higher than any one at present suspects. He seems already to be at least equal, in point of political importance, to Pitt, and I should not be at all surprised to see him rise on his shoulders to the head of the Government. You may perhaps think this problematical; but I assure you I perceive strong symptoms of it, and can, on many occasions, discover that Pitt gives way to him in a manner very extraordinary, especially in one of his character. The business in which you are now engaged is indeed a strong proof that I am not far wrong; for you cannot be ignorant that one prime cause of the sudden turn we have experienced was owing to the influence of Lord Grenville. His Lordship has not as yet opened himself very much to me; this, however, must happen sooner or later, as, in my situation, confidence is absolutely necessary. He, however, has honoured me with some long *tête-à-têtes*, in which I found him extremely good-humoured, and apparently inclined to advance towards that intimacy which ought to subsist between two persons in our several situations. He has referred himself to me for all the information he wanted respecting our office, our foreign ministers, our establishments, &c., as well as for the characters and talents of the various persons employed in our department. In the course of this I did not fail to represent our friend Jackson to him in a proper light; and I have the pleasure to assure you that he gave me every reason to believe, that, on the first opportunity, he will advance him as you and I wish.

Mr. Francis James Jackson, then Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin, had applied to Mr. Burges to solicit two favours on his behalf. The one was his appointment to Warsaw as Minister Plenipotentiary, and the other an extra allowance of £2 a day while acting as Chargé d'Affaires during Ewart's absence. Mr. Burges succeeded in obtaining for him a lump sum of £450, but the post at Warsaw was entrusted to

Colonel Gardiner, brother of the first Lord Mountjoy, with whom, or under whom, M. Sundersberg played at diplomacy at Brussels. The Duke of Dorset's assistant and persistent bore, Mr. Hailes, had been acting imprudently at Warsaw, and it was considered expedient to supersede him by a diplomatist of longer standing than Mr. Jackson, however exceptional his merits, and the latter was accordingly appointed Secretary of the Embassy at Madrid. About this time an unpleasantness occurred between the irascible Scot, Joseph Ewart, and the touchy Lord Auckland. For one reason or another, a Messenger had been sent direct from Berlin to Downing Street without his despatches being submitted, under flying seal, to Lord Auckland at the Hague. Thereupon his Excellency wrote a private letter to Lord Grenville, grievously complaining of the imaginary slight, or oversight. Warning him that a letter from Lord Grenville was on its way, Mr. Burges advised his friend to take no notice of the affair to any one, but to send his despatches for the future by the old route.

The confidence of our worthy Ambassador (he continues) will lead him on from one step to another, till at length Lord Grenville's good sense will find him out as you and I have done. *En attendant*, be assured of my constant attention and best service. I must know all his machinations, and you may depend upon my opposing the best shield I can. Mr. Pitt agrees with me in the highest opinion of your merits on this occasion, and so does Lord Grenville, though he talks less about it.

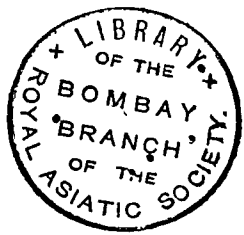
A few days later he suggests that Ewart would do well to "send private letters pretty frequently with anything that is curious to Lord Grenville, who likes that sort of confidence. Lord Auckland practises this manœuvre very successfully; and I thought I could discover, when your Messenger came with your first despatches and a private letter for Mr. Pitt,

without one to him, that he was a little piqued." *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!* Lord Grenville did ultimately "find out" Lord Auckland, and when the latter shamelessly deserted Mr. Pitt, to whom he was indebted for every distinction he had received, he was in his turn rejected by the new master of the situation, and consigned to the quiet enjoyment of the rural delights of Eden Farm.

Writing to Ewart on the 7th July, 1791, Mr. Burges says of Fox's semi-accredited agent, Mr. Adair: "He is a clever young man, about thirty as I should suppose, tall, thin, and pale, with an appearance of considerable vivacity." He then proceeds to express his opinion, confidentially, of the Ministry, and of his own position towards them:—

As it may be necessary for you to know how we go on here in the interior of things, I must tell you in confidence that I think Mr. Pitt daily gains a more and more decided influence in the Cabinet. The Duke of Leeds' resignation, by placing Lord Grenville here, has absolutely given him all Foreign Affairs; that is, these two friends are so inseparably connected that there is but one sentiment between them; and, in addition, by Dundas's nomination, they have complete possession of the Home Department, as he is guided by them in everything, as owing his appointment solely to them, and as he holds it (as I have good reason to believe) without any share in the patronage, which, added to that of this office and of the Treasury, gives them nearly all His Majesty's dominions produce. The Chancellor (Thurlow), though supported by Lord Hawkesbury (a support, however, I am sure he cannot always depend upon), stands nearly alone; for Lord Stafford is almost past business, and neither the Duke of Richmond nor Lord Camden much like him, nor, if they did, would they take any trouble they can avoid. I am able to speak more decidedly upon this subject now than I was when I last touched upon it, as my own situation is of late considerably altered in consequence of the ice having been broken between Lord Grenville and me, and a confidence having succeeded to the reserve which I mentioned to you as subsisting on his part. In fact, I now find him as open and communicative as I can

wish, and I have reason to believe that he is fully as much so with me as he is with any one. He now converses freely with me on business, and seems on all occasions desirous of having my opinion, as well as of very candidly giving me his own. I have also frequently been at his house, where I have passed hours at a time in a *tête-à-tête* with him, and I have much pleasure in assuring you that every time I see him my opinion of him rises, both as a public and a private man. Of his talents and his management of business you can form a judgment; and I can from experience add that he is uncommonly good-humoured, easy in his manner, and compliant on all occasions where he can be wished to be so. In a word, I trembled at first when I found myself the confidential coadjutor of another than the Duke of Leeds, with whom I lived in such cordial and unreserved intimacy; but I now find Lord Grenville to be altogether as easy to transact business with, and perfectly ready to be satisfied with my endeavours to discharge properly the duties which my situation imposes upon me.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CHAPTER XI.

Seditious Publications—Revolutionary Societies—Riots at Birmingham—London Tranquil—Letters from Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland and Mr. Moore—Recall of Mr. Ewart—Lord Auckland's Rancour—Sir Morton Eden—Mr. Jackson—Convention between Holland and Austria—Mr. Ewart's Letter to Lord Grenville—Stuart Papers at the Scotch College in Paris—Treaty of Pilnitz—Royal Misalliances—Royal Marriage Act—Prince Augustus Frederick and Lady Augusta Murray—Their Marriage Annulled—Sir John Scott and Lord Thurlow—Lady Hamilton—Mr. Burges's Correspondence with Sir Wm. Hamilton—Suicide of Dr. Murray—Prince Augustus returns to Rome.

THE publication of Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' in the autumn of 1790, heralded the secession of that statesman from the factious clique with which he had so long been associated. The pamphlet had an immense success. According to Horace Walpole, 7000 copies were sold within the first week; a wonderful circulation for those days. In England alone 30,000 copies were sold at 5s. each, in a very short time. The avowed principles of the Revolution found at first many adherents among even moderate men of the Opposition. In the abstract they were plausible, and perhaps were only impracticable from being misunderstood and exaggerated. They were of too ethereal a nature to be materialised without losing their purity and truth. They never struck deep root on the British side of the Channel. A few seeds germinated by the road-side, but their growth was stunted, and they were soon plucked up or trampled under foot. The excesses of the French Revolution had not assumed their most hideous shape

in 1791. The guillotine had not become a permanent institution. After the fall of the Bastile there was an interval of comparative repose. Anarchy, indeed, threatened to displace a regular government, but the mad saturnalia of horrors had not yet begun. In England, the movement, such as it was, was directed chiefly against antiquated privileges, and the unjustifiable pretentions alleged against the aristocracy. In crossing the Silver Streak, however, the most terrible and pernicious utterances of the French democrats had evaporated into thin air, or rather, their true significance was recognised. It was as when the running stream dissolved the spell, and the Goblin Page of Branksome Hall stood revealed in his own elfish form and features. Sedition, indeed, was rife, but for the most part confined to publications and societies usually misnamed. 'The Rights of Man,' by Thomas Paine, and the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' of (the future Sir) James Mackintosh, were the two most notable books those troublous times brought forth, though the evil that was done was chiefly caused by ephemeral productions in which violence of language was made to do duty for argument. Not a little mischief, moreover, may be traced to the action of such societies as "The Friends of the People," "The Society for Constitutional Information," and "The London Corresponding Society." The first named was originally founded by Mr., afterwards Earl, Grey, in co-operation with Sheridan, Fox, Lord Lauderdale, and men of that stamp. Of the one hundred members who belonged to it, twenty-eight had seats in Parliament. Now-a-days their avowed principles would be deemed moderate and harmless. They were in favour of a milder punitive code. They desired to abolish the penal statutes against Unitarians, which were still in force. Their chief fault was that of being in advance of their age, and therein lay their weakness. They were able to create dis-

content, but had no power to redress the grievances they denounced, simply because public opinion was stupid and distrustful. Another society that gave umbrage to the Government of the day was called "The Revolutionary Society." In reality it was an association of Dissenters established for many years, and was intended to commemorate the principles of the Revolution of 1688. It had, however, become somewhat affected by the taint of the French Revolution, which Dr. Price laboured to prove a development of the movement which rescued Great Britain from Romanism. On the 4th of November it held its usual anniversary meeting at the London Tavern, with the eccentric Earl Stanhope in the chair, and voted a congratulatory address to the National Assembly. A far more mischievous gathering of busy-bodies was known as "The London Corresponding Society," which was decidedly revolutionary, its funds, as it was alleged, being supplied from Paris. "The Society for Constitutional Information," was founded at the close of the American War of Independence, by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Mahon, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and others, who were joined by Major Cartwright, Horne Tooke, John Frost, and the Rev. Mr. Wyvill, but the outbreak of the French Revolution served as a signal for the secession of the more respectable members. It was by the "residuum" that Erskine and Pigott, respectively Attorney-General and Solicitor-General to the Prince of Wales, were retained for the defence of Thomas Paine, tried on a criminal indictment before Lord Kenyon at the Guildhall, in December 1792, and outlawed. The most troublesome association, however, at this particular period, was the Unitarian Society, of which Dr. Priestley was a conspicuous member. That eminent philosopher and physicist then resided at Birmingham, where he had offended many respectable prejudices by a funeral sermon in eulogy of Dr.

Price. If not actually suggested by Dr. Priestley, it was at least with his decided approval, that a demonstration was got up to celebrate the capture of the Bastile. Invitations to a banquet were widely circulated, and among these a handbill —attributed to a Dissenting minister who suddenly disappeared—which distinctly advocated republican doctrines. Some of these bills were exhibited in a public-house, and were met by a counter-circular, offering a reward of one hundred guineas on conviction of the writer, printer, publisher, or distributor of the libel. The majority of the proposed meeting disavowed the handbill and professed an unwavering allegiance to king and constitution. Nevertheless, eighty-one gentlemen met at the appointed place on the 14th of July, 1791, amid much hooting and hissing from the mob collected outside in the street. The dinner was quickly hurried through, and by six o'clock the terrified guests had returned to their homes. For all that, the windows were smashed, and gathering courage from immunity, the rioters proceeded to worse outrages. The residence of Dr. Priestley, two chapels, and several dwelling-houses, were utterly wrecked, and for three days—the normal length of a revolutionary disturbance—the town was practically at the mercy of the mob, who threw open the town gaol and the prison of the Court of Requests. The damage done to property, however, did not exceed £35,000, and on the arrival of three troops of horse on Sunday evening, the commotion at once subsided. The sufferers were, without exception, dissenters. Dr. Priestley himself retired to London, and was elected a member of the French Legislature, though he prudently declined to take his seat. Three years later he crossed the Atlantic and was soon forgotten. Three men, however, were hanged for the part they took in these riots, and a fourth would have shared their fate had it not been proved, almost

by accident, that he was actually labouring to save the life of a fellow-creature. In London there was scarcely any breach of the peace, the affair being briefly and contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Burges in a few lines written to Lord Auckland on July 15th, 1791:—

MY DEAR LORD,

As some pains have been taken to magnify the prospect of evils expected from the celebration of the French anniversary yesterday, I lose no time in assuring your Excellency that everything passed quietly, and with as much contempt on the part of the public as any mountebank exhibition could possibly do. I do not find that above three or four persons who could be called "gentlemen," attended the meeting; concerning which nothing more can be said than that several apprentices and French hairdressers got extremely drunk, and that the principal operators of the evening were pickpockets and street "bunters" * who, I am informed, got a very plentiful harvest.

In a similar strain was a note addressed the same day to Mr. Francis Moore, at Paris:—

Our day passed over very quietly yesterday, and nothing could have happened more opportunely than this attempt to make a disturbance, as even by the lowest of the mob a most sovereign contempt was exhibited, both for French politics and for the *Boute-feus*, English and French, who endeavoured to raise a riot, and to introduce Gallic principles as well as practice among us. We now have a convincing proof that Englishmen have too much sense to be carried away by the absurdities which the De Propagantiâ gentlemen have taken so much pains to introduce into this country. That illustrious body will do well to carry their mountebank doctrines elsewhere; though I still think that their Society, as well as what they facetiously call their Constitution, must ere long sink into that contempt which it deserves, and which, indeed, it already almost universally begins to meet with.

* In Johnson's Dictionary a "bunter" is described as a woman who picks up rags in the streets. The term is applied contemptuously to any low and vulgar person.

The marriage of the Duke of York to the Princess Charlotte Ulrica Catherine, eldest daughter of Frederick William II., King of Prussia, on the 28th of September, 1791, was made use of as a pretext for the harsh recall of Mr. Ewart from Berlin, and his consequent retirement into private life at Bath, on a pension of £1000 a year. The real motive was a desire to gratify the insatiable greed of the Eden family. Sir—then Mr.—Morton Eden coveted the post of Minister at Berlin, and naturally enough, his brother's influence was strenuously exerted in his favour. By reading between the lines, however, it is easy to see that the Beckenham "farmer" had never forgiven Ewart for sending his despatches by another route than through the Hague. The two were diametrically opposed to one another on the subject of war with Russia, and the Edens were wont to regard as dupes and dunderheads, if not worse, those who presumed to differ from them. On the 1st of November, 1791, Lord Auckland wrote to his brother Morton that he had succeeded in obtaining for him the red ribbon, which, indeed, his diplomatic services had fairly deserved,* and then turned aside to attack his recent colleague and correspondent behind his back:—

Your nomination to Berlin will not diminish Mr. Ewart's anger. He has been very absurd, nearly, I think, to insanity; and if he had been allowed to drive on as he wished, would have forced the whole world into a state of war, upon the short-sighted and silly speculation of placing the power of England upon a colossus for the admiration of the present age and of posterity, of which colossus he, the architect, was to have received an unbounded tribute of fame and honour. In the whole idea there was a total ignorance of our finances and of the disposition of this country, and a total disregard to all collateral consequences. . . . Mr. Ewart wrote long

* Sir Morton Eden was created an Irish peer in 1799, with the title of Lord Henley. At first strongly prejudiced against George III., he came by degrees to admire and esteem his character.

letters to me, sometimes in a tone of flattery, sometimes in one of presumption and menace; and if, in the interval, it had so happened that the Empress of Russia had given way or made sudden peace with the Turks, the world would not have been large enough for the political importance of Mr. Ewart. This will not be entirely the case at present. *

The earthen pitcher, coming into collision with the iron pot, was, as usual, shattered to pieces, while the conqueror went on gaily floating on the current. On the 25th of November, 1791, Mr. Ewart thus addressed Lord Grenville from Bath:—

MY LORD,

I took the liberty of mentioning to your Lordship, in a letter I wrote to you some time before leaving Berlin, different extraordinary expenses I had been put to during the last eight months, for which I solicited an extraordinary allowance. Not having been favoured with an answer, I now confine my application to the two articles stated in the enclosed note, which I beg leave to recommend to your Lordship's candour, hoping my request will be found equally just and reasonable.

Of the £1000 allowed me for the Duke of York's marriage, I spent about £700 in giving a great ball and entertainment, at which the King of Prussia and the whole Court were present, contrary to the usual etiquette. My clothes and other expenses for the ceremony and fêtes cost me above £300, but I should certainly have been more economical had I not been made to expect that the £1000 was destined solely for the expenses incurred during the time of the marriage entertainments, and that my previous extraordinary expenses, occasioned by the Duke of York's long stay at Berlin, would be reimbursed. I need not recall to your Lordship's recollection the circumstances of my journey from London to Berlin last spring.

I send a copy of this letter to Mr. Pitt, in the hopes that he will have the goodness to concur with your Lordship in granting me the indemnification I solicit.

I have the honour to be, &c.

* 'Auckland Correspondence,' vol. ii. pp. 392-93.

To expenses of my journey from London to Berlin last spring	£170	0	0
To expenses incurred above my appointments, by the long stay of the Duke of York at Berlin, previous to his marriage	720	0	0
	£890	0	0

In November, 1791, Mr. Burges's attention was drawn to a collection of original papers written by Charles II., James II., and other personages of great political importance in their time, which the Scotch College at Paris was disposed to sell for £3000. The Government having no spare funds for such a purpose, Mr. Burges was directed by the Duke of Leeds to apply to His Majesty through the Bishop of Salisbury; but money was scarce also in that quarter, and with many expressions of regret the offer was declined.

In the summer of 1791 the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia held a Conference at Pilnitz, near Dresden, at which were present the Elector of Saxony, Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France, Prince Hohenlöhe, Baron Bischoffswerder, the Archduke Francis, Baron Spielmann, the Marquis de Bouillé, M. de Calonne, and other notable personages, ostensibly guests of the Elector. The King of Prussia advocated the immediate adoption of vigorous measures, while the Emperor was disinclined to venture beyond strongly worded manifestoes, but in the end a Declaration was issued addressed to the Count d'Artois, which inspired the Royalists with the most sanguine and unfounded expectations. The co-signatories affirmed that the melancholy condition of the King of France was a matter of common interest to all the sovereigns of Europe, and they demanded the concurrence of the other powers to enable Louis XVI., when once more a free agent, to establish a monarchical government on liberal principles. The co-operation was

invited of Spain, Russia, England, Naples, and the Kingdom of Sardinia, sympathetic answers being received from all except from the British Court, whose hesitation was justified by the French King's acceptance of the new Constitution. The French emigrants could hardly have been aware of the real tendency of the Treaty of Pilnitz, which pointed to a dismemberment of France for the benefit of Austria and Prussia. The true purport of that instrument appears clearly enough from an abstract made by Mr. Burges, for the absolute correctness of which he expresses himself ready to vouch:—

The Emperor and King of Prussia engage to co-operate in the re-establishment of the monarchy of France, under limitations similar to those proposed by the Constitutional Articles of the first National Assembly.

The other Great Powers to be invited to become parties to this Treaty.

By way of indemnification, Alsatia and part of Lorraine to be ceded to the Elector Palatine in exchange for the Duchies of Juliers and Berg, and what is called Lower Bavaria.

Prussia to have Juliers and Berg, and part of Brabant.

Austria to have Lower Bavaria, the remaining part of Lorraine, and French Flanders.

It is worthy of note that although the other Great Powers were invited to assist in the liberation of the French King from his subjects, they were not also invited to participate in the "indemnification." A question of greater insular importance, as directly affecting the honour and happiness of the Royal Family, speedily effaced the memories of Sistova and Pilnitz, and turned the attention of the Under Secretary of State to the movements of a young British Prince in the South of Italy. The House of Hanover in those days was addicted to contracting marriages with subjects, to the prejudice of other royal families, and, perchance, with a risk of

creating unpleasant complications in the future. In the autumn of 1771, the Duke of Cumberland married Lady Anne Horton, daughter of Colonel Simon Luttrell, afterwards Lord Carhampton, and widow, at the age of twenty-four, of Christopher Horton, Esq., of Catton Hall, near Derby. We are told that she had bewitching eyes, and danced divinely. Early in the following year George III.'s younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester, married the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Horace Walpole's brother. These two events coming so closely one upon the other exasperated the King, and led to the passing of the Royal Marriage Act, which declared null and void the marriage of any member of the royal family who, under the age of twenty-five, should take to himself a wife, or to herself a husband, without the previous sanction of the reigning sovereign. Nevertheless Prince Augustus Frederick, afterwards Duke of Sussex, ventured to set the Act at defiance. Lady Malmesbury wrote to her sister Lady Elliot, subsequently Countess of Minto—December 16th, 1791—that the Prince was "very well behaved and good humoured indeed." For several years he had been suffering from a complaint of the lungs, and lived entirely on potatoes and water. The King's command was that he should reside at Portici, in preference to Naples, probably to avoid the temptations which would beset a young man in his position in that city. But during his previous visit to Rome the Prince had become acquainted with the Countess of Dunmore and her large family, the Earl being absent at the time in North America. The daughter, Lady Augusta Murray, who is described as possessing unusual attractions, was some years older than His Royal Highness, who, indeed, had not completed his twentieth year. The young people pledged themselves to one another in writing, but were not

doomed to a long suspense. On the 4th of April, 1793, they were secretly married in Rome, by an English clergyman of the name of Gunn. The ceremony was repeated in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on the 5th of the following December, without any suspicions of their identity, although the banns had been read in the names of Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray. The curate who read the marriage service over them also protested his entire innocence. The transaction, having got wind, came before the Privy Council. Sir John Scott was then the Attorney-General, and in his 'Anecdote Book' thus sketched the proceedings*:—

Great blame was imputed to the rector for publishing the banns without inquiry as to the residence of the parties in the parish: so it was proposed to call upon the clergy of the church, St. George's, Hanover Square, to account for the marriage having taken place by banns, without the proper residence of the party in the parish, and without their knowing the parties. The rector first appeared: he said he had two most respectable curates, and he had always most solemnly enjoined them not to marry parties without having first inquired about their residence. The curates were then examined, and they said theirs was a most respectable parish clerk, who wore a gown, and they had always most solemnly given a like injunction to him. The clerk was then called, and he declared that no man in the parish had a more excellent careful wife than he had, and that he daily gave her most solemnly a like injunction. She then made her appearance, and said that she must sometimes be about her own, and not about parish business; but that she had two female servants, as discreet as any in the parish, and she had always given them a like solemn injunction, when anybody brought a paper about publication of banns in her and her husband's absence, to make proper inquiries about the parties' residence. All this put Lord Thurlow out of humour, and he then said to me angrily, "Sir, why have you not prosecuted, under the Act of Parliament, all the parties concerned in this

* Twiss's 'Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon,' vol. i. pp. 235–6.

abominable marriage?" To which I answered, "That it was a very difficult business to prosecute—that the Act, it was understood, had been drawn by Lord Mansfield, *and Mr. Attorney-General Thurlow,* and Mr. Solicitor-General Wedderburn,* and unluckily they had made all parties present at the marriage guilty of felony; and as nobody could prove the marriage except a person who had been present at it, there could be no prosecution, because nobody present could be compelled to be a witness." This put an end to the matter. Afterwards there was a suit in the House of Commons, and the marriage was there declared void.

At that time the British Minister at Naples was the celebrated antiquary, Sir William Hamilton, who had long survived any other talent he might have possessed. His first wife, an accomplished and estimable person, had been dead some years when, in his old age, he fell a victim to the fascination of Emma Hart. According to Lætitia Matilda Hawkins, Emma Hart was at one time a nursery-maid, with a lovely face and voice, but deficient in moral qualities, and was more than suspected of having been the mistress as well as the model of the painter Romney. Horace Walpole met her at a private concert at the Duke of Queensberry's residence at Richmond, in 1791, by which time she had emerged alike from the nursery and the studio. He wrote of her to the Misses Berry with enthusiasm: "Oh! but she sings admirably; has a very fine strong voice; is an excellent *buffa,* and an astonishing tragedian. She sung 'Nina' in the highest perfection; and there her attitudes were a whole theatre of grace and various expressions." Lord Malmesbury† wrote of her, "Lady Hamilton was a woman . . . whom Sir W. Hamilton fell in with here when he began to dote, and married when his dotage was confirmed; she is clever

* Subsequently Lord Loughborough, and finally Earl of Rosslyn.

† 'Malmesbury Diary,' vol. iv. p. 214.

and artful, but a sad . . ." The story goes that shortly after her arrival in Naples, as wife of the British Ambassador, the King sent her a *carte blanche* to fill up, which she wisely presented to the Queen, who asked what return she could make to evince her gratitude. Lady Hamilton replied that she asked for nothing more than to be received at Court. "Not at my Court alone," exclaimed her impulsive Majesty, "but at my private parties, and at all times." Sir Gilbert Elliot described her at considerable length for the benefit of Lady Elliot*:—

She is the most extraordinary compound I ever beheld. Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity [December, 1796], and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful; she is all Nature, and yet all Art; that is to say, her manners are perfectly unpolished, of course very easy, though not with the ease of good breeding, but of a barmaid; excessively good-humoured, and wishing to please and be admired by all ages and sorts of persons that come in her way; but, besides considerable natural advantages, she has acquired since her marriage some knowledge of history and of the arts, and one wonders at the application and pains she has taken to make herself what she is. With men, her language and conversation are exaggerations of anything I ever heard anywhere; and I was wonderfully struck with these inveterate remains of her origin, though the impression was very much weakened by seeing the other ladies of Naples.

A little later Sir Gilbert Elliot saw Lady Hamilton one night taking a part in "the attitudes," and protested that "by candle-light nothing could equal (her) refined taste and talent, though she called her husband 'Sir Willum.'" In Pettigrew's 'Life of Nelson,' it is stated that Lady Hamilton's maiden name was Cadogan, and that she was reputed to have borne Mr. Greville three children, named Eliza, Anne, and

* 'Minto Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 364.

Charles.* Mrs. Cadogan was living with the Hamiltons at the same time that Miss Cornelia Knight was residing under their roof. The unfortunate connection of Lord Nelson with Lady Hamilton does not fall within the province of Mr. Burges's biographer, but he may be pardoned for referring those who would rather think good than evil of their neighbours to Miss Cornelia Knight's Autobiography, to Pettigrew's 'Life of Nelson (appendix),' and to 'Blackwood's Magazine' for April, 1859. These explanatory remarks, it is hoped, will suffice to render the following correspondence intelligible and interesting:—

From Mr. Burges to Lord St. Helens.

Whitehall, August 26th, 1791.

MY DEAR LORD,

You will receive a set of very lengthy dispatches by your servant, which may be explained in a very few lines. As to the Alliance, it is a thing much wished for by us all; but strong hopes are entertained that two birds may be killed by one stone, and that a little additional trouble will procure for us that Commercial Treaty which we have so long looked for in vain. I can tell you (though in strict confidence) that this is the idea entertained by Mr. Pitt, and that there will be some danger of failing in what Florida Blanca has proposed (however anxiously it may be wished for) if the commercial part is not added to it. You have already done great things; but I assure you, if you can carry this point you will not only merit, but will meet with the most sincere gratitude from all those whose regard is worth having. We stand at this moment in a situation somewhat critical. The event of

* Lady Hamilton was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in or about the year 1764. Her father's name was Lyon, and it is said that he was a common labourer. His daughter was probably seduced by "Jack" Payne, but did not long remain under his protection. Subsequently her loves were somewhat versatile, though she appears to have lived for some years with Charles Greville, son of the first Earl of Warwick. Her mother subsequently took the name of Cadogan, while she herself preferred that of Hart.—See an interesting paper in 'Temple Bar' for October, 1884.

the Russian business, though much what was expected; has certainly not been such as to give great cause for boasting. On the other hand, the termination of the Sistova Negotiation has been as creditable as could have been expected. Thus we stand equally balanced. If you can make the scale preponderate in our favour (which undoubtedly must be the case if you break the family compact and give us a treaty of commerce), you may make your own terms, sure of being most gratefully attended to.

Count Merci * is here at present. I dined with him yesterday and the day before at Pitt's and Lord Grenville's, and am delighted with his *vieille cour* manners, his temper, and his acuteness. He will not succeed in any attempts he may make to influence this Court to join in an attack on France. That country plays our game too well of itself to make it necessary for us to be at any expense or trouble about it. The Emperor and King of Prussia, however, appear to be in earnest in their idea of restoring the monarchical power there, and (I will tell you in strict confidence) a treaty has actually been signed by them (through the medium of Bischoffswerder) for that purpose, and, I apprehend, for a further alliance. This is an additional and a strong reason for wishing that the treaties you are concerned in may immediately be concluded.

Sir Wm. Hamilton is now here, and is next week to marry Mrs. Hart, a famous ——, who has lived with him as such for more than five years. I doubt whether this accident will not occasion a vacancy at Naples.

Adieu, my dear Lord, and believe me ever most truly

Your Excellency's most faithful and

Obedient servant,

J. B. BURGES.

From Mr. Burges to Sir W. Hamilton.

Whitehall, November 25th, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

I flatter myself that by this time you and Lady Hamilton are safely arrived at Naples, and that you continue to enjoy

* Count de Merci-Argenteau controlled Austrian affairs in the Low Countries, which the Emperor desired to exchange for Bavaria. He died in London in 1794.

good health and as much happiness as all your friends can wish you.

I avail myself of the freedom of an old friend to mention a circumstance to you, which I am sure will induce you to be at a little extra trouble, and occasionally to favour me with a letter. The Queen, as you probably know, is greatly attached to her son, Prince Augustus; and the general report of the world, as well as the particular accounts of him which have been sent home, tend to confirm the propriety of Her Majesty's opinion of his excellent qualities and admirable conduct. It has hitherto been my good fortune to have received many of these, and to have conveyed them to the Queen; and Her Majesty, undoubtedly overrating the zeal I have shown to fulfil her wishes in this respect, has been more than once very graciously pleased to express her approbation of it. As, independently of her rank and my duty, I ever feel a sincere pleasure in being able to gratify her by communicating authentic information on a subject so congenial to the feelings of a mother, I avail myself of your goodness to beg that, during the approaching residence of His Royal Highness at Naples, you would have the goodness, from time to time, to write to me, fully and confidentially, such accounts of his health, conduct, and tendencies, as may occur to you. I am very confident that nothing will present itself to you which will not do the highest credit to His Royal Highness's head and heart; and I am equally sure that such accounts of him as I have mentioned will be in the highest degree gratifying to Her Majesty, who on more occasions than one has done me the honour to speak to me of her son in the most tender terms, and such as demonstrate the lively interest she takes in everything that relates to him.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Caserta, December 17th, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

I take the very first opportunity of complying with the request in your obliging confidential letter of the 25th of November, and shall acquaint you without reserve with whatever may occur relative to H.R.H. Prince Augustus during his stay at Naples. All that I can yet say from my own observation is that I think that the Prince is at present

in a very good state of health, and is likely to continue so, as he is remarkably temperate. The affability and politeness of H.R.H. is conspicuous on every occasion, and there is every reason to expect that he will be a most accomplished prince. H.R.H.'s attendants seem to have been well chosen, particularly the Baron de Hanstein, for whom the Prince appears to have the most sincere regard.

Our reception on our return from England has been very flattering. The Queen of Naples of her own accord desired me to present my wife to her, and Her Majesty received Lady Hamilton most graciously indeed. I had previously explained to their Sicilian Majesties fairly and openly our situation, and that the utmost of Lady H.'s ambition was to be treated as the wife of Sir W. H., supposing him to be at Naples independent of his public character; and so far she has succeeded perfectly, and I see with pleasure that by her judicious and prudent behaviour she has completely gained all the wives of the foreign Ministers, and all the English travelling ladies—which you will, I daresay, hear from many quarters. You see I take the liberty of a friend and trouble you with my private affairs, which I flatter myself your goodness will excuse.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

With great truth and regard,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

WM. HAMILTON.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, January 24th, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure of assuring you that H.R.H. Prince Augustus is in perfect health. H.R.H. leads a most regular life at Portici, coming to Naples twice a week, and never staying on late. His goodness and affability gain the hearts of all who have the honour of approaching him. The Court of Naples leave H.R.H. at perfect liberty, according to his desire on his first arrival, but should he have a wish, I am sure the King and Queen of Naples would be happy to comply with it immediately. The Baron de Hanstein, who

has the honour of accompanying the Prince, is as sensible and prudent a young man as I ever met with, and I see that H.R.H. has a real love and regard for him.

I flatter myself that you will hear from every quarter that Lady Hamilton's conduct has been such as to gain universal approbation. She is totally independent of the diplomatic line, but has received every honour and civility from the Court and public as the wife of Sir W. H., supposing him at Naples in a private character, and more she could not with any propriety pretend to.

I am, with great truth and regard,
Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

W. HAMILTON.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, February 27th, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

Not to omit any circumstance relative to Prince Augustus, I must inform you that until Sunday last H.R.H. has enjoyed a most perfect state of health. He has led the most regular life possible in the country, and has gained the hearts of every person who has had the good fortune to approach him. On Sunday last at my house I observed that H.R.H. was paler than usual, and remarkably chilly. He went home early in the evening and took an emetic, which he likewise repeated yesterday, and finds himself greatly relieved to-day, which shows that his slight indisposition proceeded from the stomach, and not from any return of his former complaint.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, March 6th, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

You had the first hint of Prince Augustus's indisposition, and by my last to Lord Grenville you will have seen that H.R.H.'s disorder was a rheumatic fever. Mr. Murray, the young German physician that the Prince brought with him, seeming to be alarmed at the disorder being different from the usual complaint of H.R.H., agreed with Baron Hanstein

to call in the aid of Dr. Cutunio, one of the Court physicians, but soon after Mr. Murray began to be jealous and to think that the Prince had more confidence in Cutunio than in him, and in short worked himself up into a sort of despair, though Cutunio had approved of all he had done. On Saturday night Mr. Murray drew up a state of the Prince's disorder, and which was inclosed in my letter to Lord Grenville. Baron Hanstein thought that he had calmed the mind of Mr. Murray, but unfortunately it proved otherwise. For, not coming down to breakfast at the usual hour on Sunday morning, on finding his door locked and no answer returned when called, a ladder was placed to the window, and the unfortunate young man was found dead, having cut his throat with a razor from ear to ear. In this cruel dilemma Baron Hanstein (whose calm prudence I cannot sufficiently praise) took every precaution that this unhappy accident should be kept a secret from the Prince, until H.R.H. should be perfectly recovered. Cutunio sent one of his aides to attend the Prince constantly, the Prince having been told that Mr. Murray was ill in bed, and Baron Hanstein and I agreed to ask their Sicilian Majesties' friendly assistance that the body of Mr. Murray might be got out of the house, and every precaution taken to avoid the Prince's being alarmed. Every assistance was given by the Court, and yesterday the body was removed. Thank God! in the midst of all this confusion Prince Augustus's fever is taking a very favourable turn, and Cutunio does not doubt but that H.R.H. will be perfectly recovered in a few days. However, we shall take every precaution that the Prince may not be acquainted with the horrid circumstance of Mr. Murray's death, at the same time that it was thought necessary to acquaint H.R.H. that Mr. Murray's illness was taking a serious turn.

I am, &c.,

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, March 13th, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have only to assure you, as in my dispatch, that I think Prince Augustus perfectly recovered. He is told that

Mr. Murray is removed from Portici to Naples on account of his fever being putrid, but will not be acquainted with the shocking accident until the last moment. The poor man was certainly mad—he had cut the arteries of his shins and his throat at the same moment, and left his intention in writing, so that there was no room for doubt. This Government lent every friendly assistance, that the Prince might not be alarmed during his illness, but the necessary process has prevented this being a secret at Naples, and I believe Prince Augustus is the only person here that does not know it.

Lord Malmesbury has left Naples, and the Holy Week will call the numerous travellers to Rome. I have presented this winter ninety-nine British travellers to their Sicilian Majesties.

Ever yours, my dear Sir,

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, March 27th, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

By the means of a courier sent to Lord Eardley to give his Lordship the happy news of his eldest son's recovery from a most dangerous illness, I can give you an earlier account by post of the situation of Prince Augustus Frederick, and happy I am that I can assure you H.R.H. looks infinitely better than before his last and serious indisposition, and I am fully persuaded that by the alteration in his diet prescribed by Doctor Cutunio, H.R.H. will enjoy a better state of health than with the quantity of vegetables, beer, and tea he was accustomed to. The Prince has been acquainted with the death of Mr. Murray, but not with the melancholy circumstances that attended it, and indeed it is better that they should be ever kept secret. He laments the young man's having been cut off in the prime of life, but it is plain to discover that H.R.H. had not great confidence in him as a physician. The Prince proposes to leave Naples on Monday next, and to be present at the functions of the Holy Week at Rome. Every one who has had the honour of approaching H.R.H. regrets his departure; his manner is so

simple, amiable, and obliging, that he attaches at the first moment, but, what is better, H.R.H. improves upon you on a further acquaintance. He speaks French and Italian perfectly. In short, I shall be much mistaken if our Royal Master and Mistress do not find a lasting comfort in Prince Augustus.

CHAPTER XII.

Miscellaneous Correspondence—The Duchess of York—Town Talk—Destruction of the Pantheon by Fire—Present from the King of Poland—Desecration of Music—"The Dying Negro"—General Washington—French Revolution—Mr. Burke's Dagger Scene—Pitt's Despondency—The Flight to Varennes—Its Consequences—Fête of the Champ de Mars—Slaughter of the Swiss Guards—Lord Gower Recalled—Lady Elgin and the Herrings—Lady Sutherland's Intrepidity—Arrival of Lord Gower, and of Mr. Lindsay—Murder of the Princesse de Lamballe—Cynicism of the Duke of Orleans—Massacre at the Prisons—Spirited Conduct of Mr. Lindsay.

THE ensuing correspondence needs little if any comment. It is of a very miscellaneous character, but illustrates the period to which it belongs. The first letter (December 2, 1791) is addressed to Mr. Edward THORNTON, a young man of great merit who had lived for some time with Mr. Burges as his son's tutor, and through his interest was taken by Mr. Hammond to Philadelphia as his secretary.

We have had lately an accession to our Royal Family by the arrival of the Duchess of York. She is a very pleasing young woman in her appearance and manners; not by any means beautiful, but with speaking blue eyes and a very expressive countenance. The Duke her husband (at least, so I am told) is already visibly cooled in his attentions to her, and the Prince of Wales appears to give up his whole time and thoughts to attach her to Opposition . . . .

The most important matter which has occurred since I wrote the preceding sheet is the destruction of the Duke of Richmond's house, in Priory Gardens, by fire, on Wednesday last. The conflagration began at between eight and nine in

the morning, in consequence of a hot coal starting from a grate on the curtains of a bed; and, though the walls are standing, the house and much of the furniture is destroyed.

The Duchess of York, though surrounded by Opposition, still conducts herself admirably. She cultivates the King and Queen very properly, and her engaging manners have made a great impression upon them. The whole Royal Family breakfasted together this morning at York House, to see the Duke's Regiment; and the whole exhibition, as I saw it from my windows, was equally entertaining and interesting. We shall speedily lose these august neighbours; for an exchange of houses has taken place between His Royal Highness and Lord Melbourne (in consideration of about £20,000 to be paid to the latter), and the Duke and Duchess move to Piccadilly in the course of next week.

From Mr. Burges to Mr. Edward Thornton, Philadelphia.

Monday, December 12th, 1791.

We have an amazing frost, some snow, and the appearance of much more. As usual, the idle and the foolish crowded the canal in the park yesterday, when the ice on a sudden broke, and three young men were drowned.

The greatest news I know is, that Lord Orford is dead, and that Lord Grenville succeeds him as Ranger of Hyde and St. James's Parks; an appointment worth at least £2,000 a year, and for life too, and what is more, a sinecure with many good little things to give away, and with many opportunities of doing favours.

Dr. Davies, Master of Eton, is made provost in consequence of the death of Dr. Roberts, and Dr. Langford is made Head Master of the school. There has been a rebellion of a very serious nature at Westminster, in which Dr. Vincent has given way; it seems probable that he will be unable ever to recover his authority; if so, he must resign, and, in that case, a proud, vulgar fellow will be put out of the way, who never ought to have been put into it. It will perhaps surprise you when I tell you, that this rebellion was produced by the operation of French democratical principles, and by the doctrine of the rights of man, which had crept into the school, and had been rankling for some time. You may however be assured that this is the fact; and as their first

effort has been so successful, there is little chance of their stopping here.

Tuesday, February 7th, 1792.

I sent you word of the destruction of the Duke of Richmond's house, and now have another story of a similar nature to send you. This is no other than the total destruction by fire of the Pantheon* in Oxford Street, of which nothing but a few of the outward walls is now remaining. There are suspicions of its having been burnt designedly; but nothing of this sort has yet been ascertained.

From Mr. Burges to Mrs. Burges.

Whitehall, February 24th, 1792.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Nothing new of any sort has occurred, except that Mr. Bukatij presented me yesterday with two portraits, cast by Wedgwood after the originals, and framed, of the present king of Poland and of the former Polish Monarch, John Sobieski, which he requested me to keep as marks of his Royal Master's regard.

I am yours,

J. B. BURGES.

From Mr. Burges to Miss Burges.

Whitehall, March 19th, 1792.

MY DEAR MARIA,

I have received your letter and the music inclosed in it. At this moment I have not any instrument to try it upon, as

* The Pantheon was built at a cost of £60,000. Horace Walpole says that he took the French Ambassador and Count de Levi to see the new Winter Ranelagh in Oxford-street. "Imagine Balbec in all its glory! The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico*. The ceilings, even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stucco, in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ballrooms and the panels painted like Raphael's *loggias* in the Vatican. A dome like the Pantheon glazed. M. de Guisnes said to me, 'Ce n'est qu'à Londres qu'on peut faire tout cela.'" The Pantheon was used for some time as an Opera House. Pitt wrote to Lady Chatham, April 4th, 1780, of his doings on the 3rd, and said, "I concluded my evening at the Pantheon, which I had never seen illuminated, and which is really a glorious scene."—Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' vol. i. p. 39.

a harpsichord I bought to supply the place of that which was burnt, is at Broadwood's, for the purpose of being altered and put in good order. I have, however, read your performances, and am sure they must be good; they undoubtedly are of an original cast, and so much the better; for a musical style becomes hacknied as easily as any other, and in my opinion, almost all our modern music is little better than a repetition of the same meagre and unmeaning jingle, which somehow or other catches the vulgar, and continues in vogue for want of something better to turn it out. I often think it strange, that the same age which seems to adore Handel, and to bring him more forward than he ever was when alive—which can sit for hours together to hear Geminiani, Purcell, and Corelli should be so ready to turn from this heavenly treat to feed upon such garbage as Shield, Dibdin, and Hook. I never could relish any music which did not speak to the soul; and of course I abhor all the trick and mummery introduced by modern composers, who write because they must eat, and who, having no feeling, and no capacity of adopting musical tones to the expressions of nature, adopt the very easy plan of frittering a subject into divisions or variations, or, what is as bad, of punning in notes, and of introducing mimicry as a substitute for expression. It is curious to observe how far this has been carried by some geniuses. I have seen a journey in a post chaise, a fair in Germany, a farm yard, a storm and a battle, represented to the life by a score of instruments and voices. These gave us the creaking of ungreased wheels in a variety of ungreased notes; and then slid into a sudden easy modulation, to express the facility with which a carriage runs when well oiled. We had the crack of the postillion's whip, the sounding of his horn, the rattling over a pavement and the crash of a breaking down, represented after nature; and there were not wanting the noisy altercation about payment, or the actual dropping of the silver into the postillion's hand. The same minuteness was observed in the other compositions. And this trash is called music, that heavenly art which raises the feelings of mortals to the divinity, and which opens all the floodgates of passion and inspiration. After having so freely delivered my judgment on this subject, you may perhaps think me presumptuous for saying, that I have lately been employed, at leisure hours, in writing music of a nature different from that which I so reprobate. I have been

engaged in an arduous task, and have indeed nearly completed a work longer and more difficult than any I ever before undertook. When finished it will be an entire act with an overture, and accompaniments for a large band. The subject is a beautiful poem just published, entitled the "Dying Negro,"* which is full of sublime expression and delicate feeling. I have written it for three voices; and I trust it will meet your approbation. The modulation has been finished for some time; but I have not yet completed the accompaniments, and shall not be able to do so till I get back my harpsichord. I will send it to you when I think it fit to be criticised.

I ever am, my dear Maria,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

J. B. BURGES.

From Edward Thornton, Esq.

Philadelphia, April 2nd, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

I promised you in a former letter a description of the President of the United States, General Washington. Conscious as I am of the difficulty and danger of describing again what has been so often described before, I will yet attempt to convey to you my idea of him. His person is tall and sufficiently graceful; his face well-formed, his complexion rather pale, with a mild and philosophic gravity in the expression of it. In his air and manner he displays much *natural* dignity; in his address he is cold, reserved, and even phlegmatic, though without the least appearance of haughtiness or ill-nature; it is the effect, I imagine, of constitutional diffidence. That caution and circumspection which form so

* Mr. Burges probably alluded to 'The Dying African,' by S. S., published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for November, 1791. It begins—

"Stretch'd on the ground the panting slave was laid,
Around his temples stifling breezes play'd;
Faint mov'd his pulse; his glistening eyes were dim;
Wither'd and feeble was each toil-worn limb:
While thus unheeded sinking to the grave
No heart to mourn him, and no hand to save,
Amid his frequent sighs and lab'ring throes,
These faltering accents from his lips arose," &c.

striking and well-known a feature in his military, and indeed in his political character, is very strongly marked in his countenance: for his eyes retire inward (do you understand me?) and have nothing of fire, of animation, or openness in their expression. If this circumspection is accompanied by discernment and penetration, as I am informed it is, and as I should be inclined to believe from the judicious choice he has generally made of persons to fill public stations, he possesses the two great requisites of a statesman, the faculty of concealing his own sentiments, and of discovering those of other men. A certain degree of indecision however, a want of vigour and energy, may be observed in some of his actions, and are indeed the obvious result of too refined caution. He is a man of great but secret ambition, and has sometimes, I think, condescended to use little arts, and those, too, very shallow ones, to secure the object of that ambition. He is, I am told, indefatigable in business, and extremely clear and systematic in the arrangement of it; his time is regularly divided into certain portions, and the business allotted to any one portion rigidly attended to. Of his private character I can say little positive. I have never heard of any truly noble, generous or disinterested action of his; he has very few who are on terms of intimate and unreserved friendship; and, what is worse, he is less beloved in his own State (Virginia) than in any part of the United States. After all, he is a great man; circumstances have made him so; but I cannot help thinking, that the misconduct of our commanders has given him a principal part of that greatness.

Believe me, ever your faithful and affectionate servant,

EDWARD THORNTON.

Among the Burges papers there is a large and interesting correspondence relating to the French Revolution. Many of these letters would have been extremely valuable had they been published fifty years ago. During that period, however, so many memoirs, diaries, journals, and collections of correspondence have been published, that it is almost a waste of time again to go over the oft-trodden ground. A selection, however, may be made from the most picturesque descriptions, drawn by eye-witnesses, of the terrible events in France, and

above all in Paris, which horrified the whole civilised world. To avoid breaking the sequence of the subsequent narrative, it may be mentioned in this place that Mr. Burges was indirectly the cause of the dagger scene in the House of Commons on the 28th of December, 1792. Mr. Burke threw only one dagger on the floor of the House, as a sample of the boons to be expected from the revolution, but two seem to have been preserved, like the two heads of Cromwell. Lord Eldon was under the impression that the genuine article was in his own possession, and at his death it passed with his papers into the hands of his biographer, the eminent King's Counsel, Mr. Horace Twiss, who speaks of it as a piece of coarse workmanship, a foot long in the blade, and five inches in the handle, and suitable to be used as either a dagger or a pikehead. Mr. Twiss, however, discovered that the weapon actually flung down by Burke was kept as a curiosity by Mr. Burges's son, Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb, who favoured him with the following account of the incident.*

"The history of it is, that it was sent to a manufacturer at Birmingham, as a pattern, with an order to make a large quantity like it. At that time the order seemed so suspicious that, instead of executing it, he came to London and called on my father at the Secretary of State's office, to inform him of it and ask his advice; and he left the pattern with him. Just after, Mr. Burke called on his way to the House of Commons, and upon my father mentioning the thing to him, borrowed the dagger to show in the House. They walked down to the House together, and when Mr. Burke had made his speech, my father took the dagger again, and kept it as a curiosity."

Mr. Massey affirms, on the authority of the Locker MSS., that there was really a conspiracy connected with this order

* Twiss's 'Life of Lord Eldon,' vol. i. p. 218 (footnote).

for 3000 daggers. The Cabinet was so fully convinced that war was imminent, that Pitt asked Mr. Burges to write a pamphlet to prepare the public mind for what was about to follow, and he himself touched it up. A very large edition was sold off immediately. Three days later Pitt saw M. Maret, the French envoy, privately, and told him that England would support Holland if attacked by France. The existence of this plot was disclosed to Mr. Burges by a foreigner whom he chanced to meet in the street. The Cabinet sat till four in the morning. After the other Ministers had retired, Pitt sat musing over the fire, and suddenly asked Mr. Burges what he thought of the state of affairs, but anticipated his answer by adding, "Probably by this time to-morrow we may not have a hand to act, or a tongue to utter."*

No allusion to this remarkable scene occurs in the papers submitted to the present editor.

At the end of the volume will be found a very interesting memorandum relating to the Flight to Varennes, written by Mr. Quentin Craufurd, on the authority of Count Fersen, which forms the basis of the 'Illustrations' published at the end of the third volume of the 'Auckland Correspondence.' That sadly mismanaged business is commented upon with considerable acumen by Mr. Francis Moore, who was at the time in Paris with Lord Gower:—

Paris, July 15th, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

The more I consider the effects of the King's flight, the more I see reason to regret that rash measure, which, even had he succeeded in effecting his escape, would not, in my opinion, have been equally advantageous either to himself or his country, as his remaining quietly at Paris; for although his situation before the 21st ult. was very lamentable, it

* Massey's 'History of England,' vol. iv. p. 45.

afforded considerable grounds to hope for an amendment. His resignation to the decrees of the National Assembly, the apparent indifference with which he saw himself stripped of his former power and splendour, and above all, the voluntary visit he had paid to the Assembly to protest his attachment to the constitution and declare himself its defender, had acquired him the good will and confidence of the nation; and had he continued to observe the same moderation, and allowed the Assembly to have finished (what they would have been pleased to call) the constitution, after the first effervescence of liberty, or rather licence, had subsided, the influence of a civil list of thirty millions would have gradually acquired a sufficient share of power to the monarch, whereas, by the fatal step of his *evasion*, he has laid the foundation of infinite misery to his country. He has irretrievably forfeited whatever hold he had of the confidence and affection of the people, and, at the same time, encouraged the Jacobins entirely to throw off the mask, and boldly to bring forward their wild Republican doctrines, even in the National Assembly, where, although there is hitherto a great majority in favour of the present constitution, yet there is too much reason to apprehend that these Bedlamites (amongst whom it cannot be denied there are men of considerable ability, and who are employing incredible industry to acquire proselytes, by disseminating in all the departments, and indeed throughout all Europe, the most licentious publications) will acquire the ascendancy in the next, and indeed, even supposing this should not be the case, and the next Assembly should prove no less favourable to monarchy than the present, the King will not now, I fear, be able to acquire that degree of influence, which I am inclined to think he might have done had he not attempted his escape.

In the Champ de Mars yesterday the greatest order was preserved which, considering the prodigious concourse of people, surprised me a good deal. I was very much gratified with this scene, and the more so as I went along with their joy, and felt that it was a natural and proper occasion of national exultation. This was far from being my sentiment last Monday when the procession of Voltaire took place. I then could not help being struck with the absurdity and frivolity of expending near 10,000 pounds sterling in so unworthy a manner; and that at a time when the public finances are in so bad a state, and when the most important

objects are in discussion; not to mention the indecency and impolicy of shewing so much respect to the memory of a man who had employed the greatest part of his time and talents in turning religion into contempt and ridicule. The eternal avidity, indeed, of the French to seize every opportunity of such spectacles makes one suspect that they are fonder of that nonsense than of the solid benefits arising from civil liberty.

Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful, and affectionate servant,

F. S. MOORE.

Mr. Burges to Lord Grenville.

Whitehall, August 15th, 1792.

MY LORD,

As the account of the enormities committed at Paris, which I have had from the messenger Morley, is much more circumstantial than what Lord Gower gives in his dispatch, I think some particulars may not be uninteresting to your lordship, though indeed they are so very horrid that I almost scruple to give you any detail of them.

The guard at the Tuileries consisted of at least 1500 men, 800 of whom were Swiss soldiers, and the remaining 700 were gentlemen of rank, whose attachment to their sovereign, and their knowledge of his danger, had induced them to put on the Swiss uniform and to run the risk of defending him. The whole of this number was killed. The name of one only, the Duc de Clermont Tonnerre, is known; but, though it seems certain that the rest were of a similar description, it will perhaps be for ever impossible to identify them with any degree of accuracy, as the mob industriously disfigured their faces, by roasting them in the fires they had made with the wood torn from the apartments of the Château. The messenger saw hundreds of them lying in the fires, with uniform coats on, but with embroidered waistcoats, laced shirts, and various ornaments of rings and other jewels. When the mob broke into the Palace, they massacred indiscriminately, without distinction of age or sex, every person they found there. Only four ladies, who had waited on the Queen, escaped by accident; all the rest were slaughtered. Of the mob themselves, by the fire from

the poor people in the Château, but still more from the wanton manner in which they discharged their cannon in every direction, not less than 4000 were killed in the course of four hours; and the messenger declared that, in the course of his walks about the town, the number of dead bodies he saw could not be less than six or seven thousand, though he thinks there must have been many more. On Saturday, detachments of the mob paraded through the streets, and forced their way into every house where it was known that a Swiss was to be found They brought them out, and cut off their heads at the doors. They even visited Lord Gower's, where there was known to be a Swiss; but luckily he had been disguised and put out of the way. Such was their inveteracy against these unhappy people that, recollecting on Sunday morning that a detachment of a hundred of the Swiss Guards had been sent into the neighbourhood of Paris to protect the harvest, a vast mob, well armed, went in search of them, and as the messenger was travelling on Sunday night he heard a great firing of musketry. On enquiring what it might be, he was informed that the Parisians had driven the Swiss into a wood, where they surrounded them, and were then killing them. The King and his family were suffered to remain in a small room adjoining to the Hall of the Assembly, without beds and without food. They slept on Friday and Saturday nights on the bare benches which were placed along the wall; and after fasting for more than twelve hours, they were indebted to the charity of a poor *huissier* for some biscuits and a glass of wine.

To Lord Auckland.

Whitehall, August 17th, 1792.

MY DEAR LORD,

Notwithstanding Lord Grenville's absence, we have been doing considerable execution to-day. The French business is at length arrived at such a pitch of enormity, that to suffer Lord Gower and Lindsay to remain any longer at Paris was little better than murder. They are both therefore directed to come home, and have an instruction to leave behind them, a hint that, though we have been and mean to be at all

points extremely neutral, any personal attempt upon the King and his family will raise strange sensations here.

I am vastly obliged to you for the fresh cargo of herrings* you have the goodness to send me; but I cannot think of thus trespassing eternally on your bounty, and beg you will not send me any more. As to Lady Elgin, I have known of old her uncommon talents for the subaltern line of negotiation, as well as all the benefits which have accrued to her from it. The old quotation of *Crustulis et Pomis* never could apply better than she has had the dexterity to discover it will in the quarter where she pays her adorations. The general report is that she will be the next Lady of the Bedchamber.

Mr. Pitt has taken the Cinque Ports, as I hinted in my last, and upon the same footing Lord North held them. What is surprising, not a single libel has yet appeared upon the occasion.

After the Paris mob had been at Lord Gower's to get hold of his Swiss, for the declared purpose of cutting off his head because he was a Swiss, the ruling Powers offered him a guard. He refused this, on the high ground of being protected by his character, &c., but thought it prudent, however, to publish that circumstance as much as possible, by writing, in large letters over his door "Hôtel de l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre." Lady Sutherland, writing about this to a friend here, concludes her letter—"Now we have done all we can, and if the mob attacks us now, it is their concern, not ours."

I shall be very glad to see your lawn at Beckenham; and shall now be able to show you one of my own in your neighbourhood, as I have just bought rather more than two

* Lord Auckland had sent Mr. Burges a handsome supply of herrings about a week before, but Lady Elgin happened to espy them, and appropriated them in the name of the Queen, who was exceedingly partial to that dainty. Presents from Ambassadors to Under Secretaries of State could not very well have been meddled with, but on July 27th, 1792, Mr. Burges informed a Mr. Cooper that his stationery was too high-priced and not sufficiently good, and that for the future the custom must be discontinued of giving Almanacs and Pocket-books at Christmas to the Secretary of State, the gentlemen of the Office, and their servants. Lord Grenville was perhaps sick of the sight of presents, having been married on July 18th, to Lady Ann Pitt, daughter of the first Lord Camelford.

hundred acres between Eltham and Chislehurst, where I believe I shall set up my staff.

I remain, with sincere truth and regard,

My dear Lord,

Your Excellency's most faithful

And obedient humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

To Lord Grenville.

Whitehall, September 1st, 1792.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to inform your Lordship that Lord Gower and his family arrived here about half an hour ago, in perfect health. He left Paris last Tuesday, and arrived yesterday morning at Dover: but as he did not write or send any one here with this information, I was unable to give you this intelligence sooner. I learn from him that everything was quiet when he left Paris; that the necessary steps for bringing on the Queen's trial were taking; that there was ample proof against her, and that her condemnation and execution were looked upon as certain and immediate. He also says that Mr. Lindsay remains at Paris, because he has not yet been able to procure a passport. The Venetian Ambassador is in the same situation, as well as the various persons attached to the other Foreign missions still remaining in the Capital. The reason assigned for refusing them permission to depart is the intention they profess of coming over to England, which they style the *Foyer d'une Contre-Révolution.*

To Lord Grenville.

Whitehall, September 8th, 1792.

MY LORD,

Mr. Lindsay arrived here safely this morning, having left Paris on Wednesday last, at which time the mob still continued to exercise its fury, though from the circumstance of time having been given to many of their devoted victims to conceal themselves, the number of murders of course was not so great as it had been at first.

In addition to what Mr. Lindsay has mentioned in his letter to your Lordship, he communicates to me several circumstances, which though extremely horrible and disgusting, are of an interesting nature, and tend to exemplify the temper of the people he has quitted.

Madame de Lamballe was literally torn to pieces, in the most cruel and indecent manner. Her head and heart were paraded on pikes through the streets.

It happened, when this murder was committed, on Monday, that Lindsay and some other Englishmen were at the Duke of Orleans's in the Palais Royal. As they were waiting for dinner they heard the outcries of a vast mob, and, going to the window, they saw the spectacle of Madame de Lamballe's head passing by on its way to the Temple, where they were taking it to show it to the Queen. Struck with horror at such a sight, they retired to the further end of the room, where the Duke of Orleans was sitting. He asked what was the matter. They told him the mob was carrying a head on a pike. "Oh," said he, "is that all? let us go to dinner."* As they were at table, he made some inquiries whether the women who had been imprisoned were killed; and being informed that many of them were, "Pray," said he, "what is become of Madame de Lamballe?" M. Walkiers, who was sitting near him, made a sign of her having been killed by passing his hand across his throat. "I understand you," said the Duke; and immediately began to converse on indifferent topics.

The mode of conducting the trials of these poor people was curious. When the mob came to the prisons, and had liberated the debtors, they formed hasty Courts of Justice, consisting of three Judges and twelve Jurymen selected from the bystanders. After a mock trial, if they thought proper to acquit the prisoner, one of the Judges said to the Jury "Messieurs, croyez-vous qu'on puisse le déclarer innocent?" They answered "Vive la Nation!" and immediately the fortunate person was mounted on the shoulders of some in the crowd, and was carried off in triumph. If it was intended

* It is commonly stated that the mob carried the head of the Princess on a pike to the Palais Royal, and that the Duke of Orleans was compelled to show himself at the window. While he was gazing at the horrible object, his mistress, Madame de Buffon, who was dining with him, exclaimed that they would one day treat her in the same way.

to condemn a prisoner, a Judge asked the Jury "Peut-on l'élargir?" They answered in the affirmative; the doors were thrown open; the prisoner was obliged to go out, when a number of persons, placed there for the purpose, killed him in such manner as they thought proper.*

The manner in which Mr. Lindsay at length obtained a passport is, however, so creditable to him, and so demonstrative of the opinion entertained of this country at Paris, that it deserves being mentioned to your Lordship. Finding that every attempt he had made for that purpose was fruitless, he waited last Tuesday on M. le Brun; and after recapitulating every thing he had done, and forcibly stating his order to return and his intention of complying with it, he told him that, if a passport could not be procured, he was determined to set off without it; that he was aware of what might be the consequences of such a step; that he might be brought back, be imprisoned, or even be liable to further violences; that he was prepared to run the risk; but he advised M. le Brun to reflect upon the consequences of such an event, and upon the character and firmness of the British Cabinet, whose determination upon it it could not be difficult for him to foresee. After some deliberation, M. le Brun promised that he should have a passport the next morning, and it was delivered to him accordingly.

I have the honour, &c.,

J. B. BURGES.

* The National Assembly, being informed of the march of the Austrian and Prussian armies, declared the country to be in danger, and called upon all patriotic citizens to enrol themselves in regiments of volunteers. For that purpose an immense multitude assembled in the Champ de Mars on September 2nd, 1792, when someone exclaimed that France must first be purged of her domestic foes. There was an instantaneous rush towards the prisons, but it was afterwards affirmed that the number of actual assassins never exceeded 200, though thousands of spectators looked on without attempting to check the murderers. In the space of two days at least 1085 victims perished in Paris alone. At Versailles the assassins were only 30 in number, and were watched by 1500 Gardes Nationaux under arms.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Major-General Sir John Braithwaite—Singular Career—Imprisoned by Tippoo Sahib—Colonel Braithwaite on Amalgamation of the King's and Company's Armies—Division of Canada into Upper and Lower—Parliamentary Reform Association—Letter from Colonel Simcoe—Government House—Letter from Mr. Thornton—Character of the American Nation—General Washington—American English—Letter to Lord Auckland—Pitt and Grenville—Dismissal of Lord Thurlow—Letter to Mr. Long—John Walter's Jealousy of the *Sun*—Congress declines the Princes' Bond for £100,000—Government Papers.

IT is necessary here to go back a good many years, so far back indeed as to 1776. At that time Mr. Burges was anxious to obtain his father's consent to his marriage with the Honourable Elizabeth Noel, and with that view, instead of going home and pleading his own cause, he adopted the singular expedient of employing as his special envoy Colonel, afterwards Major-General Sir John Braithwaite.* This officer's career, as described in the autobiographical fragment, was in every way so remarkable that it is worthy of commemoration. He was an only son, and inherited an unincumbered estate of £1500 a year. His talents were considerable, but he was unfortunate enough, while at Westminster School, to become associated with a number of young men who subsequently became more distinguished by their parts than by moral character or steadiness of conduct. Shortly after attaining his majority young Braithwaite lost his whole fortune at play to a clique of professional gamesters, and was glad to accept an ensigncy in a marching regiment. In that capacity

* Ante, p. 53.

he proceeded to Gibraltar about the year 1756, and by his extreme good humour and the pleasantry of his conversation was recommended to the friendly offices of James Burges's father. In due course he obtained his company, and returned with his regiment to England, where he made the acquaintance of a Miss Browne, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, whose face was her fortune, while he himself had nothing beyond his captain's pay. Nevertheless they were married, and the discovery was soon made that they had been somewhat over hasty. Useful friends, however, came to their assistance, and through Mr. Burges's influence the then vacant post of Secretary to the Garrison of Gibraltar was procured for Captain Braithwaite. The pay of this office, aided by the interest on the price of his commission, enabled the young couple to live in a comfortable and respectable manner. Their position was soon afterwards improved through the favour of General Cornwallis, the Governor, so that their income exceeded £1000 per annum. Doing so well, Captain Braithwaite could not rest till he did still better, and so in an evil hour was persuaded by Sir John Irwin, the Deputy-Governor, to join him in issuing Mediterranean passes to individuals who were not British subjects. This illegal practice was speedily denounced to the Government. Sir John Irwin, who had powerful interest, escaped by throwing the responsibility upon his associate, who was accordingly deprived of his various appointments and declared incapable of again serving His Majesty in any capacity. His friends, however, a second time rallied around him, and after some little delay the unfortunate man was appointed major in the East India Company's service on the Bombay Establishment, but ere long was removed to Madras with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

On proceeding to India Major Braithwaite left his wife

and two children under the care of Mr. Burges and Colonel—afterwards General—Phillips of the Artillery, who was one of his oldest and most intimate friends. During an absence of eight years Colonel Braithwaite had contrived, *per fas aut nefas*, to accumulate a fortune of about £20,000. For the sake, no doubt, of the high interest, he left this money in the hands of some native merchants, and returned to England on leave of absence. He landed at Portsmouth and passed the night in a room adjoining to that occupied by his wife and her paramour, Colonel Phillips, to whom she had borne four children, and who was then under orders for America. Discovering their perilous neighbourhood, Phillips embarked for America, where he shortly afterwards died, while Mrs. Braithwaite escaped on board a vessel bound for Denmark, taking with her a daughter by her husband, who happened to be with her. The aggrieved husband obtained a divorce and returned to India with the rank of colonel, but not until he had made ample provision for his erring wife and his children, one of the trustees being Mr. James Bland Burges. The war with Hyder Ali was then raging, and Colonel Braithwaite had the good fortune to capture Mahé, and to exhibit military talents of a high order. His evil star, however, was soon once more in the ascendant. In the early part of 1782 he was surprised by Tippoo Sahib on the banks of the Coleroon, and after a gallant struggle for twenty-six hours —in which out of twenty-one officers, twelve were killed and seven wounded—was compelled to surrender. His captivity lasted over two years. It was not until peace was made with Tippoo in 1784 by Lord Macartney, that he recovered his liberty. His sufferings were not deemed an adequate expiation of his defeat. Possibly his energy may have been impaired during his long captivity, or the Government may have deferred to the arguments attributed to Regulus by the

Augustan poet. In any case his claims were repudiated, and after well-nigh twenty years' service in India, he found himself hopelessly stranded with little to subsist upon beyond his pay as a colonel.

Under the erroneous impression that, on the departure of General Medows for England, he would, by virtue of seniority, succeed to the command of the Madras army, Colonel Braithwaite addressed a letter of immense length to Mr. Burges, dated Madras, July 28th, 1792. Although the letter itself is much too long to be published in its entirety, Anglo-Indian readers will probably find something to interest them in the subjoined summary. Colonel Braithwaite, while duly appreciative of the honour of commanding such an army, shrank with natural sensitiveness from the overwhelming responsibility attached to it. He was about, as he supposed, to succeed to officers, not only of distinguished merit, but in possession of high military rank combined with political influence. He would have no seat in the Council and would therefore be deprived of all patronage, so that he would possess no means of rewarding good service. The sole authority he could exercise would be the ordering of Courts-Martial. But Colonel Braithwaite was disquieted about others far more than about himself. He lamented that His Majesty's officers serving in India could not share in the advantages possessed by the Company's officers, especially as regarded the command of Sepoy battalions. He equally regretted that the Company's officers of the highest rank and most distinguished services could no longer monopolise the honours and emoluments to which they believed themselves entitled, as it was through their valour and prowess that India had so far been conquered. These constant bickerings must, sooner or later, bear bitter fruit, a result that could only be avoided by the amalgamation of the two services, and the

transfer of the territory to the Crown together with the Company's troops. Commerce alone would then be left to the Company, a change that would decidedly not improve the position or the stability of that corporation. At the same time it was highly inadvisable to prolong an *imperium in imperio* that was fraught with many present inconveniences and much future peril. If India was to be kept for the chief advantage of Great Britain, it could only be by the operation and influence of naval and military establishments acting upon a single and indisputable authority. A strong party in the nation would doubtless oppose the augmentation of the Royal influence by the addition of such valuable patronage, and many individuals would be privately interested in keeping India in its existing state of confusion. It would not be enough to take over the European portion alone of the Company's forces, for that contained the only prizes to which the Company's officers could aspire. The European contingent consisted of four regiments of eight companies, each of which was commanded by three field officers and eight captains, making a total of twelve field officers and thirty-two captains. The Sepoy army was composed of thirty battalions commanded by thirty captains and ten field officers, whose chance of promotion was inseparably connected with that in the European corps—promotion being in the line according to seniority and without reference to the corps. Lord Cornwallis had thought proper to show a singular favour to colonels in command of European corps and had bestowed upon them appointments entirely distinct from their regiments, by which they had lost all claim to the emoluments arising from the clothing of their respective corps, those emoluments being now divided into shares, and so distributed that the lieutenant-colonel received three times as much as the colonel, who was supposed to have

nothing to do with the corps. As the lieutenant-colonel had now all the work and responsibility, it was deemed just that he should have the lion's share of the perquisites. It was supposed that the Governor-General's motive was to make the regiments more acceptable to the Crown by their not being clogged with colonels. In the Royal army (Colonel Braithwaite continued) the majority of the colonels were general officers and frequently employed in that capacity, but they were not deprived of the emoluments attached to the command of a regiment, as was the case with Company's officers under the new system. It was true that for the moment only the colonels were affected, but it was obvious that, if the European corps were transferred to the Crown, His Majesty would place them on the same footing as his other regiments and would appoint colonels to them, so that the Company's colonels, now employed on separate duties, would be superseded, while the lieutenant-colonels would lose their clothing perquisites. The result of depriving the Company of their European army would be to confer upon the Crown the patronage of twelve regiments, six in Bengal, four at Madras, and two at Bombay.

And each of these regiments is worth about £600 a year more than any regiment in England to any colonel, though he should never see it, which, according to the usage of His Majesty's service, will most probably be the case with ten of the colonels out of the twelve, as they will most probably be all of them general officers, and out of those twelve probably never more than two will be employed in India, as His Majesty will have eight or ten other corps in India.

The alternative, as it seemed to Colonel Braithwaite, was for the Crown to take over the entire army, Native and European, and to do away with all distinctions between the two services, but guarding against supercession by the intro-

duction of officers from the corps. He was also in favour of adding the bonded debt of India to the funded debt of England, and at that time the amount was so small that it would have made little difference to the latter country, while India would have been relieved by the sensible reduction of interest.

It is worthy of note that Colonel Braithwaite avoids all allusions to the disgraceful condition of the Company's European soldiers. Lord Cornwallis repeatedly complained that out of the six battalions in Bengal he could not organise one fit for active service. He urged Dundas to enable the Company to beat up for recruits in the open market, and insisted upon the necessity of their establishing a training depôt in England, whence they could be shipped as soldiers. The directors, however, declined Carisbrooke Castle when offered to them for that purpose, on the ground of expense, and preferred to employ crimps, who smuggled on board ships about to sail the sweepings of the gaols and back slums, and always in a state of stupid intoxication. Colonel Braithwaite, it may be remarked, had rendered excellent service in preventing the outbreak of a mutiny of the European officers, when Lord Macartney, at an inopportune season and without previous preparation, proposed to abolish the half-batta system. The Government thereupon offered a compromise, and ended by yielding every point.

When hostilities broke out between France and England in 1793, Colonel Braithwaite was appointed to the command of the forces against Pondicherry, which surrendered on the 23rd August after a siege of eighteen days. Captain G. C. Braithwaite, his son and aide-de-camp, was sent home with the captured colours, and dispatches, but was taken prisoner by a French squadron and landed in the United States.

In 1799, during the absence of General Harris in the field, Major General Braithwaite took over the command at Madras, where he organised the expedition against Malacca. The conqueror of Tippoo Sahib resigned the command of the Madras army in January 1800, and was succeeded by Major General Braithwaite, whose decease in 1803 is thus mentioned in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, the 25th August of that year:—"On Tuesday in Welbeck Street, after a lingering illness, Major General Sir John Braithwaite, Bart., aged 64, lately returned from the Coast of Coromandel, where he long held the chief command of the Company's army."*

Among the Burges papers are many letters relating to Switzerland, and especially to the republic of Geneva, which at the time must have possessed great interest, but which would nowadays be carefully skipped by ordinary readers. There is likewise a bulky mass of correspondence connected with the Duke of Brunswick's abortive irruption into France and the ill-managed campaigns of the Austrian, Dutch, and English armies, but it is questionable how far general interest is still sustained in those now distant events. The Duke of York's campaigns have, moreover, been so clearly described by General Sir Harry Calvert and by Captain L. T. Jones, that it would be superfluous to repeat the well-told tale. A few words, perhaps, may be needful to introduce Colonel Simcoe's letters from Canada. In 1791 the population of Lower Canada was estimated at 100,000 souls, while that of Upper Canada did not exceed a tenth part of that number. The latter province was chiefly peopled by English settlers, who found it difficult to live on terms of amity with the French inhabitants of the country round Quebec. At

* This paragraph is chiefly compiled from information kindly supplied by Mr. E. M. Wade, of the India Office Library.

the instance of Mr. Pitt, Canada was in that year divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower, and each was to be governed by its own local legislature. Colonel Simcoe, a friend of Mr. Burges, was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, and to him the Under Secretary of State wrote on the 4th of May, 1792:—

MY DEAR SIR,

At the distance you now are from this country, the correspondence even of those the least considerable becomes of importance. I therefore avail myself of the fair opportunity which now presents itself to me, and add to the letters from my sister and Miss Elliot a few lines from myself, to express my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity, and to assure you of my very sincere regard.

While you are exploring the pathless wilderness, and are introducing civilisation and the arts of life into the hordes of savages, we go on here in an humbler line, content to preserve those blessings which I trust it is your lot to create. And there is in truth some necessity for attending to this point; for our industrious neighbours the French are not wanting in their endeavours to make us as happy as themselves, and to propagate among us their doctrines of the Rights of Man. This was too good a thing to be neglected by Sheridan, who, having nothing to lose, of course conceives he must be a gainer by the losses of others. He has accordingly prevailed upon a set of wild, unthinking young men, such as Grey, Lambton, and a few more, to put themselves forward as the ostensible leaders of a democratical faction, and to take up, as their stalking-horse, the trite and threadbare topic of a parliamentary reform. They have accordingly had meetings, which have been attended by Presbyterian parsons and some desperate people; they have advertised in the newspapers, and have attempted a debate in the House of Commons. They have not, however, met with success; on the contrary, the people are generally against them, and all the aristocracy of Opposition decidedly set their faces against such an absurd and ill-judged measure. You may be assured that Government will not sleep in a business of this nature, but that, on the contrary, the very first opportunity will be laid hold of, to make an example

of these libellers and treasonable propagators of French principles.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your very faithful friend and servant,

J. B. BURGES.

From Colonel J. G. Simcoe.

Niagara, August 21st, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

* * * * * *

I have just time to acknowledge the receipt of your favour, as it depends upon the winds to stay the vessel, while I answer that and other communications. His Royal Highness Prince Edward* is just arrived here, but not yet landed, on a visit to the stupendous wonder of this country. There are also the chiefs of our Indian neighbours, who, coming to compliment me, luckily will have the opportunity of seeing the "Son" of "their Great Father." When these people shall have departed, we move our tents for a week near the Falls, that Mrs. Simcoe may have her amusements.

As you may suppose, I am miserably off for accommodation in this country, and I am fitting up an old hovel, that will look exactly like a carrier's ale-house in England when properly decorated and ornamented; but I please myself with the hopes that some future 'Gentleman's Magazine' will obtain drawings of the first Government House, the first House of Assembly, &c., and decorate it with the "*Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes*" of old Evander.

This country *must* be a great one, and some time or other, from its position, govern internal America. It wants the fostering protection of Great Britain to be vigorously applied at its outset.

I have divided it into counties, of which I send a plan to Mr. Dundas. I have not forgot to name one *Leeds*, and shall give you, the first opportunity, your township. A constitutional speech of Lord Stormont's† though in the Opposition, made me celebrate his name in a similar manner.

* * * * * *

* Father of Queen Victoria.

† Nephew and heir to Lord Mansfield.

From Edward Thornton, Esq.

Philadelphia, June 11th, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your character of the Americans, from their writings in the magazine I sent you, is perfectly just; and you will perceive by several passages in different letters of mine that I have the happiness of coinciding in opinion with you. But there is one trait which you neglected to mention—it is impossible you could have overlooked it—their vanity as a nation. This tinctures the whole of their character. In arts, in arms, in literature, in political economy, they think that they take the lead, and have pointed out a new road to Europe. If they have any genius or original invention, I believe it is in the mechanic arts; but even there how far do they fall short of the discoveries of our manufacturing counties? They borrow, or rather steal, the models of our machinery, add some small improvement, and call the whole their own invention. Nor is this vanity confined to the less informed class of people, but it extends to the highest. In his history of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson discovers the same spirit. Because Hadley, and Godfrey an American, invented, independently of each other, the instrument known by the name of Hadley's Quadrant, poor Hadley is a plagiary, and the American has been robbed of the merit of the discovery. It is in vain for an Englishman to allege that it is very possible two men might hit on the same idea without any previous communication, and to assert in proof of the possibility (which is an undoubted fact) that Sir Isaac Newton had the same idea, which he communicated to Dr. Hadley, and which, from some curious circumstances, neither Hadley nor Godfrey could have known anything of. All this is of no avail; the verdict of plagiarism is given against Hadley,* and he must abide by it. And because Rittenhouse made an orrery of his own, the man who really invented that instrument, I believe before Rittenhouse was in being, is a plagiary too. For my part I see nothing in this country of talents in politics or literature, that can endure for an instant a comparison with those of the luminaries of the past and present day in England. Nor, however rapid the improvement may

* John Hadley also invented a five-feet reflecting telescope. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society, and died in 1744.

have been in civilisation, can it be expected in a country whose very existence has not been known more than three centuries. If America assume a rank in literature and arts to which she has no claim, she must not be surprised to be told that, on the scale of original invention, she is rated very low indeed. The effect which you so kindly intended to be produced, by conveying through my hands Sir Isaac Heard's* Packet to the President, has certainly taken place. Since his return from Virginia, prior to which journey he had desired me to forward a packet for Sir Isaac Heard, which I addressed to you, or to Mr. Boyd for you, by the ship *George Barclay*, since that time I have been honoured by an invitation to dine with him. Except in the honour, believe me there is nothing pleasant in the circumstance; for it is of all others the most dull and unentertaining. The President's reserve, the effect partly I think of pride, partly of constitutional diffidence, throws a restraint on the whole party. The conversation was in consequence uncommonly phlegmatic and trivial, though as the party contracted into a smaller circle, the Secretary of State's strictures on monarchs began to throw a certain portion of animation into it. This gentleman [Thomas Jefferson] is, or affects to be, a most rigid republican; a warm admirer of Thomas Paine, and a vigorous stickler for revolutions and for the downfall of all aristocracy. The death of the King† of Sweden made it extremely probable, he said, that there would be a revolution in that country during the minority of his successor.

The most dignified character in this country (Washington) has a good deal of (I cannot call it republicanism, for he affects state, he loves to be treated with great respect, and (by the by) is not a little flattered, I conceive, by the particular attention of Mr. Hammond not to visit him but in full dress, but of) a certain dislike to monarchy. If Kings were Presidents, or if the President were a King, I believe that aversion would cease. At present he cannot but conceive

* Garter King at Arms.

† Gustavus III., assassinated by Captain Ankarstroem at a masqued ball on March 16th, 1789. He lingered for twelve days. Shortly before he expired, he said, "I should like to know what Brissot will say of my death." Ankarstroem's bust was placed in the hall of the Jacobin Club, next to that of Brutus. The Duke of Sudermania, the minor's grand-uncle, governed as Regent and maintained a strict neutrality.

himself much inferior in dignity and importance to any of them. When he travels, it is in a very *kingly* style; for on his last journey he foundered five horses, and I am informed that his secretaries are not admitted into his carriage, but stand with their horses' bridles in their hands, till he is seated, and then mount and ride before his carriage.

With regard to that same "*lengthy*," Mr. H. says that he bows with submission to your superior knowledge; but he cannot avoid thinking yet, that the word is a good word; and if it be not English, it deserves to be so. For my own justification, I must observe to you, that at the time of reading over the dispatch which contains it, I noticed to him that the word, as far as I could recollect, had not been adopted into our language. But you must have observed numerous instances of new words coined, or old ones applied to a new sense, in the same magazine that has given you such an insight into the manners of the Americans. They plead, I presume, revolution and the rights of man for these innovations in language, and the liberty of talking in bad English is, I suppose, considered as indefeasible as that of doing wrong, when the people unite in such a resolution. What will be the language, or what the national character of a people composed of such heterogeneous particles, collected and huddled together from all parts of the world, it is impossible to say. The mischief of it is, that in the Eastern States, whose inhabitants are almost entirely English, or descendants of Englishmen, they retain all the local idioms and barbarisms from the country from which they migrated. Thus a barbarous dialect becomes a national language, and its corruption is perpetuated. They must act on this point as they have done in their government, and as they have borrowed the most beautiful and useful parts of their constitution from the English model, they must in future ages refer to the language of the same country as the standard by which the purity of their own is to be regulated.

I am ever, my dear Sir,
Your grateful and affectionate,
E. THORNTON.

From Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

MY DEAR LORD,

Your Excellency wishes me to say a little more on the

word "Internally." I can have no objection to tell you what I alluded to, especially as the matter in question forms but a small speck to obscure the general brilliancy of our prospects.

From the confidence I feel in the abilities and virtues of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, who, in addition to those primary qualities, unite that great desideratum of political existence, the most intimate private friendship, and an attachment founded on ties which can never be dissolved, I entertain little apprehension of anything which may arise to counteract the great plans they have hitherto pursued so successfully, or to affect their popularity. There is, however, as we well know, such a thing as Parliamentary management, on which the success of the best concerted and most useful plans ultimately depends; and we also know that numbers alone will not always insure this. Lord Thurlow had, for so many years, carried things in the House of Lords with a high hand, that of course he obtained an influence there, which, when employed on the side of Government, greatly facilitated every measure which was brought forward; and his known talents as a lawyer, and particularly his singular expertness in all points of Scotch Law, had taken from the Administration a considerable part of the weight of affairs in that House. This very consideration had probably a considerable influence in inducing the rest of the King's Ministers to put up with a variety of unpleasant traits in his public character; and, in fact, I have sometimes been unable to attribute to any other cause the great forbearance and good humour which Mr. Pitt has manifested on occasions when no one, who knew what was going forward as well as myself, would have blamed him for acting very differently. It now, however, happens, that circumstances have occurred which have made a continuance of that forbearance impracticable. Those circumstances you are perfectly apprised of, and I need not mention them. They have occasioned Lord Thurlow's dismission from office; and that, in all probability, will occasion his adoption of a hostile line in Parliament. A slight knowledge of human nature leads to this conclusion; but unhappily there are surer grounds for it, from a consideration of the conduct he adopted immediately after this event took place. I do not like to give any individual, be he who he may, more weight in the political scale than he deserves; but undoubtedly, from a variety of circumstances, Lord

Thurlow has a great deal; and I think it not at all unlikely that, out of office and at liberty to take what ground he pleases, he will have more than he hitherto has had. From the present constitution of the House of Lords this, in my opinion, may operate powerfully against Government. Excepting Lord Grenville, all the best speakers there are against us; and, indeed, excepting Lord Grenville, we have not one tolerable speaker there on our side. Lord Grenville has certainly shown very great parliamentary talents since he has acted as Minister in the House of Lords, and has not only made some of the best speeches ever heard within those walls, but has manifested a quickness and capacity for business which rarely has been seen in that Assembly. Powerful, however, as he may be—and very powerful he is—I hold it to be absolutely impossible for any one man to support the whole weight of government business, with hardly an Aide de Camp to assist him, against so formidable a phalanx, as that now existing, of veterans in political intrigue and parliamentary management, reinforced by such talents, experience, and knowledge as those of Lord Thurlow. It is neither suitable to the station or gravity of a Minister, nor indeed is it possible for him, to answer every one who chooses to object or to ask questions; and of this the Opposition appear to be perfectly aware, and of course to act upon. In the last session, Lord Grenville got through these difficulties with great talent and address; but such a kind of warfare cannot continue; and either the friends of Government in the House of Lords must find ability to support him, or aid must be obtained from other quarters. Of the former there is no great expectation; and the latter is full of difficulties. Something, however, must be done before the meeting of Parliament.

From Mr. Burges to Charles Long, Esq.*

Whitehall, October 15th, 1792.

MY DEAR LONG,

I have just had a visit from young Walter, who is furious about the success of character of the *Sun*† and came to

* Secretary to the Treasury, afterwards Lord Farnborough.

† The *Sun*, of which the *Edinburgh Review* once remarked that "it daily appears, but never shines," rose for the first time in 1792, and went on doing so for nearly eighty years, though its principles changed from

me, as to an impartial person, to complain of the partiality shown by Government, and especially by Mr. Rose, to that paper, which he said was very unjust, considering his long services, and the many advantages which Government, and especially Rose, had derived from the *Times*. He told me it was well known that Rose recommended the *Sun*, and patronised its publisher; and he threw out sundry strong hints of Mr. Aust giving early accounts of Foreign Transactions, which he also stated to be very ill usage. He said he knew the people who wrote for this paper; and assured me I might depend upon it, that Coombe wrote "Alfred,"* "Tacitus" and the "Jacobin Emissaries." On the whole, he was very sulky and impudent; and said, if he found things went on as they were now doing, and if he did not find some support from me, who he knew by experience never interfered in the newspaper business, he certainly should not suffer himself to be ruined by the success the *Sun* must certainly meet with, from a priority of intelligence which, he had undoubted information, came from the Treasury and our office. How he procured his intelligence about Rose having recommended the paper, I do not know; but, from what he said relative to this office, I am perfectly satisfied he must have had it from some of the people employed here, who have given him a tolerably correct report of what Mr. A. has said on the subject. This, in fact, amounts to no more than that, as he understood the new paper was intended to be favourable to Government, he would readily contribute as much as he could to its success. From the whole tenor of his conversation, however, it was evident that he had not the slightest idea of either of us having anything to do with it; and he was much too angry not to have mentioned such a circumstance if he had suspected it.

Toryism to the confines of Radicalism. The paper was started by Mr. Pitt and supervised, if not actually edited, by Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Rose. Sheridan once said of the *Sun* there was "one paper in particular, said to be the property of members of that House, which had for its motto a garbled part of a beautiful sentence, when it might, with much more propriety, have assumed the whole:

"Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat?—Ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus
Sæpe monet, fraudemque, et operta tumescere bella."

* Written by Mr. Burges and republished in pamphlet form.

From George Hammond, Esq.

Philadelphia, December 4th, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * * *

I cannot avoid mentioning to you a circumstance which has lately occurred here, and which is deserving of attention perhaps more from its singularity than its *novelty*. A banker in Paris, of the name of Herbert, has lately transmitted to Congress an attested copy of a bond, under the hands of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence, in the sum of £100,000 sterling, for the payment of which they pledge the whole of their property in possession and *expectancy*, and allow the holder of it to subdivide that sum into as many shares as he shall think proper. This Mr. Herbert, probably reflecting on the uncertain tenure of lands in the republic of France, is desirous of purchasing estates in this country, and offers this bond to Congress as security for payment. But that body, having no land to dispose of, passed over in silence the proposition of Mr. Herbert and the bond of the sons of their *ci-devant* Sovereign. I must, however, render this justice to the members of Congress, that, although they thought a *post obit* on the crown of Great Britain a pretty good joke, they have, as far as has lain in their power, endeavoured to prevent the circumstance from being generally known.

From Mr. Burges to Lord Auckland.

Whitehall, February 2nd, 1793.

MY DEAR LORD,

Have you heard that we have got two papers, perfectly attached to us, and considered as the authentic vehicles of such matters as Government chooses to make known? Their titles are the *Sun* and the *True Briton*; and I really think they are very much superior to any we have seen. It was indeed high time to look a little seriously upon our daily vehicles of intelligence; for almost all of them were in the pay of the Jacobins, and contained the most atrocious libels

upon Government, the King, and all those who were not known to be attached to the French interest. A very good man at this moment volunteered as a friend to Government; and in return Government has taken him by the hand, and his papers flourish accordingly. This is a trifling anecdote; but, at a moment when all sorts of tricks are playing, I thought you might like to know where good intelligence was to be procured.

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter from Mme. Du Barry—Letter from Mr. Thornton—Re-election of Washington—Mr. Jefferson's Heroes—Letter to Governor Simcoe—Suicide of the Neapolitan Ambassador—Three Letters from Sir W. Hamilton—"Bakhshish"—The King's Approval of Mr. Burges—Letter from Sir George Staunton—China and the Chinese.

THE following undated letter possesses a melancholy interest, as being perhaps the last ever written by the notorious Mme. Du Barry, mistress of Louis XV. Unfortunately for herself, she obtained her passport, and returned to France, with the intention of disinterring some diamonds and jewels, buried under a tree in her park at Luciennes, near Versailles. She was betrayed by her black page, Zamoro, on whom she had lavished infinite kindness. She was condemned to death, and on her way to the guillotine exhibited the utmost terror. While her companions maintained a decent composure, she shrieked aloud, "Life! life! life for repentance and devotion to the Republic!"*

Mde. du barry a l'honneur de faire mille compliments à Monsieur borgesse—elle le prie de vouloir bien lui faire avoir un passe-port pour Mrs. Mortimer, dame anglaise de sa connoissance, qui part avec elle demain pour Paris, et qui compte s'en retourner en angleterre dans quelque tems (*sic*). Mde. du barry est bien fachée d'être obligée de quitter Londre sans avoir eu le plaisir de voir Monsieur borgesse—il l'obligera infiniment de lui rendre le service qu'elle Lui

* The painful scene is vigorously depicted by Alison, vol. iii. pp. 309–10.

demande—elle espère à son retour, qui sera dans les premiers jours du mois prochain, faire tous ses remerciments à Monsieur borgesse.

London, Bruton Str^e^, No. 31.

From Edward Thornton, Esq.

Philadelphia, March 5, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * * * *

I was present yesterday at the ceremony of administering the oath of office to Mr. Washington on his re-election for the next four years as President of the United States. It was administered by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court in the Senate Chamber, in the presence of the senators and as many individuals as could be crowded into the room. The President first made a short speech, expressive of his sense of the high honour conferred on him by his re-election. There was nothing particular in the ceremony itself.

Our innovating demagogues in England will, I suppose, draw strong inferences in favour of the electing of the first executive magistrate from this instance, which is certainly an uncommon one, of an unanimous choice of a whole people repeated in his favour. I confess I am not disposed to consider this circumstance as so highly honourable to the object of it, as others might be who take a slight view of it. I consider it rather as a mutual concession of prejudices on the part of the people, than as the unanimous acknowledgment of incontestable superiority of merit; and as far as it is honourable to have conciliated opposite tempers and suppressed partial dislikes, I allow that credit to the President. The circumstance which proves incontestably, I think, that I am right in this opinion, is that a great number of votes for Vice-President,* his second, and in certain events his successor, was given to a man whose principles are diametrically opposite to those of the President, and who has been, and still is, the decided opponent of the measures of the present Government, and of the Federal constitution itself. This conduct can be explained on no ground, I think, but either of most strange inconsistency, or of the kind of mutual concession which I mention. After all, it must be said that

* Mr. John Adams, the first Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain.

he is the only man in the whole Continent for whom such concessions would be made.

There was one thing, which I observed yesterday in the Senate Chamber, which, if not accidental, will serve to mark the character of the people, though it was trifling in itself. The portraits of the King and Queen of France, which were presented, I believe, during the war, were covered with a curtain, a circumstance which was not the case most certainly when I have been there on former occasions. Alas! poor Louis!

> "Deserted at his utmost need
> By those his former bounty fed!"

The French, those murderous imitators will, I fear, supply the rest of this passage, and in the very spirit too which actuated the assassins of the unfortunate Darius. I don't know whether I mentioned to you formerly that the key of the Bastile, given to a certain great man here by La Fayette, is hung up in a glass frame in the principal room of the great man's house, with an engraving of Louis XVI., *le patriote Roi des Français*, opposite to it. In the drawing-room of Mr. Jefferson* there are three busts, of Franklin, Paul Jones, and La Fayette, three gentlemen, the first of whom had talents without virtue, the second *deserved* hanging, and the last, not improbably, may meet with that fate. The French principles are gaining ground fast in this country; you will have heard of their rejoicings at the late successes of the French; you will have heard of the attacks upon the President himself for his levées, and other *appendages of monarchy and aristocracy;* the name of "citizen" is bandied about, and in the course of last month a motion was made in the House of Representatives, in the very spirit of Cromwell and democracy, that the mace of that House should be broken up, as a useless bauble, and the silver, of which part of it is composed, sent to the public mint. The mace is somewhat in the form of the ancient Roman Fasces; it consists of thirteen arrows bound together, and an eagle on the top.

With most sincere wishes for the continued happiness of Mrs. Burges and my young friends,

I am,

Most faithfully yours,

EDWARD THORNTON.

* Secretary of State. In 1801 elected third President.

To Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, from Mr. Burges.

Whitehall, April 30th, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received with great satisfaction your very kind and friendly letter, and consider it as a proof that neither time nor distance have diminished the regard I ever shall be ambitious that you shall entertain for me.

Many thanks for the further proof of remembrance and esteem you have manifested towards me by giving my name to one of your new townships. I will do my best not to disgrace my new namesake; and of course I feel a great interest in its welfare and prosperity. Pray how do you manage the allotment of the territory you are thus sub-dividing? Can you give me a grant of land in my own township? It may perhaps be a good thing to have in case of accidents; for, at the rate the Empress of Russia and the King of Prussia are going on, there is no saying how soon we may have a visit from them here. I have lately made myself master of a little freehold in Kent, where I am planting and improving, and where I have an intention to build; and all this on a speculation of England remaining free and undisturbed. I have, however, no wish either that I or my posterity should be governed by Russians, and therefore a good American freehold may be worth having in case of necessity. Pray think of me, therefore, when you are meting out your unappropriated acres, and give me an opportunity of settling if I please, on the banks of a navigable river.

* * * * * * *

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

J. B. BURGES.

This letter was answered on the 23rd of September, but the application for a grant of land was declared inadmissible, because "the Rules of our Council in respect to lands are not to grant any parcel, agreeably to our instructions, but to those who shall reside and cultivate their respective allotments." The township of Burges was situated in the County of Leeds —named after the Duke, and not after the English city.

A most painful duty devolved upon Mr. Burges in June, 1793. He was charged by Lord Grenville to communicate to Sir William Hamilton the shocking details of the suicide of the Neapolitan Ambassador, the Duke of Sicignano. He was comparatively a young man, but had complained some days previously of much pain in the head, and in a jocose manner had asked his friends which was preferable, death by drowning or by shooting. Accompanied by the Prince of Castel Cicala, he had conferred with Lord Grenville for nearly two hours in the afternoon of the 31st of May, and had conversed with the Foreign Secretary with perfect composure and self-possession. He then returned to Grenier's Hotel, where he lodged, and dictated some official letters to his two secretaries, whom he then dismissed, with instructions to return at eight o'clock. His servants he despatched in various directions with notes and messages, and, taking advantage of the solitude, placed the muzzle of a pistol close to his temple. The ball was found in the brain, to which it had penetrated through a very slight aperture in the skull, which was otherwise uninjured. The report of the pistol brought the hotel servants to the spot, and the most skilful medical attendance was immediately procured. Nothing, however, could be done for the sufferer, who shortly afterwards expired in strong convulsions. The first step to be taken was to quiet the scruples of the Coroner, who for a while insisted upon holding an inquest. In the end he waived that point and accepted £100 as a salve to his conscience. The body was then temporarily deposited in a vault in St. Pancras churchyard until arrangements could be made for its conveyance to Naples.

It is a mistake to regard "bakhshish" as a purely Oriental institution. In any case it was not unknown in diplomatic circles at the close of the last century. An amusing illustration of this assertion occurs in Sir Wm. Hamilton's corre-

spondence with Mr. Burges. The question of the customary presents bestowed upon the negotiators employed to bring about a treaty, or commercial convention, is treated as a matter of the first importance, and doubtless it greatly interested the fortunate expectants of such favours. It is better, however, to let the British Minister at Naples tell his own tale.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, July 13th, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

I flatter myself that the business of the Convention is now firmly settled, and that this fair city is no longer in danger of being insulted as it was last year. You will see by my dispatch to Lord Grenville how matters are settled, so that I may come to our private business. Although the subject was somewhat delicate, being myself concerned, I read to General Acton* the part of your private letter to me on the subject of the presents usually made on the signature of treaties. I think with you that there could be no difficulty in settling this matter as they have been lately settled by the Courts of Petersburg and Turin which, as you say, are cases in point. I believe the General would be more inclined to follow the example of the latter than the former, as in the South we are better economists than in the North. As this is my first business of the kind, I am totally ignorant on the subject, but I know in general the presents of this Court have hitherto consisted of jewels, by which both parties are the dupes of the jewellers. I dare say what is proper will be done, but as far as I can with delicacy I shall be for preferring the money to the jewels, both for you and myself.

* Sir John Francis Edward Acton, Bart., of Aldenham, Salop, born in 1736 or 1737, passed through a strange career until he became the favourite of Queen Caroline of Naples, through whose influence he was appointed Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval and Military Forces. In 1803 he retired into Sicily, and died at Palermo in 1811. His brother, Joseph Edward, held for a time the post of Governor of Gaeta. He left two sons, one of whom became a Cardinal. Lord Granville, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, married the widow of the younger son, Baron Acton.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, September 2nd, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

Not until yesterday were the Ratifications exchanged. They are not much used to Conventions here, and they were resolved that the box containing the Great Seal should be like ours, which has cost no small pains and time, but I think they have succeeded very well for the first time. I have paid £500 to the Chancellerie here, and General Acton told me yesterday that the orders are given to pay the same free of all deductions into your office at Whitehall. I have reason to believe that, when the King's presents arrive here for the three Plenipotentiaries, the box with His Sicilian Majesty's picture set in diamonds will be sent in His Majesty's name to Lord Grenville, His Majesty being truly sensible of the kind part his Lordship has taken in an affair which gives him so much satisfaction—but this is *entre nous.*

From Sir William Hamilton.

Naples, November 10th, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Clarke, who will deliver this letter to you, will return immediately to Naples, so that if Lord Grenville should choose to make use of this opportunity of sending the presents to General Acton and the Marquis de Marco, who signed the late treaty, his Lordship may do it safely, and save the expense of a messenger. The Marquis Circello has taken leave of this Court, and is to set out for London in a day or two, so that his box may be kept there for him. General Acton gave me lately, in the name of His Sicilian Majesty, His Majesty's picture on a tortoise-shell box set with three rows of diamonds, and which, as the King's jeweller himself told me, cost His Majesty 3000 ducats, which is between £500 and £600. I have seen the box intended for Lord Grenville, it is nearly twice as rich, and I suppose the Marquis Circello is to present it to his Lordship.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Caserta, March 14th, 1794.

I must tell you a curious fact. I saw in the newspapers the great value of the snuff-box the King of Naples gave

me. The jeweller that set it told me its real value was 3000 ducats, little more than £500, whereas the one sent to Lord Grenville was set by the same jeweller, and cost the Court 6200 ducats, a little more than £1000. I carried the boxes that were sent here for General Acton and the Marquis de Marco to the same jeweller, who valued them at 6000 ducats each, though the one, which I gave in the King's name to General Acton, was better than the other. In these cases one has nothing to do but hold one's tongue; but I wish to tell you the exact truth, as it certainly at home must have been imagined that the box given me was similar to that which was sent to Lord Grenville. As this is the only perquisite that has fallen to my lot in near thirty years' residence, it is hard to have been jockeyed out of half its value by what means I cannot account, as this Government knew that the allowance of the King for these treaty presents was £1000.

From Mr. Burges to Mrs. Burges.

October 23rd, 1793.

* * * * * *

Mr. De Luc * has been with me this morning to impart to me in confidence a conversation he has had with the King. His Majesty told him that, having heard that a difference had occurred between the Duke of Leeds and me, and that his Grace had written to Lord Grenville on the subject, he had asked Lord Grenville whether it was true, and what had been the occasion of it; that Lord Grenville had given him an account of it, as well as of the answer he had sent to the Duke; and that he had added, that he had had every reason to think my conduct in the business perfectly proper; that the King then inquired into the circumstances, and especially whether it was not true that I had resigned at the same time with the Duke, and that I had agreed to stay at the desire of Mr. Pitt, and by the express wish of the Duke himself: he was told it was. "All this," said the King to De Luc, "gave me great satisfaction; and as I know you are very well acquainted with Mr. Burges, perhaps you may know more of the circumstances of the affair than Lord

* Geologist and Natural Philosopher. Author, with large assistance from Miss Burges, of 'Geological Travels in the North of Europe and in England.'

Grenville does." De Luc said he knew that everything that Lord Grenville had said was true, as he remembered calling upon me at the time of the Duke's resignation, but that I had never told him anything that could be construed into any complaint of the Duke; though he had reason to believe that his Grace had not acted properly towards me. "That is my own opinion of the business," said the King; "and I know the Duke of Leeds well enough to be satisfied of his capricious and variable disposition; as, however, I know you have a regard for Mr. Burges, I thought I would tell you all this, that you may make your own use of it, and that you may know what impression the story has made upon me." This sort of confidence naturally led me to some further conversation on the subject; and by degrees De Luc said it would, he believed, be satisfactory to the King to know the other particulars which Lord Grenville had not mentioned. Of course I replied that His Majesty's commands and wishes were sacred to me; that there was not the smallest circumstance I wished to conceal; though I should certainly feel a repugnance to disclose anything which might tend to increase the opinion His Majesty had expressed of the Duke's conduct. De Luc applauded this delicacy; and concluded by saying that both the King and Queen appeared greatly satisfied with me in every respect.

God bless you all.

Affectionately and faithfully yours,

J. B. BURGES.

The next letter is from Sir George Leonard Staunton, a native of Ireland, but educated at Montpellier. He began life as a physician in the island of Granada, but subsequently accompanied Lord Macartney to Madras, as his private secretary. Through a shameless act of jobbery, he obtained a pension of £500 a year, and was created a Baronet. In 1792, when Lord Macartney was sent as Ambassador to the Court of Pekin, Sir George Staunton went with him as Secretary of Legation, and on their return to Europe published a narrative of the mission, which, at the time, was thought interesting.

From Sir George Staunton.

Han-Chow-Fou, in China, N. Latitude 30,
November 12th, 1793.

DEAR SIR,

I expected to have had many opportunities of writing to you from China; but our stay was short at Pekin, and we had no communication with Canton. It is extremely worth while to have come to this country on account of its magnitude, prosperity, and singularity. I have had, indeed, but little opportunity of examining any particular place or thing minutely; but the glance I have had makes me regret I could not take a fuller view. In talking of its extent we must best speak by degrees of longitude and latitude. I fancy it is not much known in Europe that the Emperor of China receives tribute from Princes not very distant from the Caspian Sea. I saw above eighty Tartar Princes come to pay their obedience, or rather make their adorations on the Emperor's eighty-third birthday anniversary. The old man is still vigorous and cheerful, and from being long sincerely devout to the god Fo-hi, he begins to fancy that his favourite deity has vouchsafed to become incarnate in his person: which he thinks may be fairly inferred from his unusual length of days, his continuance of perfect health and uninterrupted prosperity; his subjects, by their attention to him as superior to mortals, maintain him in this opinion; and libations are offered regularly at the shrines of the palaces from whence he is absent, as to the altar of the Godhead. However, though not divine, he is a well-disposed mortal, and was very gracious to us all. There were people about him, however, who looked upon us with an evil eye. The Tartars found this country an easy conquest, and suspect that others might find it so likewise. There is to this hour the utmost antipathy between the Tartars and Chinese, which is kept up by the favour shown to the former, and the depression in which the latter are still held. The common people, indeed, hold in detestation the mandarins of both nations, because they abuse the power of corporal punishment which they possess, never judge a cause without a bribe or bribes, and raise upon the subject about six or sevenfold the taxes imposed by the Imperial Edicts. The mandarins themselves, except those of the very first class, have very trifling salaries from Government, and are become venal

almost by necessity; they feel not the less the precariousness of their situation in case the complaints against them should happen to be listened to; and know they are still more exposed for any offence to a superior, or even for any misfortune happening in his district. If Government, therefore, be most stable where the largest proportion of individuals are satisfied with their condition, and interested in its duration, as is our case in England, the present authority in China, where scarcely any person is satisfied with his situation, may be said to stand on hollow ground. I cannot think it will be kept together if the successor to the present Prince should happen to be of a weak and unsteady mind. I fear that it is to little purpose that I have constantly before my mind your kinsman's list of desiderata for his Cabinet; he may reckon, however, upon my endeavours. If I can but bring him a single article, I hope he will accept it as a token of my wish to bring him more.

I soon hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in England; and am,

Ever, dear Sir,

With the truest respect and regard,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

GEORGE STAUNTON.

As to the political object of our mission, all I can say is, that besides what we have already obtained there is a foundation laid for a great deal more in time.

CHAPTER XV.

Letter from Sir W. D. Brodie—Algerine Corsairs—Negligence of Lord St. Helens—A Christmas Present—Letter to the Rev. Mr. Nares—Post-office Proverbs—Letter from Stanislaus Augustus—Two Letters from Captain G. C. Braithwaite—Complaints against French Republicans and Americans—Letter from Mr. Hammond—Strained Relations—Letter from Mr. Thornton—Riot at Baltimore—American Trade.

THERE is at least some novelty in the letter of a British Consul at Malaga, complaining of the depredations of the Algerine corsairs, chiefly exercised at the cost of the Americans. Towards the latter part of his communication Sir William Brodie confirms what Lord Malmesbury wrote as to the indolence and indifference of Lord St. Helens with regard to the current duties of his post. He was capable of exerting himself when something of a large and urgent character presented itself, but he took little interest in ordinary everyday business.

From Sir William Douglas Brodie.

Malaga, December 14th, 1793.

SIR,

Since my last of the 23rd of October I have not had the pleasure, nor has anything of consequence since then occurred to communicate. The ravages of our barbarian neighbours against the American flag continue with much success, and we are given to understand that the number of prizes already in their possession (and almost all loaded with provisions,

wheat, flour, rice, &c.) exceeds forty sail, and daily augmenting. This circumstance will be severely felt both in Portugal and this Kingdom, but particularly in the former. Our wants on that account will only be temporary, as the cargoes being superfluous and unnecessary in Algiers, will ultimately all be brought to Spain. Although the success of these pirates has been very considerable, yet they are by no means contented, and the Dey so little is, that I am told he has dismissed the greatest part of the commanders and appointed others, supposing that they had not been diligent enough, although I know there are some vessels in their possession that left this port with a fair wind on the 24th of September, whereas these robbers did not pass the Straits till the 6th of October, so that they must have been taken very far to the westward. The Portuguese have got a small squadron of ten sail at Gibraltar, the object of which I am at a loss to account for, as they do not seem to have any particular destiny, unless it is to intimidate the Algerines into terms by a display of their grandeur when the present truce is finished; others participate in the commerce of these seas. At the same time that they seem willing to permit these unfortunate wretches to fall into the hands of the infidels, they give convoy to all American vessels bound to America until a certain latitude, which seems somewhat inconsistent. Colonel Humphries, the American Envoy at Lisbon, made lately a tour of this coast with an intention of passing over to Africa to treat with the Dey of Algiers, for which purpose he is furnished with most ample powers from the President of the United States. He has sent over to know whether or not his person would be secure, and if he could be admitted to an audience with that mighty moharch. I understand he has got a flat denial, and I hope they will not easily succeed, unless by some other channel, through which the trade of Great Britain will not be materially injured, as it would undoubtedly be by a direct understanding.

With Lord St. Helens I remain, as formerly mentioned to you, without being able to get the smallest kind of satisfaction (or even answer to my letters) upon various interesting particulars which I have repeatedly and most particularly represented to his Lordship, which really astonished me beyond conception. I shall continue a little longer my entreaties, and if I do not meet with some redress shall take an opportunity of stating to you the particulars, that you may judge

how little attended to, and of how little consequence the Consuls are in this country, to the very great detriment of our commerce, and to the no less prejudice of our countrymen, who are thereby exposed to have their persons imprisoned, and insulted upon the most trifling pretext, and their property pillaged at the caprice of these despotic governors.

I took the liberty of sending you a quarter cask of wine per the brig *Charlotte*, Captain Hill, to the care of my friends Messrs. J. F. Burnett and Co., of your city, with a couple of boxes of raisins, almonds, and grapes, for the use of your table, which these gentlemen will send you upon their arrival. Wishing you many and happy returns of the season, with the long enjoyment of health and happiness,

I remain, with much sincerity, Sir,

Your most obedient and

Most obliged humble servant,

WILLIAM DOUGLAS BRODIE.

*From Mr. Burges to the Rev. Mr. Nares.**

Downing Street, Wednesday morning,
January 22nd, 1794.

DEAR NARES,

When I came here a quarter of an hour ago I found lying on my table, exactly in the state I send them to you, the three enclosed packets, which I guess to be those about the fate of which you was anxious. They tell me they were so received, and that is all the information I can get respecting them. It is evident they did not come by the post, as they want altogether the outward and visible sign of the Post Office, for as the proverb truly has it,

"A letter sent by post does never lack
A red or sable postmark on its back;"

and it will be evident to you without your spectacles that on these letters there is no such *sine quâ non*. I leave to your

* The Rev. Robert Nares, son of James Nares, the composer and organist, was an able critic and theologian. He founded and conducted the 'British Critic,' and published several useful and learned works. He was Archdeacon of Stafford, Canon of Lichfield, and rector of Allhallows, London. He died in 1829.

superior sagacity to reason upon and account for this phenomenon. It is clear these packets have had a locomotive quality, but I am lost to conjectures as to the mode and time of its being exercised.

Vale.

J. B. B.

P.S. There is another proverb about letters which you would do well to insinuate to the literary giant who sent you the accompanying packets :—

"If you would not your secret thoughts reveal,
You'd better close your letters with a seal."

A good scribe, indeed, never forgets this any more than that other sage proverb, which says :—

"The careful penman never lacks
His box of wafers or his wax."

There is also another proverb which your friend may be reminded of, viz. :—

"The critic, politician, wit, and lover,
Should always put their letters under cover."

Letter from King Stanislaus Augustus.

Warsaw, March 8th, 1794.

MASTER BURGES,

I am not only highly flattered of all you have been pleased to say of obliging for me in your letter of 17th January, delivered through Mr. Bukatij, but am likewise exceeding glad of this opportunity to renew you, sir, the assurance of all my sensibility and acknowledgments for so many proofs of your constant good-will and propensity for my person. I beg you therefore to receive these my lines as a pledge of my sincere gratitude and consideration, as well as of a strong desire to enjoy inalterably the continuance of your friendly disposition, which shall be always not less dear as agreeable to

Your most affectionate,

STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS.
King.

*From Captain G. C. Braithwaite.**

Norfolk, Virginia, April 20th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have heard how much my health has been impaired by the campaign in India. It has not been mended by the confinement of 194 days at sea. However, I am recovering fast all but legs, which are very weak and swelled from the determination of the disorder into those parts. However, neither my exhausted appearance nor remonstrance of the surgeon could prevail upon the French to let me go on shore until the time of the departure of the convoy. Of all these particulars Mr. Hamilton will write to you. We are all greatly indebted to his zeal and activity, and I am now living under his hospitable roof. . . . The French have sung the people of this town into all their principles, and we do not consider ourselves in much greater security here than on board the French ships, and meet with frequent insult, which you will hear from Mr. Hamilton. Although I must consider my having been taken by the French, *with my colours*, a very great *calamity*, nevertheless, now it is over I rejoice that I have seen wonders that nothing but *seeing* could have made me believe, so extraordinary is the change from what I once remember the French nation. I have also received a great deal of information, too long to detail in this hasty letter. The French general received me at his table, and gave me a berth in the gun-room, and used his exertions to prevent our baggage being plundered, all of which is positively commanded by the National Assembly. As to the rest of their conduct towards us (except a few individuals), it was intended to *insult, irritate,* and *intimidate;* but we treated this play upon our feelings with the contempt it deserved. Nevertheless, we were inwardly shocked and angered by their blasphemies and sanguinary expressions, such as wishing to eat our Monarch's head, to be allowed to murder their prisoners, and other the like horrors; reviling the British nation as a band of cowards and villains, &c. By this mode they keep their spirits in a constant flutter, and feed the flame by constant songs and dances till worn out and obliged to come to a

* Son of the Colonel Braithwaite mentioned in Chap. xiii. He was the bearer of dispatches from his father, whose A.D.C. he had been, announcing the capture of Pondicherry and the misconduct of the French garrison.

pause, when they appear totally deprived of the former gaiety of that nation. They all seem distrustful in the extreme of each other, and business, if not communicated to the whole ship's company, is transacted in the presence of two or three officers besides the general. I observed they talked continually to *the public*, and for *the public*, without reason, argument, or thread in the discourse, but only to manifest their *civisme* through thick and thin. And during our stay two captains of frigates were suspected and examined, many other people *denounced* and put in irons, and by the account of our private sailors, many of the French expressed a wish to be taken by the English and released from their misery—which I wish all my countrymen could see.

From Captain G. C. Braithwaite.

Philadelphia, May 10th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

With respect to myself, I embarked on the 20th of September, 1793, on board the *Scorpion* charged with dispatches upon the capture of Pondicherry, which surrendered to my father on the 23rd of August, and on the 12th of January last, in lat. 27° 30″, long. 38°, at 4 A.M., were captured by a French squadron in such a manner that I had only just time to sink my dispatches. Indeed, had more time been allowed, I should not have thought myself authorised in destroying the French colours, as contrary to the custom of war, and with regard to them not reciprocal, as we found in Pondicherry British colours taken last war still in preservation. The French squadron, commanded by the Contre-Amiral Vanstabel, arrived in the Chesapeake on the 10th of February. But the British prisoners were not allowed to acquaint their Consul with their situation and wants till the activity of Mr. Consul Hamilton procured a communication, but as this gentleman will write to you fully upon the subject, and is provided with every means of information, I shall not recapitulate the detail contained in my former letter any more than to assure you that Captain Oakes and the other officers, conscious of their own dignity, and reposing in the power of their country, were never intimidated by the dangers which surrounded us, but continued to answer every abuse with firmness and the superior decency of gentlemen. And in the midst of this irritation, we were somewhat flattered to find how much the British nation occupied their attention, inso-

much that they signalised Mr. Pitt as the most dreadful enemy of France, and wished to make us believe that the monarchs of Europe only obeyed his nod in the present powerful confederacy. At the same time, he enjoys their peculiar hatred, which they express with an unbounded rancour and thirst for vengeance. I could not avoid answering their threats by politely confessing they tended so much to raise him in my esteem, that of all the great men of Europe I looked upon his position as the most enviable to a noble mind; which declaration, contrary to my expectance, was received in good part.

From George Hammond, Esq.

Philadelphia, April 28th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

From my dispatch of this date you will perceive that the ferment in this country has not diminished since my last, and I must confess that if it continue to increase, I cannot be responsible for the preservation of peace with Great Britain for *any* definite period. I have, in regard to this dispatch as to every other during my residence here, deemed it a proper act of deference on my part to confine myself to *facts*, and to leave the *reasoning* upon them to my official superiors. To you, however, as a personal friend, I can express my conviction that, whatever may be the result of the negotiation to which Mr. Jay's * mission will lead, the conduct of His Majesty's Ministers may be satisfactorily explained not only to Great Britain but to Europe in general. The *grievances* which the commerce of this country has really sustained has been most preposterously magnified, and the *rights*, which she claims as a neutral power, are extravagant indeed, when contrasted with the concessions of other Powers neutral in former wars, and consequently ridiculous when asserted by a nation that has not the *means* of enforcing them.

I am ever, with the sincerest esteem, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged friend

And faithful, humble servant,

GEO. HAMMOND.

* Mr. Jay was sent to England as Envoy Extraordinary, and concluded the treaty which still bears his name.

From Edward Thornton, Esq.

Philadelphia, May 27th, 1794.

MY DEAREST SIR,

I presume that I shall very shortly resume my post. I cannot say that I look forward to this period with particular satisfaction: as, since the present causes of dispute have arisen between Great Britain and this country, the *general* malignity against the British name is so much increased when concentrated and pointed against a known Englishman, especially if he has any public employment, that a residence in any part of this country is become extremely unpleasant. At Baltimore solitude or insult is almost my only alternative. In that town, since I left it, the most violent outrages have been committed against persons accused of being friends to Great Britain, and I enclose you a handbill * which, after one of these riots, the Chief Justice of Maryland (Samuel Chase) found himself obliged to circulate in order to insure from the orderly part of the community protection to his own person in the exercise of his duty. Captain Braithwaite, whom I find to be an intimate friend of yours, my dear sir, and who appears to have very superior talents, can relate to you very particularly the nature of the temper which actuates the people of that part of the country, as he has passed through the most inflammatory portions of it (an absolute ordeal), and I believe was actually in Baltimore at the time of the above riot. Whatever may be the termination of the present disputes between the two countries, some most important lessons have been given in the course of them as to the nature and extent of her commercial connections with this continent. Our merchants must hereafter in their accounts of profit and loss calculate the risk of a confiscation of their debts in a given period of years, in the same manner as a West India planter looks forward to a hurricane; and I

* The handbill inclosed by Mr. Thornton is too prolix to be inserted. It may be enough to state that Mr. Chase warns the inhabitants of Baltimore that he will maintain the peace of the city at any cost. Two individuals, a Captain Ramsdell and the commander of a privateer named Sinton, had been tarred and feathered, seemingly at the instigation of a Captain Stodder, who afterwards defied the magistrate to proceed against him. Nevertheless, he intended to commit Captain Stodder and all others who had been arrested, and would refuse to accept bail.

would beg them to reflect whether a less extensive but *certain* trade (or at least with very little danger of loss and none of confiscation, which is by no means impracticable) be not preferable to one which, though it may produce considerable profits, may encounter a tempest which will sweep off the whole at once. The other lesson which respects the West Indies is a still more momentous one. The late embargo on vessels in the United States has discovered a spirit of refined hostility (which has been happily harmless in the present instance, but) which may one day operate most fatally to the colonies in the West Indies and to Great Britain. If they continue to look to the United States *alone* as the source of supply for the necessaries of life (I mean flour and Indian meal), let them beware of any period of national calamity in Great Britain. Whenever that moment shall occur, let but any motive of pique, or caprice, or hostility, or even a commercial speculation actuate the people of this country, and the *sudden* suspension of their supplies will plunge the West Indies in distress, if not in ruin. While the States are the only source of supply, the suspension *can* be *sudden* and must be effectual, and I beg to observe that it can only be so by being unexpected. I am therefore of opinion, my dear sir, that it is the duty and interest of Great Britain to seek out one or many other markets for the West Indies, even at an additional expense to those islands. Let the United States have a share in that trade if necessary; but do not let us encourage a *monopoly* which can never be advantageous to us and may be made the instrument of our destruction. My most affectionate remembrances ever attend Mrs. Burges and my dear young friends. May every blessing of Heaven attend you and yours,

Is ever, my dear Sir,

The wish of your faithful servant,

EDWARD THORNTON

CHAPTER XVI.

Misconduct of Mr. Windham—Mr. Hailes a Diplomatic Failure—Letter to Lord St. Helens—Letter from Mr. F. Daniel—The French Emigrés—Letter to Mrs. Burges—The King takes Particular Notice of Mr. Burges—Letter from Mr. Craufurd—Spread of Jacobinism in Denmark—Letter from Mr. Bowdler—The French Prizes off Spithead—Battle of the First of June—Letter to Mrs. Burges—Appointed Commissioner Privy Seal.

IN June, 1794, Lord St. Helens was at the Hague, whence he wrote to Mr. Burges on the 17th to inquire if he had heard that

His Majesty's Minister at Florence (Mr. Windham) had horsewhipped a Count Corletti on the public walks there for talking *neutral** politics? The thing is certainly true [he continues] and can, of course, be no secret. However, I would not say that it would not be right for either you or myself to be the first to mention it in England. I confess that I by no means approve either of that outrageous proceeding, or of the political horsewhippings which Mr. Hailes is daily inflicting upon Count Bernstorff, and I wish you would let me know in confidence in what light the latter are considered by our principal.

This Mr. Hailes was continually getting into hot water. As Secretary of Legation to the Duke of Dorset in Paris, he

* In October 1793, Lord Hervey presented his third memorial to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, insisting on the immediate departure of M. la Flotté, the French Minister, as the Allies could not allow the Tuscan Government to remain neutral. He carried his point.

was utterly impracticable. He was then sent to Warsaw, where he became a thorn in the side of the unfortunate Stanislaus Augustus. He was accordingly removed to Copenhagen, where he gave great umbrage to the Minister, M. Bernstorff, a Hanoverian by birth and a sincere well-wisher to England, though somewhat alienated by the slights he received from the British Government. Mr. Hailes will be heard of again in the next chapter, but in the meanwhile Mr. Burges's reply to Lord St. Helens shows that he was quite unfit for a diplomatic career.

From Mr. Burges to Lord St. Helens.

Downing Street, June 24th, 1794.

MY DEAR LORD,

Nothing certainly can be more distressing than the conduct of some of our foreign Ministers. With respect to Mr. Hailes, his conduct both in taking up the idle business of the libel, and his subsequent proceedings, have been much disapproved of. He has received a long letter from Lord Grenville on the subject, to which he has sent a very civil answer, which however shows he is not convinced by what has been said to him. This is the second hint of this sort which he has received since I have been here. The first was a very strong check from the Duke of Leeds, in consequence of his behaviour to the King of Poland. I am afraid his present ill-humour will not be very serviceable in the preservation of good harmony between us and Denmark, and I am sorry for it, because we already have causes of complaint enough. As to Mr. Windham's business, it turns out to have been attended with circumstances which render it still more unpleasant than your letter gives me reason to imagine you were acquainted with. I have ground to believe that Lord Grenville has not seen Count Corletti's letter; and as it must on every account be of a nature extremely unpleasing to him, I have not judged it right to be the first to communicate it. From the zeal shown in its circulation, however, I take it for granted it will soon be generally known.

From F. Daniel, Esq.

(Undated, but placed among the correspondence of this period.)

DEAR SIR,

The chief magistrate of Brussels, upon refusal of non-residence to a noble emigrant, concluded with this remark, *C'est vous, monsieur, et vos confrères, qui causent tous les malheurs de l'Europe.*

It seems to be the determination of all the German States, &c., not to grant any asylum to the emigrants; but obliging a man to carry a musket contrary to his inclination and perhaps *tempérament physique*, shows a want of policy on the one hand, and liberality on the other. It is very certain that the emigrants in many cities act with the usual imprudence of Frenchmen. Frequenting gambling-houses, &c., *car il faut vivre.* Running in debt is natural enough, and money borrowed is to return four hundred (on getting back to France) for twenty-five. I made it a point of frequenting the *tables d'hôte* in the different towns I passed through, and it appears that three principles actuated the emigrants—*l'honneur, l'ambition, et la crainte.* Two-thirds emigrated from ambition, and the other third may be divided between honour and fear. All the emigrants acknowledge this, and, what is very flattering to an Englishman, they all speak in raptures of the generosity of the British nation. But a Frenchman will be a Frenchman as long as he lives, and though Great Britain acts a noble part in this present very interesting period, yet consequences must be attended to, and conclusions drawn. Fifty thousand emigrants know the geography and almost every inch of the Low Countries, &c., ten thousand that of England. Journals are kept, remarks made, &c. What forms and completes a good general is knowing the *local.* I do not choose to prophecy, but if the emigrants are restored to their possessions without France being dismembered, it will be the worst day that Europe ever saw, and particularly Great Britain.

From Mr. Burges to Mrs. Burges.

Dartmouth Street, June 5th, 1794.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Yesterday (the King's birthday) exhibited a very different

scene from that which our Jacobin friends had intended for us. Nothing could surpass the magnificence and universal loyalty which was manifested not only at St. James's, but all over London. The Court was more crowded than I ever remember it. The Queen was a mass of diamonds. She was very kind and civil to me, as she always is: but the King was more so than ever. He drew upon me the eyes of the whole room by the length and subject of the conversation he honoured me with. After the usual questions, whether anything had arrived and whether I thought we should receive any accounts soon, he began upon our new official arrangements, and made many inquiries whether I found them turn out as well as I had told him I hoped they would. When I had answered these, he said, "I have had a very long experience of public business, long indeed at my time of life, for I am afraid it is more than three and thirty years since they have been my constant employment; and in such a period one cannot, you know, avoid contracting some prejudices. Now, one of my prejudices was that the old way I had been used to was the best. But I confess I have now altered my opinion; for I find your new arrangement is a great improvement." On my expressing my satisfaction, he looked full in my face, and, after a short pause, "I do, indeed," said he, "find a great improvement in all respects. I have every reason to be pleased with your department. Nothing can exceed the manner in which your business is done. I cannot but take notice of the difference there is between the red and green boxes I receive; and I have a pleasure in telling you that I find this difference remarkably increased since you took the northern department." You may guess how I received this and what I said about gratitude, encouragement, &c. He replied, "Your department, above all others, requires ability and honour; you have much to do, and that of the most confidential nature; but it is all done in a manner which proves the truth of my old opinion, that no man can truly be said to possess sense and talents who does not also possess the integrity and virtue without which they are as useless as folly." He then appealed to the Chief Justice Eyre, Lord Effingham, and one or two more near us, whether this was not true; and, on their acquiescing, he said to me, "I know everyone must be of that opinion, and for my part I always value characters of this sort, and think them the only men deserving of being employed in important departments." So ended our conversation, which

lasted in the whole at least ten minutes, and which I assure you made a very considerable impression, as it was immediately easy to perceive. I send Charles an immense collection of almonds, which I trust you will superintend in such a manner as to prevent them from having a bad effect on the young stomachs of our flock.

God bless you all.

Ever most affectionately yours,

J. B. BURGES.

From James Craufurd, Esq.

Copenhagen, June 24th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

We yesterday had the pleasure of receiving your letter, containing the *Gazette* with the account of Lord Howe's most brilliant victory, on which I sincerely congratulate you. The successes of His Majesty's arms have a particularly good effect here, but I cannot by any means agree with Mr. Hailes in what he says in his last dispatch: "that if His Majesty and his allies should deem it expedient to demand the removal of the French agents from this country, and, in case of refusal, threaten to suspend all commerce and communication with it, in its infected state, the most beneficial consequences would result to the Danish Monarchy." I think that very doubtful. Certainly the removal of the French agents would be attended with the best effects to this country, provided it could be accomplished without producing a convulsion; but I very much question, whether, if this Government were disposed to take such a step, they would not have much to apprehend from the dissatisfaction which it would not fail to occasion here. Jacobinism has made great progress here. The Navy, the Law, the Bourgeoisie, are universally infected with it, and in Norway all classes without exception. These form a body which the Government, in its present state of weakness, dares not to resist, particularly as the army is by no means to be depended upon. The height to which the mischief is already grown is, it may be said, the strongest reason that can be given for the removal of those who have so much contributed to its introduction; but, on the other hand, it must be considered that the juncture is extremely critical. The error of this Government, in not endeavouring to give a different turn to

the minds of the nation, which they might have done, was egregious; but it is highly probable that, if they were now to take any strong measures which should not fall in with the reigning disposition, they would be attended with the greatest and most immediate danger. I have the honour to be with great regard,

My dear Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

JAMES CRAUFURD.

From Thomas Bowdler, Esq.*

Cowes, July 3rd, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

The newspapers will have given you a better account of the King's visit to the fleet than I can do. I shall only say that it was the finest sight I ever beheld. The repairs of the fleet are almost complete, but the *Brunswick* remains as she was, and presents a *lively* picture of a sea-fight. This, however, is nothing to the appearance of the French prizes. You would be astonished that any person on board them could have escaped, if you saw in what manner the cannon-balls have penetrated every part of them. To an ignorant man like myself they appear very ugly ships, but when viewed with a seaman's eye, I am told they are thought very fine ones. The *Sans Pareille* is fourteen feet longer than the *Charlotte*.† All the prizes are much damaged, but all are

* The well-known author of 'Letters from Holland,' editor of the 'Family Shakespeare,' and expurgator of Gibbon. He died in 1826. George III. inspected the fleet off Spithead on June 30th.

† The *Queen Charlotte*, of 100 guns, was Lord Howe's ship in the famous battle of the First of June. The French Admiral, Jean Bon St. André, showed the white feather, and took refuge in the hold of his flag-ship, the *Montagne*, of 120 guns. Mr. Canning wrote of him in the *Anti-Jacobin*:

"Poor John was a gallant captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon
On the First of June,
But he bade the rest keep fighting."

The English sailors called him M. Jambon, and said that he fled to save his bacon. It was in this sea-fight that *Le Vengeur* went down.

capable of being repaired and fitted for service. Almost all our captains behaved well, but George Berkley and Hugh Conway are the most spoken of. On the other hand Molloy's conduct is much censured, and it is supposed must be referred to a court-martial. Two other captains are said not to have done quite as much as they might have done, and a lieutenant on board the *Marlborough* is reported to have run from his station, and though brought back repeatedly, to have been unable to stand the fire. These are the only exceptions I hear to the good conduct of our fleet. It is universally said that the seamen never behaved better in any action, and that their spirits and courage and exertions appeared to increase in proportion as the engagement became closer, and warmer, and longer. This was not the case with the French. They had been promised a speedy and certain victory. They began the action with great courage, but when they came to close quarters, and no appearance of the English giving way, many of them could not be kept on deck. The prisoners say that the English did not attack them like men, but *comme des loups affamés.* It is confidently said that the French fired hot balls from three ships, but with little effect. I have tried to obtain certain information of this fact, but cannot positively affirm it. One gentleman pointed out to me the black marks of them in the side of the *Brunswick,* but he did not absolutely convince me. Our having fired *dollars* from the *Leviathan* is better ascertained, for I believe it is really true that we fired shot which had been brought from Toulon, in one or more of which dollars were concealed, and the shell of the shot bursting when it struck the French mast, the dollars fell on the deck. Four ships of the line did undoubtedly join the French fleet between the 29th and the 1st. Taking every circumstance into consideration, it is generally allowed in the fleet that this victory is the most glorious that we ever obtained.

Your very sincere friend,

THOS. BOWDLER.

From Mr. Burges to Mrs. Burges.

Downing Street, July 18th, 1794.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

I am now to acquaint you that I have just received

intimation that a high dignity is about to be conferred upon me. Don't be alarmed at this information. I am not going to be knighted, or made a peer, or a baronet. From the present state of public affairs it has been deemed advisable to send a sort of Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor. The person fixed upon for this purpose is Lord Spencer. As he became Lord Privy Seal last Wednesday, it is now necessary to put the Privy Seal in Commission, as the Great Seal is during the absence of a Lord Chancellor. A commission for this purpose is now preparing, by which myself, Mr. Nepean,* and Mr. Stephen Cotterell, are appointed Commissioners, and shall immediately be invested with this new dignity, which will not, I believe, give us any great trouble. This is a matter settled by our Ministers, and was begun and finished without my knowing anything about it. So you see, in addition to my present honours, I am become the third part of a Lord Privy Seal and Cabinet Minister. I have no idea what the pecuniary advantages of this appointment are, but I suppose they must be something; and should any vacancies of clerks, &c., happen during our reign, we shall have the patronage. This is the only novelty which has occurred since yesterday; except that Windham entered upon his ministerial functions this morning by sending for a quarter of a pound of gingerbread nuts and eating them in my room with myself and Sir William Scott.†

Most affectionately and truly yours,

J. B. BURGES.

* Afterwards Sir Evan Nepean, Bart.

† Sir William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, was tutor to Mr. Burges at Oxford.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Ministerial Changes—Under Secretaries of State in Alarm—Mr. Burges Tranquil—Mr. Windham—Mr. Pitt's Influence diminished—Mr. Burges offered Diplomatic Employment—Letter from Mrs. Burges—Offer declined—Letter from Lord Grenville—A Venison Banquet to French Nobles—Letter from Mr. Wagner—Dearness of Living in the United States—Chilly Reception of Dr. Priestley.

THE Parliamentary session of 1793–94 had satisfied Mr. Pitt as to the absolute necessity of widening the foundations of his position. The obstructiveness and consequent dismissal of Lord Thurlow had practically left him with only one representative in the Upper House, in the person of Lord Grenville. In the Lower House he was supported by Mr. Dundas, but the work of explanation and defence demanded a wider exposition and a more varied eloquence. It seemed expedient, therefore, to strengthen the Cabinet by the introduction of several moderate Whigs whose accession would at least weaken the Opposition. The third Secretaryship of State, which was suppressed in 1782, was now revived, to enable the Duke of Portland to have a seat in the Cabinet. Individually, the Duke was a useless adjunct to any Ministry, but his influence was too great to be slighted. He accordingly received the Seals for the Home Department, while Lord Grenville remained at the Foreign Office and Mr. Dundas presided over War and the Colonies, with Mr. Windham as Secretary at War,—with a seat in the Cabinet; Earl Fitzwilliam as Lord President of the Council; and Earl

Spencer as Lord Privy Seal. The death of Lord Camden and the resignation of the Marquis of Stafford facilitated these changes. Lord Spencer, however, was sent abroad on a temporary mission, and, as shown in the last chapter, his ministerial function was intrusted to a commission consisting of Mr. Burges, Mr. Nepean, and Mr. Cotterell. The respectable, if inane, Mr. Welbore Ellis became in the eightieth year of his age Lord Mendip, and Lord Porchester was created Earl of Carnarvon. The Duke of Portland also received the Garter, and his son Lord Titchfield was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex. These changes and chances came to pass in the month of July, 1794, but the year had not expired before further modifications were introduced. Earl Fitzwilliam was sent to Dublin as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Earl Spencer became First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Mansfield President of Council, and Earl Chatham Lord Privy Seal. Pitt was always more considerate to his brother than was consistent with a strict sense of duty to his country. Lord Chatham was equally incompetent in peace and in war, and was wholly unfit for any post that was ever confided to him. Jobbery and nepotism were, however, still the order of the day, and in those respects Mr. Pitt was not at all in advance of his contemporaries.

In reporting these political incidents to his wife, Mr. Burges, fortified by his inexpugnable self-complacency, expresses himself as quite at ease with regard to his own position. The Duke of Portland might have "many hungry dependents to provide for," and some of the other Under Secretaries might entertain gloomy forebodings, but, for his part, his bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne. Lord Grenville, he wrote, knew when he was well off, and was too wise to part with a man who was useful to him, and he therefore felt quite secure as to his own stability.

I never indeed apprehended [he continues] that I was in any danger, because I knew he could not find any one who could do what I do, and because I recollected what the King said to me on the Birthday, which I hold to be sufficient to insure my official existence. But, while intrigues of this nature are going on, there is no answering for what may happen. Fortunately, however, my peculiar department is now extremely important. Talents and experience are absolutely necessary for its management; and, as Lord Grenville wishes to be as much as he can in the country,* this favourite plan must have been overturned if any other person had stepped into my place.

He then proceeds to show how it is that he must be personally indispensable to the Cabinet. The Duke of Portland had not been in office for ten years, while Earl Fitzwilliam and Mr. Windham were without any experience in the conduct of public affairs. They would therefore be compelled to have recourse to the only person who could supply them with the information they needed. To facilitate this communication he had voluntarily removed his clerks into another room, so that the spacious reading-room, which adjoined his own, would be at the disposal of the twelve Ministers who now constituted the Cabinet. For so doing he had been warmly thanked by Lord Grenville, and he hoped to consolidate his position by laying Ministers under frequent acts of obligation. With respect to the changes themselves, Mr. Burges had the sagacity to foresee that Pitt would have reason to regret that he had given a firm footing in his Cabinet to a clique upon whom he could not implicitly rely, whose connections and views were different from his own, and who would sooner or later endeavour to gain the ascendency.

The head of this party [he continues] is undoubtedly Windham, who, now become a Cabinet Minister, will naturally look to be a *leader* in the House of Commons, and who – as I

* At his newly purchased country seat at Dropmore.

well know, though I fancy Pitt does not—is a man not only of very great abilities, but of immense pride, ambition, and resolution; who fears nothing, who will never submit to act a second part; who has abilities to sustain a first, and who naturally will be supported by the powerful aristocracy with whom he is connected; who possesses all the arts of forming and increasing a party, and who is certainly in high personal favour with the King. And I have reason to think Lord Hawkesbury is of my opinion. Jenkinson* was with me yesterday. Conversing on this subject, he made the following observation: "Things are now likely to take a new turn in the Cabinet. Mr. Pitt has hitherto been absolute, and the other members have had no more to do than to give their opinions and to submit to his, unless when Grenville chose to make a stand. At present, unless I am much mistaken, a member of the Cabinet, who knows how to manage matters well, may do a great deal with a *casting vote*." As Jenkinson is a mere echo of his father, I have no doubt this is Lord Hawkesbury's sentiment, and will be his line of conduct. Indeed, the King seems to be the greatest gainer from this arrangement. For many years his hands have been completely tied up. He has had no other option than that between Pitt and Fox, who have divided the country and the House of Commons between them.* As he was determined not to employ the latter, he of course fell under subjection to the former. At present, a third party is formed. If he quarrels with Pitt, he has Windham to resort to. I really think that, till now, the King never was his own master; and, from my personal knowledge of His Majesty, I am satisfied he will be very well inclined to avail himself of the freedom he has thus acquired. I suspect Lord Grenville is much of my opinion. Everybody has been surprised at his conduct on this occasion. Instead of taking the part in the new arrangement which appeared so natural, he has been almost the whole week at Dropmore, studiously avoiding even the appearance of interfering in it; so much so, as to occasion inquiries from every one as to the reason of his being absent at such a moment. As he never does anything without a good cause, I am satisfied he has abstained from taking part in the business that he may hereafter feel himself

* Robert Banks Jenkinson, son and heir to Lord Hawkesbury, afterwards Earl of Liverpool and Prime Minister of England.

entirely at liberty to act as he may find most suitable; satisfied in the mean time with having gained the King's perfect good opinion, and as great a share of his private regard as I believe His Majesty is now capable of bestowing on any of those employed in his service.

Ever my dearest love,
Most affectionately and truly yours,
J. B. BURGES.

Mr. Burges was not long in discovering that he was less indispensable in the Foreign Office than he imagined. On the 21st of August, barely six weeks after the date of the letter in which he had boasted that his seat was likely to be as permanent as that of Theseus in the Shades, he had occasion to inform his wife that he had been offered his choice of going as Minister to Copenhagen or to Switzerland—the object being to appoint a new Under Secretary of State in his room.* The appointment, he believed, would be worth

* *Letter from Lord Grenville.*

St. James's Square, August 19th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have chosen this way as the easiest to us both to mention to you an idea which has occurred to me, and which I flatter myself may not be by any means disagreeable to you, at the same time that I will not conceal from you that it would fall in with, and considerably facilitate, other arrangements which I wish to make.

The circumstances of our situation with the Court of Copenhagen seem evidently to require the recall of Mr. Hailes, whose further stay there must be both unpleasant to himself and injurious to the King's service. In casting about for a successor fit to replace him at this critical period I see no person whom I should be as well satisfied to send there as yourself, and the situation would certainly afford you the means of rendering no inconsiderable service to the Government, and to the public, by restoring and maintaining our affairs there on the footing on which they naturally ought to stand, and for which the occasion seems very favourable.

If, however, the mission to Switzerland should for any reason present itself to your mind in a more agreeable shape, I apprehend that Lord Robert Fitzgerald would willingly make the exchange, though I will freely own that, considering the nature of the business now pending

£3000 a year, and, as he should only accept it as a favour to Lord Grenville, he should stipulate for a pension to be settled upon her. He adds that he cannot much longer endure the overwhelming fatigue and anxiety of his present occupation, that the post at Copenhagen is of the first importance to the interests of the country, and that "the King and Lord Grenville are sensible of my being better qualified than any other person to undertake so important a business." In the line now opened to him, he continues, "Talents are in the most conspicuous point of view. I shall undoubtedly set out with immense advantages in every respect, and with a double chance of arriving at the highest diplomatic honours." The decision he leaves entirely with Mrs. Burges, protesting his own readiness to make every personal sacrifice for the sake of herself and their children. The lady's perspicacity was greater than that of her husband. Her letter raises the curtain so far as to afford glimpses of various unpleasantnesses not otherwise revealed to the editor. Towards Lord Grenville himself Mrs. Burges appears to have entertained feelings the reverse of flattering, and she expresses herself with a feminine vehemence and directness of purpose that leave no doubt of her earnestness and sincerity.

Letter from Mrs. Burges.

August 21st, 1794.

"I would in your place send the most decisive negative to

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between this Court and that of Copenhagen, I should be much better satisfied with the arrangement I have first mentioned. Either of them would in other respects coincide with the other plans I have in view.

I do not of course wish to hear from you till you have had time enough to turn thoroughly in your mind a point of so much importance to yourself, but I should wish this thing not to be talked of.

Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

GRENVILLE.

Lord Grenville's two proposals, without the slightest notice of the personal views he intimates. My feelings would lead me to sacrifice as much to your delicacy as the most refined sentiments could suggest, but to sacrifice aught to the selfish and ungrateful being whose letter you send me, I should disdain, and respect myself too much even to think of it. One of two motives has occasioned his letter—envy at the applause you have received both from the King and abroad, or offence taken at your having supplied his neglect, and marked it by the unsigned dispatch you sent to Lord St. Helens, or the spirit with which you adjust your claim in opposition to Mr. Nepean, and your venturing to discover that your rights are the same as his Lordship's.

Do not, I beseech you, let your feelings betray you; Lord Grenville can have no motive for his offer he dares avow. The public is a consideration to which he will never sacrifice anything. You can never be in a situation in which you can serve it more. If I ever had been doubtful of Lord Grenville's want of feeling, his letter in which he unblushingly mentions his private considerations to a man, his conduct to whom does not entitle him to expect that with him they can have any weight, would perfectly satisfy me on the subject. Indeed I am so perfectly satisfied on the whole business that the proposal has no other motive but his Lordship's own views, his own jealousies, and his own fears, that, even if you remain, I should in your place feel none of that awkwardness you mention. You cannot despise him more—he cannot consider you less than he ever has done. If he wishes you very much out, and as I am perfectly satisfied cannot avow his motives, he will make you a *pont d'or* to retire on. Do not, I beg of you, assist him in the exertion; leave all the dirty work to him; understand nothing that can be misunderstood. Be malicious. Oblige him to speak plainly, or to pay well the permission of being silent. I do not know whether you will seize my idea. If you do, you will feel yourself too much above him to consider, or fear him. Do not listen to any offer out of England. At any time I do not think it desirable; at this time, it is particularly to be avoided. If you agree with me in opinion write immediately—if not, take time, as he desires, to answer. Come if possible here on Saturday; I shall be alone till Tuesday, as Mr. Trollope goes to town. It is impossible to write and still more to connect all I think on this subject.

If you are doubtful as to the propriety of what I advise, we will talk it over; you will either convince me, or I shall influence you. To discover what is right being our mutual object, we cannot long revolve a subject and differ.

Your health and ease with me will ever be the first consideration—my own interest never. The cold and unpleasant climate of Copenhagen will neither conduce to your health nor enjoyment. The offer of Switzerland I consider as an insult, there not being the slightest veil to deceive you and blind the public. If I submitted to be kicked, it should be upstairs, not down.

On every occasion you have spoiled me; I give a full proof of it in venturing to set down what I would write to Lord Grenville:—

"My Lord,

"It is perfectly unnecessary to take the time your Lordship is so obliging as to give me to consider your proposal, as not anything can be more contrary to my inclination than the accepting of either of the situations you mention.

"I have the honour to be,

"My Lord, &c. &c. &c."

I am perfectly satisfied it is equally becoming, and your interest, not to give his Lordship the least loophole. Leave everything, as I have already said, to him, for which reason I reject any additional sentence, "Of your flattering yourself that any abilities you may have, are exercised as much to the advantage of the public in your present situation, or any other that may offer in this country, as in the diplomatic line to which you have no inclination." Excuse all this, and believe me ever

Most fondly and faithfully yours,

A. Burges.

It is a little surprising to learn from Mr. Burges's answer, dated the 22nd of August, that the sentiments expressed by his wife were exactly those he himself entertained. In writing as he did, he was only anxious to obtain her unbiassed opinion. He proposes to act precisely as she

suggests. He cares nothing for Lord Grenville, who has always behaved to him in an unhandsome manner. He will not move from his post without receiving an adequate compensation. Mr. Pitt was a very different sort of person. As a man of honour and feeling he could be trusted not to overlook the circumstance that it was at his "personal and pressing instance" that Mr. Burges consented to remain in the Office in 1791. In any case, they who wished to get rid of him must construct for his retreat a bridge made of gold, and not of base metal. His answer to Lord Grenville was simple enough.

Downing Street, August 21st, 1794 (half-past 8 P.M.).

MY LORD,

Having fully considered the proposals contained in your Lordship's letter of this day, I have the honour to acquaint you that, as nothing can in every point of view be more contrary to my inclinations, and as I have reason to believe, to those of my family, than the acceptance of either of the situations you mention, I must beg leave to decline them. I have the honour to be, with great truth and respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and
Most faithful, humble servant,
J. B. BURGES.

In reply, Mrs. Burges duly commended the propriety of her husband's sentiments, and exhorted him to be on his guard against himself. "I am sensible," she adds, with fond partiality, "how difficult it is for a generous temper to bear unmoved the unfeeling selfishness of a being you despise, but the consideration that you alone can give him any advantage over you will, I hope, be sufficient to restrain your feelings to your own breast." On the following day, the 23rd of August, Mr. Burges informed his wife that, although Lord Grenville had been at the Office, he had neither seen him

nor heard from him; that he proposed to insist upon a twofold compensation for retiring into private life—namely, the title of Privy Councillor and a pension of £1000 a year; and that if these terms were refused they would have to turn him out. On the 25th he again wrote to say that Lord Grenville had that morning received him "with many smiles and in a perfectly gracious manner," but that their conversation was wholly of an official character. After a meeting of the Cabinet they renewed their discussion of business matters, and parted without the slightest allusion on either side to their late correspondence. The same thing happened on the morrow, though Mr. Burges was able to add, on the authority of Mr. Long, that £5 a day would be equally divided between the Commissioners of the Privy Seal. On that point, however, he was mistaken, for, in his letter of the 30th of August, he remarks:—

> We have just put the Privy Seal to our own allowance warrant of £4 by the day, in lieu of the ancient allowance of sixteen dishes of meat. These are the words of the warrant. Lord Spencer is still at Vienna and is, I suppose, likely to continue there for some time longer. So much the better for us, especially as I find but a small portion of the fees will come to us.

In September Mr. Burges, having received a present of venison, invited several distinguished French émigrés to partake of it.

> All of them [he writes] people of the highest rank, and but a few years ago flourishing in prosperity, power, and wealth; and now with hardly a coat to their backs, and with hardly a shilling in their pockets; but, however, men of the highest politeness and good breeding, full of entertaining anecdotes, and, in spite of all that has happened and is still happening, of good and lively hopes of a change of fortune. I was very much pleased with my guests, and they appeared to be equally so with their host; so we passed a very pleasant

evening, for they seemed perfectly reconciled to the English custom of sitting after dinner and drinking anti-Jacobin toasts, and no one made the least attempt at breaking up the party till near ten o'clock. I left the management of things to Hertzlett, who employed to dress the dinner an acquaintance of his, one Mrs. Jones, who formerly lived with your grandmother at Putney as cook, and who provided a very good dinner. I borrowed some knives and forks from Mortimer Street; and, with the addition of my good wine, I succeeded extremely well in my enterprise. There was not one of the party who was not more or less acquainted with your family, of which they spoke in very high terms, both as to their blood and their reputation.

A Mr. J. M. Wagner, a gentleman engaged in American commerce, imparted some interesting information to Mr. Burges respecting the productions and industries of the United States, together with some curious notes on the comparative expense of living on the opposite coasts of the Atlantic.

London Coffee House, October 7th, 1794.

Those productions of the country [he wrote] which form the principal necessaries of life are at present so exorbitant, that it is impossible for a labouring person to live under nearly one half additional expense that he could in this city (London), and he could not procure equal comforts even at this additional price. The productions of the country are not of so good quality as the same articles produced in England, except flour, and notwithstanding the baker sells his bread at a much higher price than it is sold in London, and it is not so good in quality for want of yeast, &c., which makes it almost unfit for use the second day after being made. Vegetables are treble what they would cost in Covent Garden Market, and perfectly insipid and tasteless, so much so that blindfolded you can hardly taste the difference between green peas and a cabbage. Beef, mutton, veal, and even poultry are equally inferior to our own. Such as looks tolerably well when made up by the butcher, appears on the table poor and lean, the fat dissolving in boiling or roasting. The most common necessaries such as milk, beer, soap, candles, and many other articles I could enumerate,

are very bad in their kind, and at such prices as I should run the risk of having my veracity called in question to mention. The common beer drunk by most people is made from bran, by pouring hot water thereon, and mixing the beverage with molasses, the drainings from the brown sugar in all its filth as imported from the West Indies. I cannot conceive how the common labourers support themselves, for there is no production of the country which they can afford to buy that can be substituted for the beer, porter, and cheese of old England. Indeed the pallid, squalid, ragged appearance of my poor deluded countrymen, after having been in that boasted, free, independent, happy country of America for only six months, sufficiently evinces the superiority of the English food and English clime. Many, very many, of them have I seen with tears lament their leaving this country, cursing those villains who could, to make their land speculations turn out profitable by an increasing population in America, entice them by false representations, and the allurement of making quick fortunes, to leave their own country; wishing to return, but cannot save a sufficient sum to pay for bringing them home. They were deceived with the idea of being without taxes, of having higher wages and less labour; not considering or knowing that every article of food and raiment would cost them double that it did here; not knowing that the climate of America was hotter in the summer than it is in the West Indies, and colder in winter than it is in Russia; ignorant that labour in this country was an amusement when compared to labour in that country; and uninformed of the high price of wood for firing, and the huts given for houses, which is more than double what it is even in London. Many of them laid out their little all in the purchase of estates which proved to be air castles, and they were glad to dispose of them at one half the cost. The truth is, America pays as great taxes as in this country; I mean, a house in America of equal goodness to a house in this country will pay as great a sum to Government. It makes no difference to the payer that the rent of the house is double in America. A dwelling-house that you pay £25 per annum for in this country would bring in £100 in Philadelphia, on which £20 taxes will be levied; on such a house here I believe the tax would not be so much. The duties on all imports will sufficiently point out what taxes are paid in America, and also prove that it is the poor who

pay all the taxes there, as the duty is on every necessity, for clothing, &c. Here the rich are taxed in a higher proportion than the poor and laborious.

In respect to the reception of Dr. Priestley in America, no proper conclusion can be drawn from those addresses which were made him by the insignificant clubs at New York and Philadelphia, which are composed of men of very indifferent character and generally desperate fortune. I can assert from my own knowledge and observation that he did not meet with a favourable reception, and that very few respectable inhabitants even complimented him with an invitation to their houses. Their slight was even carried so far as to refuse him the use of a pulpit, though requested repeatedly, and he has not yet had a single opportunity to preach in any place of worship since his arrival on the continent. He acknowledges himself to be much deceived and disappointed in his idea of America, and has more than ever expressed a wish to return to this country. He appears much altered in his health since I saw him in Birmingham; and, so far as a judgment can be formed from appearance, unhappy in himself. There are many more of the same principles with himself in the same situation, and it requires no great degree of penetration to predict the return of many, in another year. Amongst them I am inclined to think the Doctor himself will be one.* He and a kind of company have made a large purchase of lands, far back in the country, which eases them of their superfluous cash quickly, and convinces them, to their sorrow, that the form of government established in America is not such as will produce the greatest degree of happiness to mankind. The want of order, decorum, and a decent degree of subordination, which the Doctor finds the want of in America, will convince him, if not already done, that his speculative system for governing nations is erroneous, and can only answer when mankind are free from all sin, when there can be no occasion for any form of government whatever. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. M. WAGNER.

* Dr. Priestley lived and died at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania. His death took place in 1804.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The King and the Duke of Leeds—Epigrams on the Duke of Portland—Destruction of the 37th Regiment—Supping not Wisely but too Well—Pressure of Business—Mr. Burges at the Play—The Drawing Room—Recall of the Duke of York—Cruelty of the Dutch—The Princess Royal—Unhappiness of the Princesses.

MR. BURGES again describes himself as being in great request, and then gives a curious history of an interview between the Duke of Leeds and the King, which is not mentioned in any hitherto published life of Pitt.

Letter from Mr. Burges to his Wife.

Downing Street, October 14th, 1794.

Every day messengers arrive from Holland, and every messenger adds to the alarming intelligence brought by his forerunner. This keeps our Ministers upon the alert. They are all at this moment assembled in my next room, which is now become the seat of the Cabinet. Since matters got to their present crisis my importance appears to have greatly increased, and indeed I seem to be considered as the only person who can be employed, not only in my own, but in other branches of public business. The consequence is my being continually engaged, and my being every moment wanted for something or other. I have been obliged to abandon my system of not employing any clerks but those who are particularly attached to me, both for their sake and for my own; and I now have several others, as their services are wanted. Thank God, my health continues very good, but I have no prospect of being spared for a moment; nor indeed could I be absent for even a few hours without risk, as messengers are coming in early and late, without its being

possible for me to know when they can be expected, or indeed when it may be necessary to send off messengers of our own. One main reason of my being in such request at present is my being the only person (except Lord Grenville) who can write French well; and this quality is now particularly desirable. I have had much practice in it lately, and have considerably improved.

I have learnt a very curious anecdote of the Duke of Leeds, which does great credit to his modesty and good sense. Before the present Ministerial arrangement took place, and when the negotiation for that purpose was depending, many difficulties, as you will readily believe, arose as to the manner in which it was to be adjusted. The Duke, having heard of this, and conceiving that a favourable opportunity was thereby afforded to him of again coming into power, devised a plan which he submitted to his Cabinet Council, consisting of the Duchess, Dr. Jackson, Sir Ralph Woodford, Mr. Aust, and Mr. Glover, and which was approved of by them. In consequence of this he drove down to Windsor, and requested an audience of the King. After the proper preliminaries, and professions of zeal and attachment, he told His Majesty that it appeared to him that, however desirable the depending coalition of parties might be, he was satisfied it could not be effected unless some means could be found to reconcile the jarring pretensions of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, the latter of whom, having formerly been Prime Minister and expelled by the former, could never submit to the degrading circumstance of coming into Administration while Mr. Pitt continued First Lord of the Treasury. To obviate this barrier, and to render everything easy, the Duke said he had determined to come forward and to propose to His Majesty that he should be named First Lord of the Treasury (in plain English, Prime Minister); that then Mr. Pitt might continue Chancellor of the Exchequer (in plain English, his deputy), in which case he would be answerable to His Majesty that the Duke of Portland would accept of the Secretaryship of State, as from his (the Duke of Leeds) being the senior Duke, no impediments from etiquette would stand in his way. His Grace assured the King he had no other reason for making this proposal but the most sincere wish to save His Majesty from embarrassment, and to serve his country, &c., &c. My information does not go so far as to enable me to state with clearness the answer which was given to all this;

nor do I know certainly what passed till about five minutes after the audience was over. When the Duke had made his bow, he came out upon the terrace; and immediately after the King did the like. The Duke joined his suite, and before they had advanced many paces Mr. Pitt came up. He had hardly taken off his hat to make his bow before the King called out to him, "I am sorry I have bad news for you; but you are out." "Out, Sir?" exclaimed Mr. Pitt with much surprise. "Yes," replied the King, "I am sorry to tell you you are out; you are no longer First Lord of the Treasury: but do you know who succeeds you?" "I really do not, Sir," replied Mr. Pitt. "That's very strange," said the King; "I should have supposed you might at least have been able to form some idea of who it is. Look about you, and try if you can discover him." Mr. Pitt accordingly did so, and then assured His Majesty he had not been able to find him out. "Why," said the King, "if you can't guess I will tell you; it is the Duke of Leeds, here, who has this moment offered himself to succeed you as First Lord of the Treasury, in order to prevent confusion. I am sure you will agree with me that such an arrangement will be very desirable, as you know the Duke so well, and must have so high an opinion of him." I leave you to figure to yourself what his Grace's feelings and countenance were on this occasion. The consequence, however, was a fit of his stomachic complaint, and his being entirely left out of the arrangement. You may depend upon the whole of this being literally true; for my authorities are indisputable, as you will know when I tell you they are George Brooks and Lady Holdernesse. Our new coalition is already, in some measure, in confusion. Everything was arranged a fortnight ago for Lord Fitzwilliam's nomination as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Tom Grenville had accepted of the Secretaryship. The parties concerned keep the business as secret as possible, and therefore I have not yet been able to know more than the fact; but I strongly suspect our new friends begin to entertain a strong jealousy of Windham, who is become extremely intimate with Pitt, and that the Duke of Portland apprehends the consequences of taking the Presidentship, and leaving the patronage of the Home Office to Windham. His Grace, however, has gone too far to recede, and he now must subscribe to Pitt's terms, or retire lost and abandoned by all his former political associates. The *Morning Chronicle*

is every day filled with bitter and often with witty attacks upon his Grace. Among others, I was particularly amused yesterday with a short epigram, which contains as much contempt, neatly expressed, as I ever saw in the compass of four short lines :—

"By war's sharp fang how torn is Pitt,
E'en Portland's aid to beg!
So, when the shark sage Watson bit,
He got a wooden leg."

As I was writing this a fancy came into my head to make another, which you may suppose to have been addressed to the King when he sailed from Weymouth to the Isle of Portland in his late excursion :—

"To view a block of Portland stone,
Oh King! no longer roam:
A Portland block it is well known,
Your Premier keeps at home."

The destruction of H.M.'s 37th Regiment in Holland has never been so clearly explained as it was by one of Mr. Burges's confidential correspondents with the British forces. The 37th had been sent without supports to a point nine miles distant from the main body, and apparently forgotten. They were accordingly surrounded one Sunday morning in the month of October, 1794, and were compelled to lay down their arms without firing a shot, their commanding officer, Major Hope, and sixty men alone effecting their escape. It appears that on the Saturday afternoon

General Bonneau's adjutant-general came over with a flag of truce, and Major Hope asked him to stay and dine with the mess, which he did, and, drinking too freely of the port, told Major Hope that a French general had crossed the Maese with 60,000 men, and meant to attack the whole of the British posts, and advised him to fall back, as he knew very well their cannon was sent off. Hope immediately wrote a report to the Adjutant-General's Office, and sent it off at eight o'clock at night. It was delivered at ten, and no notice was taken of it till next day that the outposts were really

attacked, when the Duke, at ten o'clock in the morning, immediately inquired into the delay of the letter not being delivered sooner, and he was informed it had been laying on the Adjutant-General's table all night. A large party, one of whom was the Adjutant-General, Sir James Craig, were dining with H.R.H. the Duke of York, where they all got so royally drunk that Sir James was carried to his quarters in a state of insensibility, from which he was next morning aroused by a summons from the Duke, on the receipt of intelligence that the regiment had been cut off. Great blame was thrown upon Major Hope, and no one could guess to what his negligence could be attributed. But the business was soon explained, for upon Sir James's return to his quarters, he found Major Hope's dispatch lying on his table unopened.

The next letter may be taken for what it is worth. It is evident that Mr. Burges, like Apollo, did not keep his bow perpetually strung. However hardworked at the Foreign Office, he could condescend under due provocation to disport himself at the play-house and scribble *bouts rimés* to amuse a princess and her favourite attendant.

From Mr. Burges to his Wife.

Dartmouth Street, November 26th, 1794.

When I tell you it is entirely out of my power to accept your and my dear children's invitation to be with you to-morrow, I am sure you will believe I do myself a great violence, and that I deprive myself of the greatest pleasure I can enjoy. Nothing could make me more happy than to assist at the celebration of our dear Wentworth's birthday, and to show him return proofs of fondness for those he manifests towards me. But the present most critical state of affairs nails me down to this spot, where my presence cannot be dispensed with. I have a number of instruments of ratification, &c., in hand, which I must have ready for the King to-morrow, and early next morning they pass the Great Seal in order to be sent abroad; and Lord St. Helens has been directed to send us a messenger every day, without waiting for the ordinary mails. In truth, the Dutch have

opened a negotiation for a separate peace, and everything is getting ready to bring off our army. You will therefore guess how I can be spared.

In the midst of this hurricane, however, you will not be sorry to hear that by accident I have passed this day without my usual portion of fatigue, a circumstance which, as much from contrast as from anything else, I assure you has been very acceptable to me, especially as yesterday was a very severe day, and a long one too, for my business was not over till one in the morning. But to-day I have relaxed. I had a pleasant dinner with two curious originals—good De Luc (the geologist), and an old acquaintance, Flaxman (the sculptor), who is just returned from Rome, precisely what he was outwardly, even to his hair, but much improved in ideas and conversation. After dinner I availed myself of Lady Elgin's invitation to go to the play at Covent Garden, where the King, Queen, Princesses, &c., all were, and where I saw a most magnificent spectacle called 'Hercules and Omphale,' very absurd, but amazingly magnificent. I never saw this theatre but once, when we were at an oratorio, and I therefore was struck with the magnificence of the sight, which was really very fine and very much worth seeing. I was informed of two things by Lady Charlotte Bruce—that my poetical correspondent is Princess Elizabeth, and that I am considered by their Royal Highnesses as an astonishing genius, and that they have taken copies of all my verses, and that they desire to have everything I write, and so forth.

Believe me,

Ever most affectionately and truly yours,

J. B. BURGES.

From Mr. Burges to his Wife.

Downing Street, November 28th 1794.

There was so much company at the Drawing Room yesterday, and I was consequently kept there so late, that it was impossible for me to write to you, and to-day I have so much business of all sorts upon my hands, that I cannot write much. Her Majesty was very gracious; asked me many questions about the way in which I had passed the summer, told me she felt for my having been prevented from being

with you and our children, and told me she hoped you all continued well. I was also honoured with a conversation by *the Muse*. Her Royal Highness made an opportunity of beginning an acquaintance by asking me the names of some French emigrant officers who were to kiss hands. Our conference, as you may suppose, was not very long, and the subject of it not very important; but it was enough to show she meant to pay me a compliment, and that I stood well in her opinion.

Dartmouth Street, December 2nd, 1794.

The Duke of York has received the King's permission to return to England. A convoy has sailed to conduct him over, and he will probably be here with the first fair wind. This I consider is the beginning of our bringing away our army; a measure which I hold to be both unavoidable and wise, and which I foretold our great men many months ago they would at length be compelled to adopt if an alteration in the mode of carrying on the campaign was not immediately enforced. I can, however, assure you that within these ten days several of them were quite displeased with me for presuming to hint that such a measure was even likely, and especially Lord Spencer and Lord Hawkesbury; the latter of whom told me he thought it a measure too important to be decided upon without much more information than had been received, and one which after all might be in the highest degree ruinous; and Lord Spencer seemed quite angry at my having conceived such an idea, and told me he was surprised at such a thing being even hinted at by a member of Government, as it was a matter which ought to be reprobated in the strongest degree. It is, however, a curious anecdote that within a few days after he said this, he made one of a small detachment of Cabinet Ministers—consisting of himself, Pitt, Grenville, Dundas, and Windham—who determined on the measure, and brought it forward in a full Cabinet this day seven-night. You see that, by being thus behind the curtain, I have only to open my eyes in order to see what sort of stuff great men are made of. I think we are advancing rapidly to decided rupture with the Dutch, and that if we do not take great care they will take leave of our forces by trying to knock them on the head. Our last letter from Lord St. Helens mentions that as it was found necessary to send about 500 of our sick and wounded to the hospital at Delft (within

a few miles of the Hague, and supposed to be more than any other place under the influence of the Stadtholder), Lord St. Helens applied to the States-General for leave, and obtained an order for their admission. On their arrival, however, the gates of the town were shut against them; the magistrates caused every preparation to be made as if for a siege; and assembling the people, they administered an oath to them to stand by each other and to prevent the entrance of the English robbers. When Lord St. Helens heard of this, he again applied to the Dutch Government; but he had not been able to prevail upon them to interfere; and our poor disabled soldiers were remaining without food or medicines and exposed to all the severity of a wet wintry season. Yet these are our good allies, for whom we are to sacrifice our blood and treasure, and for whose sake we are to risk the ruin of our country. Our Princesses, who you know are treated hardly better than children in a nursery, and who are never informed of what is going on, even by means of a newspaper, (for these are contraband at Windsor), are now become constant suitors to me for intelligence. I had an application the day before yesterday from the Princess Royal, to know whether there was any chance of seeing the Duke of York. I assure you, from what I have lately heard, that Royalty, when closely inspected, has few charms for reasonable people. I do not believe there is a more unhappy family in the kingdom than that of our good King. They have lately passed whole hours together in tears; and often they do not meet for half a day, but each remains alone, separately brooding over their misfortunes. The ill-success and disgraces of the Duke of York, the wounds and ill-health of the Princes Ernest and Adolphus, the bad conduct of Princes Edward and Augustus, and the strange caprices and obstinacy of the Prince of Wales—all these causes are perpetually preying upon them, and make them miserable. The Queen appears to feel and to suffer the least; the King sometimes bursts into tears, rises up and walks about the room, then kisses his daughters and thanks God for having given them to him to comfort him; by which the Princesses are variously agitated, and sometimes so much so to go into fits. You will perhaps wonder where I have picked up all these private anecdotes; but two or three evenings ago I got a note from Lady Elgin, telling me her children were gone out to divert themselves, and that she wished to see me on a matter which

she could explain only in a *tête-à-tête*. This was the message from the Princess Royal. After we had done with that, as her Ladyship is perfectly good-humoured and communicative, I led our conversation towards the Royal Family, and she entered into all these details, which had passed during her late visit at the Queen's Lodge. At the end of our conference she fairly told me that the Princesses had begged of her to send them private accounts of what would be interesting to them about their brothers, of whom they never were allowed to hear anything, and that they had told her they earnestly wished that I would be their friend, for that they were sure, from what they knew of me, they might depend upon my not betraying them, and that they should always think themselves obliged to me for such a kindness, as they already did for my having contributed so much to their amusement during the summer; and Lady Elgin also told me that these poor Princesses were in a terrible state with respect to their finances. The three eldest have had each for some time past an allowance of £2000 a year, out of which they are obliged to furnish themselves with everything: clothes, servants' wages, and even jewels, for neither the King nor the Queen have ever given them any. The two eldest are very prudent, and contrive to live tolerably within their allowances; but Princess Elizabeth is a bad economist, and, as she says herself, must go to gaol very soon. I saw Duval, the king's jeweller, yesterday, and asked him if the King had lately given his daughters diamonds. He told me His Majesty had never made them any presents of that sort, but that the Princesses had bought of him all they had, and that upon the whole they paid very well, "that is," said he, "I really believe they pay me whenever they have any money." He added, that he had frequently been ordered to attend at the Queen's house with diamonds, and that he had sometimes carried there jewels to the amount of more than £20,000: that he always hoped, when he displayed them, and when the Princesses expressed their pleasure at seeing such beautiful things, that their Majesties would have made them presents, "but no, my dear sir," said he, "no such thing; the poor Princesses never got even a spark that they did not pay me for themselves." The effect of this kind of life upon the three Princesses has been different according to their constitutions. Princess Augusta, soft and tender-hearted, vents her sorrow at her eyes, and cries till she becomes composed and resigned. Princess Elizabeth feels

very strongly, but soon recovers her spirits, and observes that, as she is never consulted, she is not answerable for what happens; that, thank God, she does no harm herself, and that she will try not to be such a fool as to make herself more unhappy than she is obliged to be; and that therefore she will try to be merry if she can, and drive away all the care which she is strong enough to keep at a distance. But the effect of all this upon the poor Princess Royal is very different. She is naturally nervous and susceptible of strong impressions. Convinced that she now has no chance of ever altering her condition; afraid of receiving any impressions of tenderness or affection; reserved and studious; tenderly loving her brothers, and feeling strongly every unpleasant circumstance attending them; she is fallen into a kind of quiet desperate state, without hope, and open to every fear; or, in other words, what is commonly called broken-hearted. This has operated strongly upon her health, and Sir Lucas Pepys, under whose care she is, expresses considerable apprehensions for her, and even privately hints that he thinks she is in very great danger, as from her particular situation there is no chance of her being able to marry,* which he pretty plainly says is the only probability he can foresee of saving her life or her understanding. The greatest relief she has is in the society of the Duchess of York, with whom she has made a great intimacy; but even this pleasure she can enjoy but seldom, and then hardly ever but in the presence of the Queen, before whom she is under the utmost restraint, and who maintains a very strict discipline and the most formal etiquette even in her moments of relaxation. I understand, indeed, that the smiles and graces worn at Court are generally laid aside with the full-dressed gown and jewels. One word more about the Princesses. You know I sent you two epigrams about Del Campo's wig. Princess Elizabeth sent me word she had taken copies of them, and that she thought the last the best in her whole collection.

Ever most entirely and affectionately yours,

J. B. BURGES.

* The Princess Royal, Charlotte Augusta Matilda, was married on May 18th, 1797, to Frederick William, Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg-Stuttgart. Parliament voted £80,000 for the Princess's dower, which, Consols being then exceedingly low, purchased £165,000 worth of Three per Cent. Stock.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Burges at Carlton House—Lady C. Bruce washing a Gown—New Year's Greeting from Lady Elgin—Letter from Sir William Hamilton—Prince Augustus's Entanglement—Riots in London—Present from Catherine II. "with compliments"—A Free Translation—Close of Mr. Burges's Official Career—Vexatious Delays—Satisfactory Arrangement—Baronet and Knight Marshal of the Royal Household—Congratulations.

NOTWITHSTANDING the hearty dislike so often expressed by Mr. Burges with respect to the Prince of Wales, he does not appear to have had any hesitation about accepting the mission of waiting upon His Royal Highness with the papers relating to his forthcoming marriage with Princess Caroline of Brunswick. His "most private and secret" letter to Mrs. Burges will still be read with considerable interest:—

Downing Street, Tuesday Night, December 16th, 1794.

One principal matter we have had in hand was the ratification of the Prince of Wales's marriage treaty; and this formed a main part of the deliberations of a Cabinet Council held here. Amidst other resolutions, it was thought proper that a deputation should be sent to His Royal Highness, to convey to him the treaty itself, the steps which had been taken, and the measures which were to be adopted; and it was proposed to me that I should undertake this embassy. I agreed to do so, and accordingly went to Carlton House. As soon as I had announced myself I was taken into a room on one side of the hall, which was entirely void of furniture except two small sofas, a table, two vases on the chimney-piece, a large picture of the late King on horseback, without a frame, set against the wall, and a huge frame without a picture

set up against the wall on the other side. After waiting here about two minutes, I was desired to walk up stairs. I ascended two flights of narrow back stairs, and was shown into a small room, where I was desired to wait, and was told His Royal Highness would come to me. I staid here alone not more than three minutes, when I had time to make a survey of the furniture. There were two frames filled with waxen portraits of the Royal Family, a portrait in oil of a pretty woman, whose face I do not know, four crayon portraits of other girls, and prints of Charles Fox, Lord Malmesbury, and his daughter Miss Harris. There was a small bookcase full of books, a secretaire, another table, and a great basket, in which lay a very handsome black and white water-spaniel. While I was surveying these, the door opened and His Royal Highness came in dressed (or rather undressed) in a white linen gown, his shirt-collar open, and his hair all loose. He said he was very glad to see me, and, though he was quite ashamed to see me in such a way, he thought it was better to come to me immediately than to make me wait. I told him I had the honour of waiting upon His Royal Highness from His Majesty's Ministers, and that I was charged with His Royal Highness's marriage treaty, Lord Malmesbury's account of his negotiations, and a letter from Lord Grenville, which I begged leave to have the honour of putting into his hands. He replied in the most obliging manner, and having taken the papers from me, we fell into conversation on the subject of his marriage, when I mentioned several things he wanted to know. After discussing these, "Pray," said he, "will you give me leave to ask you a question which I confess I have a great desire to know? When my grandfather married, the late King made a particular provision that the Princess should not bring over with her any favourites or confidantes, and I think it was a very wise one. Now I wish you would tell me whether any provision of this sort has been made now? And I will tell you why I ask. By the messenger who came last Sunday from Brunswick, I got a letter from Lord Malmesbury, in which he tells me that the Princess means to bring over two *suivantes* or people who have been used to wait upon her; and you know it would be cruel to make any opposition to a thing of that sort, which must be convenient to her, and is not likely to do any harm; but he also tells me it has been determined that another woman shall be of the party who is

of a better rank, and one whom the Princess has been used to have about her, and who may sit with her, and read to her, and amuse her when she is alone. This, in my opinion, is a very different matter, and must prove extremely unpleasant at least; at all events it must be very embarrassing, for one cannot tell how to behave to a person who is neither a servant nor yet in such a situation as to be brought into company or carried about. In short, I do not at all approve of it, and I think you will agree with me that it will be much better to prevent such a thing than to have any difficulties about it afterwards." Here he stopped. I told him I recollected the late King's caution; but that it had been merely a private act of his own, and had not been made part of Lord Delawarr's instructions; and that, as these were taken as our model on the present occasion, and as I myself had drawn up Lord Malmesbury's instructions, I could assure His Royal Highness not a word on that subject had been inserted there; that as he did me the honour to ask my opinion on the subject, however diffidently I might have spoken on a matter of so much delicacy without such an order, I should not hesitate to assure him of my entire acquiescence in his opinion, which, both from experience and reason, I was convinced was perfectly right, and likely to conduce to his own happiness and the good of the country. He said he was extremely glad to find my opinion agree so much with his own; that indeed he could not bring himself to agree to this sort of proposal, which he conceived must be attended with unpleasant consequences; that therefore he would write this evening to Lord Malmesbury, and send the letter to me to be forwarded to put an end to the business, "which," said he, "may be done much better before the Princess sets out, for, if she loves this woman, she will feel much less at parting with her in the hurry of setting out on a journey and when her spirits are all alive, than after she gets here among strangers, when her attachment to an old acquaintance must of course increase." After this we talked a little about less important matters, and I concluded a most flattering audience of about a quarter of an hour long, with a most gracious and good-humoured, as well as a very civil parting.

Ever most entirely and affectionately your own

J. B. B.

A few days before Christmas, 1794, Lady Elgin wrote, in her son's name, requesting Mr. Burges to ascertain "the expense of a band of music fit for a Highland regiment," which, she had been told, should consist of eight performers. Lady Charlotte would have taken that opportunity to scold him for sending her "such a puzzle," but was "washing a gown," and had not a moment to spare. On the last day of December, however, Lady Charlotte Bruce had leisure to wish him "a happy new year," though the Queen, the Princesses, and some of the ladies in attendance, had been as closely employed for three weeks in embroidering dresses for the birthday and the forthcoming marriage of the Prince of Wales, as if they had been "working for their daily bread."

From Lady Elgin.

Queen's Lodge, January 2nd, 1795.
(Past One o'clock.)

DEAR SIR,

The continual attendance that so large a family calls for, keeps me so *continually* engaged, that I really have not a moment to myself. Reading with one, working with another, are all pleasing obligations, but still I have much work for my own room; and so little am I in that quiet corner, that only *this minute*, when all are gone to bed, have I been able to steal half an hour to wish you and your family many returns of this season, attended with all the blessings this life affords. I am as glad to part with 1794 as you can be. Since 1771 have I never passed as uncomfortable a year. In every one wish of my heart I have been disappointed; but such has been the will of God, and I am perfectly convinced that it is for the best, and I look forward to the year now opening with humble submission, satisfied that every event, public or private, is in the hand of God.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Caserta, March 24th, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

Prince Augustus,* as you know, has been living with me and at this Court. The King and Queen of Naples love him as if he was their own child, and H.R.H. is certainly a good-hearted young man, but without much judgment, and perfectly bewitched by Lady Augusta Murray, who is by no means worthy of the regard he seems to have for her—of that I am sure by her behaviour during her stay at Naples three years ago. The Prince, often talking to me on the subject, and his impatience to have her with him at Rome, I always entreated him, and so has the Queen of Naples, never to push matters to the extremity, so as to lose the countenance of the King and Queen—when, as the Queen of Naples told him, he would lose those honours and attentions which he now enjoys, and it would be madness Madame Augusta's, without any income, going about *à charge de tout le monde.* My hopes are, if she keeps from him, that she will be caught in some imprudence which will open his eyes, and then he may be off at once with honour. H.R.H. is certainly much improved in health; but, *entre nous,* he has an odd way of crossing himself when he sits down to dinner. My idea is that he wishes it to be observed that it may alarm at home, and that he may be sent for. I am sure nothing one sees here or at Rome could tempt a man to change his religion for that of the Catholic Church. He has sometimes hinted to me that he should like well enough to be at the head of the Pope's guards, I suppose in joke, and I said he would make a charming figure at their head in one of Banbury's caricatures.

By the middle of 1795 the nation had grown weary of a war that seemed to them without point or purpose. The excitement of an occasional naval victory was deemed a poor compensation for bootless expeditions, ill-conceived and worse executed. Deceived and plundered by their allies, Englishmen became indifferent to the sufferings of the

* Ante, pp. 185–196.

French Royal Family and nobility, and asked themselves how long they should go on enduring privation and hardships for the sake of aliens, who expressed scant gratitude for the immense sacrifices that had been made on their account. The restoration of the Bourbons was recognised as practically impossible, and not certainly desirable. The disgraceful mismanagement and disorganisation which characterised every department of the State naturally discouraged people of all classes, and gave rise to much murmuring and discontent among the lower orders. Scarcity of employment, combining with the high price of the ordinary necessaries of life, drew the poor together in groups and mobs. Professional agitators seized the opportunity to fan the popular discontent, and serious riots occurred in London. On the 29th of June Mr. Burges wrote to his wife, apparently at Eltham, entreating her not to come up to town, as a mob had assembled in St. George's Fields, and the Horse and Foot Guards, with the City regiments, were held in readiness to act at a moment's notice. Pitt himself had taken his friends' advice to repair to Holwood, and remain there till the squall blew over. In the afternoon the Riot Act was read—the magistrates being supported by formidable detachments of horse and foot. Before this demonstration of firmness the mob, estimated at 10,000, gradually melted away, and by nightfall no traces of disorder were to be seen.

The calm, however, was of brief duration. On the 12th of July Mr. Burges wrote to his wife that a serious riot had occurred, under the plea of protesting against the outrages committed by crimps, though the actors in the commotion were the same who, a fortnight before, had met in St. George's Fields to clamour for Parliamentary Reform. On this occasion they wrecked a house in Johnson's Court, near Charing Cross, and flung the furniture into the street. The house was

actually one with a bad reputation, though not frequented by crimps or persons of that type. The Horse Guards that had been called out were abused and pelted, but quickly succeeded in dispersing their assailants. Mr. Burges relates that he himself "heard several well-dressed men haranguing the populace in a true Parisian style by addressing them as citizens, and exhorting them to assert their rights." On the following night the rioting was renewed. Several of Mr. Pitt's windows were broken, and two houses near the Obelisk in St. George's Fields were emptied of their contents, which were not stolen but burnt. "The assembling of the people," Mr. Burges wrote on the 14th, "continues to-day, and there was such a crowd in Downing Street about eleven this morning that it was found necessary to have a guard of constables stationed at our end of it to prevent the mob from coming any farther. Every imaginable precaution," he adds, "has been taken to prevent the peace of this metropolis from being disturbed again, and the military have shown the best disposition to lend their aid."

On the following day he informed Mrs. Burges that

> for these three days the Duke of Portland has not been at his office, and the sole Under Secretary is in Somersetshire. The only people who have stood forward are Pitt, Nepean, and myself; and as to myself, I have taken a great deal of trouble to very little purpose. So has Nepean. What his determination is, I know not; but mine is, to take no more, but to look to myself and the office, and keep them as safe as I can. What has passed has, I am convinced, merely served to do mischief by encouraging the mob, and by exposing the soldiers to derision. The most violent and inflammatory papers are circulated and stuck up everywhere with impunity, and everything denotes a still more violent explosion.

England's sun, however, had not yet set, nor did everything go to the dogs. Mr. Burges's own opinion of life in general,

and of his own position in particular, was sensibly improved by a present sent to him by the Czarina Catherine II. through the Russian Ambassador Prince Woronzow. He thus relates the incident to Mrs. Burges, from Downing Street, under date of the 8th of July, 1795 :—

I am in possession of a fine diamond snuff-box, presented to me with a most flourishing compliment by Woronzow in the Empress's name, with Her Imperial Majesty's cypher on the top. Not only the lid, but the sides are covered with diamonds. If their size were as considerable as their number it would indeed be a very valuable thing; but as it is, I suppose it may be worth £400. I am, however, a very bad judge of these matters, and therefore it is not unlikely that I overrate it. The compliment, however, which accompanied it, was by no means unequivocal; for the Count said he was ordered to tell me from Her Imperial Majesty that she desired my acceptance of this proof of her regard, as a mark of her high opinion of my character, and her conviction of the justice of my sentiments with respect to the interest of the two countries, which I had manifested on many occasions, and which had satisfied her that I never had entertained any of those extravagant ideas which had more than once endangered the good understanding she wished to maintain with England, more especially in the year 1791. You will guess that I did not dispute this point with Her Imperial Majesty, though it did carry the appearance of a *persiflage*, especially coming from Woronzow; but things come strangely about, and it is no more strange that the Empress should make me this compliment than that she should have made Monsieur de St. Priest a knight of one of her orders for his good offices in facilitating her peace with the Turks, though it was perfectly certain that he had been employed by Louis XV. to put every impediment in her way. The great Catherine knows how to play her part; and I take it for granted she knows the use of making friends in the right place. I am certain she would not have distinguished me in this manner unless she had had reason to suppose it was worth her while, either to secure the attachment of a valuable friend, or to mitigate the force of a formidable enemy. Be the case as it may, I have got a very pretty snuff-box, which I will keep as long as I can for the sake of the fair donor,

unless you learn to take snuff, and then you shall make a figure with it.

One of Woronzow's phrases was "L'impératrice m'a chargé de vous dire, qu'elle est persuadée que vous êtes véritablement un bon ami de la Russie; c'est pourquoi elle vous a particulièrement distingué en cette heureuse occasion."

To Mr. Burges from Miss M. A. Burges.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

* * * * * *

Sir John Delapole has chosen as a motto on the bits of a troop he has raised, *Pro aris et focis.* A farmer who belonged to it, as well as to his hunt, was asked to explain those mysterious words; and he said he believed they meant "For the hares and the foxes."

Adieu, my dear brother,

Ever believe me to be,

Your most sincerely affectionate sister,

M. A. BURGES.

Miss Burges was the authoress of a small Puritanical book, entitled, 'The Progress of the Pilgrim Good Intent.' It came out anonymously, and ran through ten editions within a very few years. Miss Burges was a learned and accomplished lady. In addition to Greek and Latin, she acquired a familiar knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian, and spoke the three languages with fluency and correctness. German and Swedish she read with facility. She contributed largely to the illustrations of M. de Luc's 'Geological Travels in the North of Europe and in England.' She was not less versed in botany, and left among her papers a MS. account of the British lepidoptera, beautifully illustrated. She was further a musical composer, and a performer of no mean repute; nor was she less proficient in drawing, painting, etching, and needlework. Miss Burges died at Ashfield,

near Honiton, August 10th, 1813, in the forty-ninth year of her age, deeply lamented by all classes, and especially by the poor, to whom she had been an earthly Providence.

The termination of Mr. Burges's official career was now near at hand. An officious gentleman of the name of Goddard had been buzzing around, informing his friends that on his return from Naples he was to take Mr. Burges's seat in the Foreign Office, which would be held for him by a gentleman during his absence. Naturally irritated by such underhand conduct, Mr. Burges immediately wrote to Lord Grenville, stating what he had heard, but expressing his disbelief that any such arrangement could be in contemplation, seeing that no intimation had been made to himself on the subject. His letter was dated the 21st of August, and on the following day Lord Grenville answered him from Dropmore, acknowledging the truth of the rumour, though he disapproved Mr. Goddard's indiscretion in talking about the matter before it could be properly divulged. As things stood, he had much pleasure in offering Mr. Burges the mission to Genoa and Milan. Should he, however, object to going abroad, a vacancy would probably, though not certainly, occur at one of the Revenue Boards. The income was inferior to that of the post he then held, but a special arrangement might be made in his case, and the situation had the advantage of being permanent. Mr. Burges's reply is not forthcoming, but he apparently exhibited some temper, for on the 25th of August Lord Grenville declared that he was "not sensible of any want of delicacy or kindness in what had passed," and that he would be glad to acquiesce, if in his power, in any other arrangement that might be more acceptable to his correspondent. Mr. Pitt, he added, was desirous of conversing with Mr. Burges,—for it seems that the latter had forwarded some complaint on the subject to the Prime Minister.

Mr. Pitt, however, braced by the sea-breezes at Walmer Castle, came up to town to transact business that could not be postponed, and then hurried back to Deal. Mr. Burges meanwhile fumed and fretted at the delay. The thermometer, he complained, marked 82½° in the shade, hanging out of a northern window, and when put out of a south window rose to 99°. Consequently, he lived in a state of perspiration, but by keeping quiet he contrived to be "stupid and well enough." Mrs. Burges thereupon urged him to seek a personal interview with Mr. Pitt, as the most straightforward and satisfactory mode of settling the business. She strongly dissuaded him from proposing any terms, as that was playing his enemy's game, but suggested that he might agree to retain his present post if pressed to do so, provided some compensation were made for the annoyance he had experienced, without any manner of provocation on his part. In reply, Mr. Burges mentioned that Mr. Goddard's mother was a housemaid, and Mr. Canning's mother was Mrs. Reddish, the actress—which seems slightly irrelevant to the question of his retirement. On the 10th of September he again wrote to say that he had received no sort of communication from Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding the note he wrote at his wife's suggestion, and that neither the King, nor any one of the other Ministers, was aware of what was going on. On the 12th he had some official conversation with Mr. Pitt, who received him very kindly, but there were too many persons present to permit of any talk about private matters. Mr. Long, however, assured him that Mr. Pitt fully intended he should be no sufferer in a pecuniary way, and was contriving some plan for enabling him to retire with distinction. At last, on the 22nd of September, he proceeded to Wimbledon, at Mr. Pitt's request, to arrange this mighty business—no doubt sufficiently important to himself. Mr. Pitt began by acknowledging

that no fault whatever could be found with his discharge of the public duties entrusted to him. Lord Grenville's sole desire for a change was the not unreasonable wish to have one of his own people in the office. This excuse would have been more valid had it been urged some years previously. Brought forward after such a long experience of Mr. Burges's ability and industry, it points to the widening of a rift of long standing, and it appears, from Mrs. Burges's letters rather than from his own, that his relations with Lord Grenville were far from satisfactory. Mr. Pitt very handsomely permitted Mr. Burges to make it publicly known that he was retiring from office solely to make room for a personal friend of Lord Grenville. He offered him a baronetcy, together with the sinecure, title, and post of Knight Marshal * of the Royal Household, with remainder to his son. One way and another his pension was made up to £1500 a year, so that, upon the whole, he had every reason to be content with the liberal compensation made to him for being suddenly liberated from the arduous labours of which he so bitterly complained, and for being restored to the domestic happiness which he clearly appreciated very highly, and at its true value. His friends congratulated him heartily on this honourable termination of his official career, and he, on his part, solicited Mr. Pitt's good offices on behalf of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Montolieu, his kinsman, Lord Somerville, and a praiseworthy acting-messenger attached to the office. Among the letters of congratulation was one from his cousin, Mr. C. L. Bayntum, who reminded him that their common ancestor, Sir Henry Bayntum, was Knight Mareschall to

* In Thom's 'Book of the Court' it is stated that the Knight Marshal was supposed to have been originally the Deputy of the Earl Marshal, and entrusted with the police of the Palace. In modern times he became the Deputy of the Lord Steward, but still later was principally employed in the Queen's Court of Marshalsea.

Henry III.—his brother John being a Knight of Jerusalem, slain in the Holy Land. Another letter was from Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-at-Arms, which possesses a certain interest from being written at Daylesford House, under date of the 9th of October, 1795 :—

You can easily guess what my feelings must now be with the returning health of Lady Heard, and the affectionate cordiality, I will call it, also of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, their ease and charming humour, Mr. Hastings's extensive knowledge, softness of manners, and a thousand entertaining and instructive qualities—all altogether, you will conclude, must render my present situation such as you would wish for any friend whom you esteemed. . . . Mr. Hastings has spoken of you in a very handsome manner.

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CHAPTER XX.

"The Birth and Triumph of Love"—Illustrated by Princess Elizabeth—Letter to Miss Burges—A Poetical Petition—Letter from Lady Elgin—Reception of the Poem by the Queen and Princess—The King's Health—Letter from Princess Elizabeth—Letter to Miss Burges—Sir James Burges's Portrait engraved "by desire"—Projects for the Future—Mr. Sundersberg—The Knight Marshal and his Baton—Fête at Frogmore—Conversation with the King—The Duke of Leeds's Pincushion.

MR. BURGES became Sir James Bland Burges, Bart., on the 31st of October, 1795. Turning his back upon public affairs, he devoted the remainder of his fairly prosperous life to literary pursuits, and acquired a certain reputation as an easy versifier. His first venture, indeed, was decidedly successful, in great measure through the co-operation of Princess Elizabeth. Her Royal Highness had whiled away some portion of her gloomy leisure by sketching twenty-four graceful designs intended to illustrate the Birth and Triumph of Love. The idea is worked out with artistic ingenuity, though Love's flight through the air poised on an anchor—albeit the anchor of Hope—seems a little incongruous. Be that as it may, Mr. Burges undertook to furnish the letterpress, and acquitted himself of the task in a very creditable manner. He adopted the Spenserian stanza, at that time a novelty, and was fortunate in obtaining favourable notices from contemporary periodicals. Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster, chose the little poem as the subject of his election verses at Westmin-

ster School, and congratulated the "*Nitidissima Nympha*" on the excellence of her handiwork.

> "Lusus docta leves, roseique Cupidinis ortum
> Pinxisse artifici, dulcis Eliza, manu,
> Salve, progenies regum."

The Dean also wrote to Mr. Burges a note presumed to be complimentary, in which he said that it was the first allegorical poem he had ever read from beginning to end, and that, although he never bought "books of expense," he had purchased "the plates" to his poem—the illustrations having been published separately. Mr. Burges rendered the Dean's rigid Latinity into tolerably fluent English, beginning after this fashion:

> "Hail, Royal Maid! by whose plastic hand
> Were Cupid's birth and first achievements plann'd;
> Illustrious leader of the graphic train,
> To accept from me this votive chaplet deign."

He thus alludes to his poetic labours in a letter to his sister, Miss Mary Anne Burges, dated from Eltham, the 7th of November, 1795:—

I am much hurried at present; but I will satisfy your curiosity about my epic poem, on condition that you will confine what I say to yourself for the present. The title and subject of it is 'The Birth and Triumph of Love.' I have already finished the first book of it in the metre of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen,' but not in his antiquated language How the idea may have been executed it is not for me to say; but the idea itself is so entirely original, that I am confident nothing like it is to be found in any language. I caught it from some drawings of Princess Elizabeth, and I am writing the poem for Her Royal Highness. In all probability it will be printed; but I will send it to you in its manuscript state. Don't be surprised at my having this sort of intercourse with so exalted a personage. I have already had the honour of being concerned in a joint work with her, with which the King was so pleased that he had it printed at his

own expense. I shall be very glad to have your opinion of my present performance before I finally deliver it to the Princess; as I think that, if it succeeds, it will place me not very low among the English poets.

Children are usually addicted to dabbling in rhymes. Sir J. B. Burges's young people were evidently not exempt from that *amabilis insania.*

To Sir James Bland Burges, Bart., from his Children.

"Good Sir James, we pray,
Favour us with an holiday,
'Cause 'tis fit, as it's Twelfth Day,
We should be merry, blithe, and gay;
And we will remember your bounty
And tell it throughout the County.
Attend to this our humble lay,
And grant us one poor holiday.

CHARLES MONTOLIEU BURGES.
CLARA MARIA BURGES.

From Lady Elgin.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor, January 6th, 1796.

DEAR SIR,

You must think me the most unkind of all human beings for having sent no answer to your letter, which I received the evening before I left London. I then thought very soon to be able to give you the account I wished of the charming deposit entrusted to my care, but such was the state of things that I could not see Princess Elizabeth alone till Friday at two o'clock, and then it was a hurry, as the Orange Family dined here. I was, however, most completely gratified by her manner of reading, and the delighted expressions that burst out, I may say, as she went through the lovely poem. Had you been in my place, I am confident you would have thought yourself well rewarded for the trouble you have taken to record the deeds of the little Urchin (Cupid).

I however wished the poem to go farther, but Her Royal Highness did not find it the moment to show it the Queen. Her Majesty has many objects of attention at present, and as

the Princess did not like to have her Cupid mortified by being set aside, she waited a proper opportunity to introduce him. In the mean time she desired Mr. Smelt* (who came from Yorkshire to gratify himself, as he says, by seeing his Sovereign, and who unites the most refined talents with every virtue that can adorn human nature) to peruse the work.

He brought it back to me to-day, and with sincere pleasure I heard his sentiments, which I shall communicate to you at large when I come to London. Much he admires the work, and says there is more real poetry in that composition than in anything that has appeared these many years; some of the scenery he is astonished at. He was just telling me he thought the Temple might be introduced, when the door opened, and Her Majesty came into the room. The poem was shown her. She read the first stanza and was so charmed, she desired I might carry it to her own apartment. That is surely the dwelling of your Cupid, so I went, and laid him on her table. There he may remain a few days, and I have not a doubt of your receiving the unfeigned admiration that your extraordinary talents deserve. The oftener I read it the more I am charmed, and dear Princess Elizabeth is absolutely ashamed that her little amusement, as she humbly calls it, draws out such a work. Often she repeats, "Do tell Sir J. Burges I am quite ashamed and distressed at the honour he has done me. Do say for me and tell him I think it the most beautiful poem I ever read."* But all this and much more you shall have on Wednesday next week, when, God willing, that, or the next day, *we* shall be in town. I ought to have begun my letter with telling you of the King's health, which to me appears perfectly good, and I trust insured for many years; but he has been thoroughly cleared, and was very ill with a bilious attack—nothing more. The affair of the papers is ridiculous. His Majesty was sick to death, but signed, dated, sealed his papers, and locked his box; went to his room, threw up, laid down, and was confined twenty-four hours or perhaps less. When he returned to his room, with horror he saw his box. But he had given no orders to take it away, and nobody dared, and there is the true cause of the story that gave us all so much distress. What mighty matters from small causes spring! You will be sorry when I tell you

* A name familiar to readers of Madame d'Arblay's Diaries.

Charlotte has been very indifferent, and I now write by her bed-side; though she is recovering from a severe attack of illness, she desires her best compliments to you, with mine to Lady Burges; and believe me with every wish for your happiness and hers, and the prosperity of your charming family, to be with sincere regard, my dear Sir,

Your faithful and most obliged
Friend and servant,
M. ELGIN.

From Princess Elizabeth to Lady Elgin.

MY DEAR LADY ELGIN,

I was just going to write to you, when I received your kind note, to tell you I had the pleasure of putting into Mamma's hands Sir James Burges's most beautiful and elegant poem, which was received in a manner that I am certain would have made Sir James happy and you doubly so for your friend. For poor me, how can I express myself, who, though brought up at Court, never could make a compliment in my life? I only wish that Sir James Burges through your friendly means should be assured of *my thanks* and that I really value the poem as much as possible, and think that my poor little foolish silent Cupid owes all its worth and merit to the poet, for I never before saw him in the favourable light you all did till he was privileged with verse. Mamma desires you will say how much pleased she is with it.

From Sir J. B. Burges, Bart., to his sister Maria.

Dartmouth Street, March 25th, 1796.

The success of my poem has far exceeded my expectation. That it met with approbation in the Court circle, I was not surprised, as that was easily accounted for: but the public voice is still more flattering, and I am quite embarrassed how to answer the many superb encomiums I receive wherever I go. I must mention to you two proofs of this which have just occurred. Dr. Vincent, master of Westminster School, has acquainted me that he considers my work as so great a credit to the school that he has taken it as the subject of the election exercise. This is certainly in itself a great compliment; and it is doubly so as it is the first instance of such a thing

having ever been done. The other circumstance I mention is that Her Majesty's engraver [P. W. Tomkins] has solicited the honour of engraving my portrait. I was not much inclined to comply with this request: but he urged it so strongly that I was at last obliged to give way, and my resemblance will very shortly make its appearance. I will not fail to send you a print as soon as it is ready; but I beg the favour of you in the meantime to keep what I have now told you a secret.

At the general election in 1796 certain electors of Honiton waited upon Miss Burges, and expressed a hope that her brother would consent to stand for the borough in opposition to the democratic candidate. Miss Burges, however, had been previously informed that the seat would cost at least £3000, and that a good deal of knavery was at work. She accordingly declined the honour, on the plea that there was not time to communicate with her brother. In his reply he praises her discretion, and declares his intention of eschewing public life for ever, and of passing his remaining years with his wife and children.

In a long confidential letter to his sister, Sir James Burges announces his intention of purchasing a freehold property of a hundred to a hundred and fifty acres, which he proposed to keep in his own hands, personally directing its cultivation—an admirable method for insuring incessant irritation and annual loss. He required a large house, with ample accommodation for guests. There must be no lack of wood and water; and, for choice, the South of England, between fifty and eighty miles from London, would be preferred to counties where the spring season arrives late, and vegetation is backward and uncertain. In this "castle" he was minded to dwell eight months in the twelve, passing the remaining four in town for the sake of his children's education, and to keep up his connections for their future benefit. According to a

rough calculation, he hoped to live very comfortably upon £2000 a year, and go on adding to his capital. Within easy reach of his own mansion he must, however, have a cottage for a humble friend with whom he had agreed that they should pass, side by side, through the years that might yet await them.

This friend [he explained] is Mr. Sundersberg,* who has long been attached to me, whose fortune I have made, and whose various qualifications and general knowledge I highly value. He has, by my means, secured an income for life of about £120 a year, and I have engaged to fix him in a house rent free, with a garden, and an acre of ground for his experiments. We have agreed to set up telegraphs to give mutual notice when we choose to meet, or when we prefer being sullen. He is a great fisher and shooter; and a great hunter of butterflies and beetles, but we have agreed that my own land is to be privileged from all sanguinary depredations, so a general amnesty will be maintained within my territory. As I detest fishing, shooting, and hunting, both from inclination and principle, I do not mean to lose my time in pursuing any of them. I have resources enough in myself, in my books, my music, my children, and my friends, to engage well and profitably the hours of domestic life; abroad, farming, gardening, riding, and walking, are surely enough to amuse and occupy a rational being.

Sir James Burges further informs Miss Burges that she can procure an engraved likeness of himself much commended by his acquaintances, on application to Mr. Tomkins, engraver to the Queen, 49, New Bond Street. He also advises her to obtain a copy of the *British Critic* for the previous month, to see what was said of his 'Triumph of Love.' In conclusion, he mentions that he had taken an active part in securing the return of "two good and staunch men" for the county of Kent, and his services on that occasion were acknowledged by Mr. George Rose in the name of Mr. Pitt.

In the early part of 1797 Sir James Burges was sufficiently

* *Ante*, pp. 135–141.

at ease in mind and body to be able to trouble himself about "the nice conduct" of his Marshal's baton. The Lord Chamberlain being unable to give him any information, he asked Lord Wentworth, the brother of his first wife, to lay the matter before the King, and solicit His Majesty's decision. The result is told in the following letter to his sister, dated the 13th of April, 1797:—

My predecessors, Marshals of the King's Household have, for above a hundred years past not only neglected the duties of their office, but given up all the honours and privileges annexed to it. Among the latter was that of their rank and dignity at St. James's, where the Marshal is a great man, and has the right of bearing his baton whenever he comes into the King's presence. As I always make it a rule to assert the rights of whatever place I hold, I have done so in this instance. I accordingly stated my pretensions to the King, who pronounced them to be well founded, and desired that I would always bear my baton when I came to Court. In consequence of this, I attended at the levée yesterday with my badge of authority in my hand, to the great surprise and admiration of all persons present.

At the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg-Stuttgart, Sir James Burges had the honour of marching in the procession, immediately after the drums and trumpets, and in front of the pursuivants and heralds. His feelings as a poet, however, were apparently more flattered by an application made to him by the Queen to devise "a surprise" for the royal party at a fête about to be given in honour of the newly married couple at Frogmore, traditionally the house inhabited by Mrs. Page, the Merry Wife of Windsor. Upon that hint he wrote an address to be delivered by Mrs. Maddocks in the character and costume of Mrs. Page. The trifle was well received, but hardly merits being handed down to posterity. About this time Sir James Burges seems to have joined the noble army of volunteers,

about which more will be said hereafter. In the meantime room must be found for a long letter to Lady Burges, dated from Dartmouth Street, the 18th of December, 1797, in which he describes a curious conversation with which he was honoured by the King:—

After breakfast this morning I went as usual to the King's Riding House, where I exercised my royal horse Solide, and afterwards rode him out on the Pimlico Road, in order to ascertain how he went among carriages. He did perfectly well. Having brought him back into the Riding House, I had just dismounted, when the further door opened, and the King came in. He told me that he had heard of my being there, and was come to know how I went on, and whether every thing was as I wished it. You may easily imagine my answer. He then laughed a good deal about the Lord Mayor's horsemanship, which he seemed to hold very cheap. I told him I had heard that he rode well and was fond of hunting, which he said he was glad to hear. He told me what alterations had been made at St. Paul's,* and what arrangements had taken place for piqueting fifty light horse in the Pimlico Riding House and seventy in that at the Mews. After much conversation, he said he was going to look at his horses, and asked me whether I liked to go with him. We accordingly surveyed both stables, and when we had done, he took me by the arm, and said he wanted to speak to me. We accordingly returned alone to the Riding House. When we got there, "Pray," said he, "can you tell me whether the Duke of Leeds will attend at St. Paul's to-morrow." I answered that I could not. "Why," said he, "my reason for asking is this. On the last occasion, when he was Secretary

* "As a public demonstration of gratitude to Almighty God for the successes at sea which enabled this country so effectually to withstand the overgrown power of France on the Continent, the King and Queen, the royal family, the great officers of state, the two Houses of Parliament, and the eminent commanders in the British service, formed a solemn procession to the Cathedral of St. Paul, where a service of commemoration and thanksgiving was performed (December 19th, 1797). The ceremony produced a strong and desirable effect on the people, though some misguided or hired vagrants disgraced the scene by insulting Mr. Pitt."—'Adolphus's History of England,' vol. vi. p. 673.

of State, he thought proper to take offence at the Peers not being robed, in consequence of which he not only did not attend, but was seen in the window of a house in St. Paul's Churchyard, as a spectator. Now this was so strange, that I have a curiosity to know what he means to do now. But he is so strange a man, that one can never tell. I hope, however, that you and he continue on a good footing." "Sir," said I, "we are on as good a footing as we probably shall ever be; that is to say, the Duke grew sorry for our quarrel, and made an overture of reconciliation: we shook hands, and are very civil when we meet." "That," said the King, "is a good description of the matter, and is quite enough, considering all that has passed, more especially as you never was informed why he quarrelled with you. I suppose you still are unacquainted with it." On my answering in the affirmative, he said, "But, though he never told you, I take it for granted you guess at it." "Sir," said I, "I never could attribute it to anything but the misrepresentation of persons about him, who conceived that their own interest might be advanced by bringing about a quarrel between us." "I think" said he, "that is by no means improbable, though perhaps there might yet be another cause which I will tell you immediately. But what you say is a thing which I have lamented on other occasions besides this. Almost all our young men of fashion have been spoiled by the same thing—by having a parcel of dirty low toad-eaters about them, who poison their minds. That man Jackson, who died t'other day, was a terrible fellow, and his other toad-eater, the Pincushion, is just as bad." Observing that I looked surprised at this phrase, he laughed and said, "What! did you never hear this name given to Glover?" I told him I had not. "Then," said he, "I'll tell you how it happened. Some people were talking a little while ago with the Archbishop of York about the Duke of Leeds and his toad-eaters, and one of them, forgetting Glover's name, mentioned him as the little fat man whom the Duke had brought into the House. 'Oh,' said the Archbishop, 'you mean the Pincushion.' 'The Pincushion, my Lord?' replied the man. 'Yes,' said the Archbishop, 'don't you know that the Duke carries him about in his pocket, to stick his pins in when he does not know where else to stick them?' Is not this a good story?" I said no more than the truth when I agreed with His Majesty, and we laughed a good deal about it. "But," said he, "I told you that I thought there

was another cause for your quarrel. Cannot you guess at it?" "Sir," said I, "I know of nothing, unless it be that the Duke was spoiled by the toad-eaters whom your Majesty mentioned, and that he could not digest the truths which I thought it my duty sometimes to tell him." "You have just hit upon it," said the King; "I have had reason to believe that was the case; for I know you always acted honourably and handsomely towards him; you resigned when he resigned; and you afterwards remained in the office solely in compliance with his request. All this I know from Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, who, I assure you, have always done you justice, particularly in this affair. Lord Grenville told me of the strange letter which the Duke sent him about you, and of his own excellent answer to it; so that I knew everything." "Sir," said I, "I have no other ambition or concern than to stand well in your Majesty's opinion, and your assurance of that makes me truly happy." "Yes, indeed," replied he, "I have every reason to be so, and I am glad I have had this opportunity of conversing with you, as it has enabled me to repeat what I have before told you. Now I must go back, as I have a good many things to do; so good morning." With this we parted.

It is now five, and I must seal my letter. So with every kind and affectionate wish for yourself and our dear children, and with your sister's thanks for your fowls, I remain,

My dear Anne, most truly yours,

J. B. BURGES.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Death of Mr. John Lamb—The Knight Marshal's Volunteers—"Richard Cœur de Lion"—Compliments—Letter from Wordsworth—Richard Cumberland on Sir James Burges—'The Exodiad'—'The Dragon Knight'—Dramas—Minor Pieces—William Cobbett—Kindly Deeds—The Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker on Vanities—Letter from Mr. George Chalmers — The Somerville Family — 'Marmion' — The Francis Burdett Riots—Death of Lady Burges—Reminiscences of Pitt—Death of Richard Cumberland—Heroic Death of Wentworth Burges—The Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker in Quest of "Junius"—Anecdote of Lord Wellington—His Solicitude for his Sick Soldiers.

THE death of his valued friend Mr. John Lamb on the 20th of February, 1798, was, from a pecuniary point of view, very advantageous to the family of Sir James Burges, who eventually came into possession of his handsome fortune. When that consummation came to pass the name of Burges was absorbed in that of Lamb. It is a transformation of frequent occurrence, and probably few persons would refuse to adopt almost any name if amply compensated by lands and riches. That was the case with Sir James Burges, though it may still be imagined that he regretted his severance from an honourable stock to be grafted upon one not less worthy of honour, but which did not stand so well with the world. He had to turn his back, as it were, upon the self-reliant Flemish burgher who bravely left his fatherland to seek a home among strangers. He had to disconnect himself with the stout Cavalier who defended Farnborough against Cromwell himself with equal resolution and success. He

had to break away from his own father, a man of rare intelligence, capacity, and honour. He had even to draw a line through his own respectable and prosperous career, separating the labours and anxieties of Mr. James Bland Burges from the dignified repose and lotus-eating leisure of Sir James Lamb. That last avatar, however, has not yet been reached. For the present he is still a Burges, though, as he explains to his sister in a letter dated the 4th of May, 1798, he had just assumed a new character.

After having borne various characters on the worldly stage, you will not perhaps be surprised to hear that I have taken up a new one, and that I have the honour to be a captain of Light Infantry and commander of a corps. Being at the head of a department in the King's household, I made a proposal of raising a body of volunteers for his service, to march, in case of necessity, to any part of the country. My advertisements were published only last Monday, and I can already boast of fifty as fine men as any regiment can produce, many of them gentlemen, the others substantial tradesmen and householders, and all of them bold, loyal fellows. I have little doubt of doubling my numbers before ten days are over. The King has accepted our services in the most flattering manner, and has given me the command of the corps and the nomination of the officers. You will perhaps be surprised, that, though the King has accepted of this offer, as made by one department of his household, not one of those who compose it has as yet offered his services. My whole corps hitherto consists of those whom my own personal interest has brought together. So much for courtly attachment and courtly loyalty. I ought perhaps to add, that I raise this body entirely at my own expense.

During his residence at Tunbridge Wells, Sir James Burges had become intimately acquainted with Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, and throughout the year 1798 a brisk correspondence went on between the two, with reference to Sir James's ambitious poem entitled 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' with which this partial critic declared himself delighted.

It is divided into eighteen books, and appeared in two volumes. In Todd's preliminary essay to his edition of the Works of Edmund Spenser, a slight allusion is made to 'Richard the First;' and it is really all that could be said at the present day:—"In this interesting poem the versification of Spenser is very successfully imitated." A great effort is needed to read from beginning to end, for the cadence is drowsily monotonous, there is no imagery worth mentioning, and the general tone is forced and bombastic. Arthur's sword Excalibur is supposed to have been discovered at Glastonbury shortly after Richard's return to his dominions, and is brought to him with much religious pomp, but as, after all, he has occasion only to use it against his rebellious vassals in Normandy, it was hardly worth while to rub off its rust for so slight a purpose. The author's contemporaries, however, thought well of his work. It was favourably reviewed by the leaders of public opinion, while the proprietors of the *Monthly Mirror* expressed the pleasure it would give them to "insert an extended article on the subject of your splendid epic"—apparently expecting that it would be sent to them—and asked for "the loan of a large painting or miniature of yourself to be engraved for their work." "They flatter themselves,"—Mr. Thomas Hill writes from Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,—"the popularity of the *Monthly Mirror* is not unknown to you, and they would confidently assure you that all communications with them are considered inviolable." Princess Elizabeth was, of course, much pleased with this greater effort on the part of her Paladin, nor were the ladies of the Court behindhand in expressing their admiration. Even Wordsworth had much to say in commendation, as appears from the following letter, and possibly the poem might be placed not much below Southey's 'Madoc,' or his 'Roderick, the last of the Goths':—

William Wordsworth to Sir J. B. Burges.

Grasmere, Westmoreland, January 14th, 1801.

SIR,

I entreat the honour of your acceptance of the accompanying volumes, as an acknowledgment of the pleasure which I have received from your poem. You will permit me to mention, as an excuse of the liberty which I thus take, that I had observed in your poetry, independent of its other merits, a pure and unmixed vein of native English, which induced me to hope that a series of poems written in the spirit of dislike to that diction which proceeds from the individual, not the community, would possess some claim to your attention. The habit of considering the language of our country as a servant and not as a master, has infected with few exceptions almost all our writers, both in prose and verse, since the death of Dryden, and has, I think, co-operated with other causes in some measure to injure the simplicity of our national character and to weaken our reverence for our ancient institutions and religious offices. Those prepossessions, therefore, which the knowledge of a wise purpose gains in favour of the execution, I rely on from your kindness, and have the honour,

Sir, to remain,

Your obedient, humble servant,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Richard Cumberland had a very high opinion of Sir James Burges, and had intended to have entrusted the publication of his 'Memoirs' to his care conjointly with Samuel Rogers and a Mr. Richard Sharpe, of Mark Lane, had he not been persuaded by the last-named gentleman to bring them out in his own lifetime. Of Sir James Burges he wrote, "he had, with the candour which is natural to an enlightened mind, generously engaged to take his share in selecting and arranging the miscellaneous farrago that will be found in my drawers after my body has been committed to the earth."

The heroic poem of 'Richard the First' [he remarks] is truly a very extraordinary work. I am a witness to the extreme rapidity with which my friend the author wrote it. It far exceeded the supposed rate at which Pope translated Homer, which, being at fifty lines per day, Samuel Johnson hesitated to give credit to. . . . Perhaps the public at large have not yet formed a proper estimate of the real merit of this heroic poem. . ... In the meantime, it gives me great satisfaction to know that the author of 'Richard' has since paid loyal service to the dramatic Muse, and when a mind so prompt in execution, and so fully stored with the knowledge both of men and books, shall address its labours to the stage, I should be loath to doubt but that the time will come when classic writing shall expel grimace.*

Mr. Cumberland was not a true prophet. As a playwright Sir James Burges failed to make his mark. Only two of his pieces were put upon the boards. One of them, 'Riches,' was an avowed adaptation of Massinger's 'City Madam,' while the other, entitled 'Tricks upon Travellers,' was not at all improved by the introduction of some trivial songs to give it the air of a comic opera, as Mr. Arnold was restricted from producing anything but opera during his tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre. These two pieces were subsequently published together with six others, not actually inferior, but which, for one reason or another, were rejected by the stage managers of the day. The latter were 'The Knight of Rhodes,' 'The Advertisement,' 'The Bandit,' 'Cortez,' 'The Storm'—the scene of which is laid in Andalusia—and 'The Crusaders,' a genuine comedy depicting German life at a somewhat distant date. Richard Cumberland justifies at some length his partiality for his new-found friend:—

Whilst Sir James Bland Burges inhabited the next house to mine at Tunbridge Wells, I had ever an intimate and kind friend to resort to! He has always been a studious man,

* 'Memoirs of Richard Cumberland,' vol. ii. pp. 234–235.

and his knowledge is very various; few men have read to better purpose, and fewer still can boast a more retentive memory, or a happier faculty of narrating what they remember. The early part of his education he received in Scotland, and completed it at Westminster School under Dr. Smith; at the University of Oxford he was the pupil of Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell), an opportunity that he has greatly benefited by, and an honour that he is justly proud of. Upon his leaving Oxford he resided in the Temple, and devoted himself to the study of the law; since then he has served in Parliament and filled an active and efficient post in a public office. From both these duties he is now released, and with a mind at leisure to pursue its natural bent, has commenced his literary career by devoting those talents to which his country has no longer any counter-claim, to the more tranquil service of the Muse. Reading has stored the mind of my friend with such a plenitude of matter, and nature has given him such a facility of expression, that his rapidity has hitherto been so great as hardly to allow fair leisure to his judgment to exert itself. The world, therefore, that has only seen his 'Richard Cœur de Lion' (and in my humble opinion not yet sufficiently estimated the real merit of that extraordinary poem) has better things to expect from him when his genius shall begin to feel the rein, and practice shall make him sensible that there is a labour as well as a luxury in composition. He is now concerned with a long and arduous work, too weighty to be moved by slight exertions, and too excursive to be circumscribed by rhyme. He must no longer now caparison his muse as a Spaniard does his mule, and make her frisk along the road to the eternal jingle of her own bells. He has in the meanwhile written some dramas, and if in these he has not exactly struck out what the times are pleased with, it is more than probable he might have struck out something not so good and pleased them better.*

The allusion to the weighty work refers to 'The Exodiad,' a poem sketched by Sir James Burges, and at which the two friends laboured with equal industry and equal futility. Cumberland explains in his 'Memoirs' how this idea of

* 'Memoirs of Richard Cumberland,' vol. ii. pp. 361-362.

collaboration originated. Although he had just lost £100 by his poem on 'Calvary,' he was casting about in his mind for a fresh subject to be taken from the Old Testament, when Sir James Burges suggested a history of Moses, from the flight from Egypt to his death on Mount Horeb.

This he did not propose in a crude and undigested state, but imparted to me a plan deliberately and minutely methodised and apportioned into books, ten in number, with the argument of each correctly drawn up; a work of much labour and considerable research. When I had taken this plan into consideration I found that he had not only traced out the journal of the sacred historian with the most exact fidelity, but had availed himself of maps and books till then unknown to me, and which seemed to leave little to the pen that followed, except the task of filling up the outline he had laid down. . . . My friend, who had taken to himself the whole labour of the plan, consented also to share that of the execution, and we divided our portions accordingly. Though we have each been drawn off to other studies, yet we have advanced considerably in the joint work, and I purpose with the concurrence of my worthy colleague to submit the first and second books to the public very shortly, and so to publish part by part, if life and health permit, till the whole shall be completed. We entitle it 'The Exodiad.'*

The enterprise proved a failure. The idea was not felicitous, and the public showed that it cared for none of those things treated in that manner. The warm friendship that had so quickly sprung up between Sir James Burges and Richard Cumberland must have surprised such of their common friends as recognised their similarity of temper and disposition. They were alike hot-tempered, painfully self-conscious, extremely vain, and impulsive to a degree that marred their judgment, besides being poets not of the highest order, and members of the same convivial club. The name of the club is nowhere given. One correspondent calls it the

* 'Memoirs of Richard Cumberland,' vol. ii. pp. 377-378.

"Convivium Poeticum;" Cumberland himself refers to it as the "Porcine Club," but it seems to have been merely a literary gathering at the Thatched House in St. James's Street, the festal day being Wednesday, though it is not stated whether the meetings were held weekly or monthly. Mr. Timbs mentions several convivial clubs whose headquarters were at the Thatched House, such as Johnson's Club, the Dilettanti Society, the Literary Society, the Catch Club—to which Sir James Burges certainly belonged at one time. In the 'Cornwallis Correspondence' reference is made to the "Wednesday Club," which originally dined somewhere in Dover Street, but afterwards removed to the Thatched House, where it met for the last time in 1820. There was, indeed, no lack of literary, artistic, and scientific clubs, of which the principal characteristics were a good dinner and a pleasant talk, but there is nothing to show to which of them Sir James Burges and Mr. Cumberland both belonged—nor is it a matter of much importance. It is not impossible, however, that the club mentioned by these correspondents may have been "The Club," frequented by Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Canning, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir James Mackintosh, Marsden, and a host of minor celebrities. It came to be called the Literary Club after the publication of Boswell's wonderful Biography, in which he applied that epithet.

The literary labours of the accomplished baronet may here be disposed of. His first appearance in print took place in 1783, when he published a treatise on 'The Law of Insolvency, with a Proposal for a Reform,' to which his correspondents frequently refer. Many years afterwards applications were made to him for copies from various parts of the country, on the ground that it was not easily procurable at the booksellers'. In 1788 he produced a humorous squib entitled 'An Heroic Epistle from Serjeant

Bradshaw in the Shades to John Dunning, Esq.' During his tenure of the post of Under Secretary of State Mr. Burges —as he then was called—contributed frequently to the *World* and *Sun* newspapers, and in 1792 he collected a considerable number of letters bearing the signature of "Alfred," that had first seen the light in the latter journal. 'The Birth and Triumph of Love: a Poem' was given to the public in 1796, followed by 'Richard the First' in 1801. His play of 'Riches' came out in 1810, and shortly afterwards his pseudo-comic opera, 'Tricks upon Travellers.' His collected dramas are of a later date. On New Year's Day, 1818, Sir James Burges dedicated to the Countess of Charleville a poem in twelve cantos, bearing the title of 'The Dragon Knight.' He himself describes it as a romance, which it is, but he also speaks of its "dramatic analogy," as an excuse for giving a list of the dramatis personæ. The act needed no excuse, but the poem is only dramatic in the sense of being full of action. It is not pleasant reading, being full of villainies, with too much of murder and sudden death. The style is, moreover, stilted and bombastic, while the personages include the Kings of Mæonia, Caria, Mysia, and Bithynia. There are Phrygian and Pisidian knights and pirates of Arcadia (perhaps intended for Acarnania). The scene is laid in the tenth century, and the names are classic Greek. In the following year, apparently to oblige his eccentric friend, Mr. John Bellamy, Sir James Burges wrote an ingenious little book, purporting to contain 'Reasons in Favour of a New Translation of the Holy Scriptures.' It is a work creditable to his industry and power of assimilating what he read, but it is rather ingenious than solid, and rather sophistical than satisfactory. Sir James Burges was also passionately fond of music, a performer on several instruments, and a composer in a somewhat severely classical

style. Among his lighter efforts he set to appropriate music Collins's Ode to the Passions, and Horace's 25th Ode of the First Book.

In the early part of May his Philadelphian correspondent, Mr. Thornton, besought his good offices on behalf of William Cobbett, already well known as Peter Porcupine, and who had rendered himself extremely unpopular in the United States by his rabid attacks on American institutions, and by his persistent abuse of Franklin, Priestley, Paine, and others who were at that time reverenced by the democrats of all countries. After seven years spent in America he returned to London, and opening a bookseller's shop at the West End, he started a daily journal with the title of the *Porcupine*. It did not, however, prove a paying speculation, his capital being too small to enable him to offer an adequate remuneration for articles of sterling merit. Mr. Pitt very early took a dislike to the man, which he was at no pains to conceal, but Mr. Windham adhered to him notwithstanding his scurrility and coarseness of invective, and even Mr. Hammond rendered him some assistance. It seems, however, that Sir James Burges and his friends wisely stood aloof, and declined to be mixed up with a writer of that stamp, whose character is succinctly summed up by Adolphus as "void of truth, patriotism, consistency, honour, or gratitude." He did not, however, withhold his aid from those who deserved sympathy and support. It was chiefly through his influence that £20 were contributed from the Literary Fund to relieve the immediate necessities of the widow of Robert Burns, and an additional five guineas to Dr. Thompson, the translator of Suetonius.

On the principle that good wine needs no bush, a letter from the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker may be inserted without further illustration. It is dated April 17th, 1805:—

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

How did you escape the installation? You must have had the good fortune of being forgotten, or the King, who has set his whole heart on having this show perfectly splendid, and punctiliously attended, who has even insisted on Lord Hardwicke [the Viceroy] coming from Ireland to play monkey tricks in St. George's Chapel, would hardly have omitted to require the presence of his Knight Marshal. However it has happened, I congratulate you on having escaped those costly and wearisome fooleries. When we hear of one feather for a great man's cap costing £500, how can we help thinking of "the brain of feathers and the heart of lead," that can find enjoyment in such a silly, momentary, and prodigal pleasure, and that too when salt is taxed, and the nation is reduced to the alternative of giving up the comforts and some of the necessaries of life to taxation, or of losing all by invasion. *Ma foi, on se moque du monde.* Do, for God's sake, take your red book, and read over the names of those pious, puissant, and valiant knights, those *preux chevaliers,* those champions and honour of their country and their faith, for whom all these sums and ceremonies are to be lavished and endured. The generous Buckingham, the gallant Northumberland, Portland the loyal and steady, the dignified Westmoreland, Camden active and acute, the heroic Hardwicke, Rutland the sage, with the mighty Devonshire and the stern Salisbury, two thunderbolts of war, to say nothing of twenty-two other heroes of equal talents, honour, and renown.

But what am I about, writing an epic in prose? I beg your pardon, and shall have done.

Make my compliments to Lady Burges and the young ladies in the kindest terms in which they will condescend to receive them, and believe, my dear sir, that there is at least one man in the world who can entirely *envy* you, without any diminution of the regard, with which he is your most truly obliged,

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

From George Chalmers, Esq.

Office for Trade, Whitehall, March 2nd, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your very obliging letter of the 27th ult. found me on

Saturday busily engaged in writing an elaborate, erudite, profound history of the King's Agency at Turk's Island, for the enlightenment of Sir George Shea.

With all my accomplishments for so difficult a task, I feel myself quite unable to thank you sufficiently for so many kindnesses as your letter conveys. What my worthy friend Colonel Dunlop told you is perfectly true. I have so far proceeded in my 'Caledonia,' a work analogous to Camden's 'Britannia,' that I have actually printed the first volume, a huge quarto of nine hundred pages; and I only wait for a map, which is almost finished, to give the whole to the censorious world.

In this volume there is a chapter on the Saxon colonisation of Scotland, by the fathers of the principal families in that country. In this I say and show that the Somervilles form one of the most ancient of the oldest families in Scotland, I mean of those who can be traced in record. Yet should I be happy to see your MS. history of that pristine family.

I would give the world for a copy of your father's account of Scotland in 1747.* I have in my printed, but unpublished, volume published a letter from General Bland to the Secretary of State, complaining of his letters being opened at the Edinburgh Post Office by the agent of the Duke of Argyle.

Happy shall I be to see 'The Exodiad.' This is a subject for two such poets as the authors of it. But what are they to Walter Scott, the Minstrel of the Borders! He is bringing out a poem on 'Flodden Field,' for which the booksellers of Edinburgh are to pay him £1000. This it is to write for women and children.

From William Cruchley, Esq., to Sir J. B. Burges, Bart.

John Street, Bedford Row, April 9th, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

I am grieved to relate to you the perilous situation of the metropolis. We are now on duty and have been since Saturday. We mount guard in Gray's Inn Hall. The Duke of Sussex with the North Britons are under our command. He staid with us until past four this morning, and at five we meet again. The Benchers, much to their honour, have given us, with other accommodation, their own sitting-room, the

* *Ante*, p. 3.

command of their wine-cellar, &c., so that you will perceive our quarters are not very bad.

Sir Francis Burdett* is now in the Tower. This has not been accomplished without bloodshed—some lives have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the insulted and enraged soldiery. Several persons have been killed and wounded this morning in the City. Last night the House of Lords was discovered to be on fire, but providentially in time to extinguish it without much damage. Your Marshalmen are ordered to attend the House of Lords at two. John Cruchley is gone. All the armed force in the metropolis, which is now immense, is under arms. The members of both Houses of Parliament are expected to be attacked on their way to it. In Bloomsbury Square four field pieces and two troops of horse parade round it, and although the poor fellows were exposed without shelter to the rain, almost exhausted with fatigue, being without refreshment, not one of the inhabitants had the humanity to afford either the one or the other; but on my suggestion Henry Fry tendered his house and cold beef to the officers, and most grateful they were for this mark of attention, which in point of policy was well bestowed upon them. His house and family will be sure to find early protection. Thus are we, my dear Sir James, situated; and when I reflect upon my present situation and contrast it with the happy and honourable one I held under you, I confess I do not feel as I could wish on the occasion; and more particularly, when I know the undisciplined set with whom honour now obliges me to act, I am not without my fears. I am confident hundreds, nay possibly thousands, of stands of arms will be found in the hands of the rabble if they have a mind to use them, and this from abandoning that plan of an armoury and dépôt, with the value and utility of which you and I are so well acquainted. However, here we are, and we must make the best of it, therefore adieu.

* Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower by the Speaker, for breach of privilege. He foolishly resisted, and consequently the police broke into his house, and, supported by a military force, carried him off to the Tower. He was set free on the prorogation of Parliament, but had the discretion to return home by water in order to avoid any more street demonstrations of mob sovereignty. At a later period he abandoned his Radical principles.

The drum beats; I have only time to add assurances of my being

Ever most faithfully and affectionately yours,

WM. CRUCHLEY.

To Charles Burges, from his Cousin, announcing the death of Lady Burges.

Beauport, October 19th, 1810.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I am very sorry to tell you that it is all over and that your dear mother died on Wednesday morning. Wentworth* arrived on Tuesday evening; and the last intelligible words she said were, "Thank God for it!" They are all as well as you can expect them to be after such a loss.

Ever yours affectionately,

MARY AMELIA HEAD.

From Sir James Bland Burges, Bart., to the Right Hon. J. W. Croker.

Beauport, November 27th, 1810.

MY DEAR CROKER,

In obedience to your and Barrows's command, I have since my return to this place read with great attention the critique on Gifford's 'Life of Mr. Pitt.'† As to Gifford's work, it seems to be what I supposed it would be; but, like Falstaff, though it has little wit of its own, it has been the cause of wit in another, and I hope may eventually prove the origin of a work, which may do credit not only to the great man of whom it will treat, but to our age and country. A detailed life of Mr. Pitt, combining his public and private transactions, written in the style of this critique, would be the most

* Wentworth Noel Burges, killed at the siege of Burgos in 1812.

† The Gifford who attempted Mr. Pitt's life must not be confounded with William Gifford, critic and satirist, author of 'The Baviad,' and first editor of the 'Quarterly Review.' The life of Pitt has yet to be written. Bishop Tomline's Life is a thing of shreds and patches. Gifford's work is unreadable, while Lord Stanhope's more ambitious labours are marred by the partialities and prejudices of kinship.

valuable present which a man of talents could make to his country; and, from the specimen now before me, I am satisfied that the writer of it is the only man living who can execute such a work. I am at no loss to guess who this writer is. *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus.* Perfect knowledge of Mr. Pitt's way of thinking, intimate acquaintance with his domestic and companionable manners, confidential communications of his public plans and political principles—all these, and indeed any of these, carry with them a proof that my conjecture is well founded, and add force to my wish that the gentleman in question may dedicate some portion of his leisure to the collecting of the amplest materials for the life of him, who, if any man ever truly merited such a character, was at once the honour of his country, and the object of the warmest affection of all those who were distinguished by his private intimacy. Unfortunately very few of the latter possessed the talent of reading his character, or of appreciating the wonderful stretch of mind, which might be traced even in his familiar conversation. They lived with him as we live with the sun, basking in his beams, enlivened by his rays and profiting by his warmth, without troubling themselves about his nature, and indeed making their hay while he shone, and as ready as the rest of the world to think no more about him when he finally set. I have often been surprised at the little effect which such a luminary had on those gentlemen, while my own mind was filled with admiration and astonishment. For about three or four years of my life, I had the honour of living with him in very confidential intimacy. I knew him originally in 1780, when we were young men together in Lincoln's Inn, and I well recollect the involuntary respect which I felt for the abilities which even then were too evident not to be distinguished beyond those of any other in the same society. When he came into office in 1783 he admitted me into his private confidence; and though my absence from London, for two years afterwards, prevented me from profiting by similar opportunities, they were renewed when I came into Parliament in January, 1787, and multiplied when I became Under Secretary in 1789. From that period, till about the end of 1792, I enjoyed the most confidential intimacy with him, which I presume to think might have subsisted much longer, if it had not been for the kind offices of a certain great man, [Lord Grenville] who never could bear anything, however

humble, to approach his own vortex of greatness, especially when personally connected with him in office. But though from that period, or rather from the middle of 1793, I ceased to have that familiar private intercourse with Mr. Pitt which I had formerly enjoyed, I flatter myself I never lost his esteem, and I still had more opportunities, from my official situation, than most persons possessed of becoming acquainted with his views as a Minister, and indeed of communicating with him as a man; and this continued till towards the end of 1795, when a lucky discovery of a projected manœuvre of the great man to whom I alluded above, enabled me to free myself from official shackles, and to receive a very satisfactory proof of Mr. Pitt's regard, greatly exceeding both my merits and my expectations. Furnished as I was with much information respecting him, which hardly any one else could have acquired, and with a strong recollection of many private as well as public anecdotes, which perhaps no one else possessed, it more than once occurred to me that I might employ to good effect some portion of the quiet retirement which his friendship had so greatly enabled me to enjoy, in tracing them as *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*, in order to enable some future writer of our history more truly to appreciate the character, talents, and virtues of him, who will, while England lasts, be classed among her brightest ornaments. This design I now for ever abandon. The perusal of the critique has convinced me that its writer is the proper person to undertake such a task. He has powers fully equal to the great undertaking, and, presuming I am right in my guess at his identity, he has had peculiarly advantageous opportunities of investigating a character, which was too often seen through a false medium, or, if through a right one, seen by those incapable of forming an adequate judgment of it. You will do a great public service, if you can prevail upon him to set about it, at a time when there are many living from whom he may obtain anecdotes and circumstances anterior to the period of his own personal knowledge. Everything of that sort of which I am in possession, or which I treasure in my recollection, are at his disposal. They extend from the rise to the zenith of Mr. Pitt's brilliant course. From that to his setting, the writer of the critique probably knows more than anyone. Should what I have said induce you to speak to him on the subject, you may hint my suspicion of his being mistaken in what he says about the Treaty of Pilnitz. There

certainly was such a treaty. I have had it in my hands, and have now by me an abstract of its contents.

Adieu. I have been carried farther by this subject than I proposed to go when I took up my pen. But, feeling as I do, I use some violence with myself to stop even now.

Ever truly and faithfully yours,

J. B. BURGES.

From Henry Fry, Esq.

Bedford Place, May 7th, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I trust you will not deem it a liberty I take in informing you of the death of our poor friend Mr. Cumberland, who died at my house this morning a quarter before 9 o'clock. He was taken ill last Thursday week. The day before I never knew him more cheerful or well. He was perfectly resigned and died without a groan. He was sensible, but for the last four or five days deprived of speech.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obedient, humble servant,

HENRY FRY.

Each year was now marked with a black stone. In 1810 Sir James Burges lost his wife, his best counsellor and truest friend. In 1811 his greatly esteemed fellow-workman, Richard Cumberland, passed away. And in 1812 his son Wentworth Noel, a brave, high-spirited youth, an ensign in the Coldstream Guards, fell in the gallant discharge of his duty in leading the forlorn hope at the fifth assault on the Castle of Burgos. He had escaped unhurt from the terrible struggle on the plain of Fuentes d'Onoro, though it was his cousin George Head—afterwards the well-known traveller and author, Sir George Head—who wrote to inform his father of his safety, the poor lad, only twenty years of age, having been on picket duty throughout the previous night, and consequently worn out by the fatigue of that fierce fight. He

does not appear, indeed, to have been a good correspondent, for the letters that describe the many moving incidents of the campaign bear the signature of George Head, at that time employed in the commissariat department with Lord Wellington's army. At Burgos his young life ended gloriously. Sir George Greville wrote to Charles Burges, afterwards Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb :—

It was on the evening of the 18th [October] that a storming party was ordered from the brigade to storm the second line of the Castle, the forlorn hope of which was led by your brother. He effected a lodgment, but, while bravely cheering his men on, fell with most of his party under one of the most dreadful fires that has ever been witnessed. . . He most particularly distinguished himself, and every mouth is loud in all his praise.

These few lines were confirmed by a letter received by Mrs. Cruchley from her son, who wrote on the 31st of October from the camp, on the banks of the Douro :—

Poor Wentworth was nobly leading the forlorn hope consisting of twenty men. He was the first to ascend the ladder and scale the walls, when he received a ball in his body, which brought him down. In this state he was seen most heroically to cheer and animate his men, when on another volley being fired from the enemy he fell and rose no more. The return of the party was so rapid as not to admit of time to bring off his body, but there was no doubt of its being honourably interred by the enemy.

The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker had a strong conviction in favour of Lord George Sackville (afterwards Lord George Germaine) being the author of the 'Letters of Junius.' Under this impression he wrote to Sir James Burges on the 16th of December, 1812, asking for any information he might be able to afford, especially as to certain points specified in his letter. The idea was shared at the time with many other

critics, but has now passed beyond the domain of serious discussion.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

Forgive me for troubling you with a few inquiries, which, however, I know of no one else so likely to be able to answer.

Lord George Sackville has been mentioned amongst those supposed to have written 'Junius.'

Some strong circumstances have come to my knowledge to confirm these suspicions. And *I am led to believe* that a more accurate inquiry into Lord George's (while he was Lord George) connexions and habits, would confirm the already very strong evidence on this subject. I write to you in perfect confidence, and beg that you will not allude to the matter to any one. Did you know Lord Sackville? Were his talents equal to this work? Who were his principal associates between his dismissal in 1759 and his return to the world in 1775? Did he reside principally at Stonelands? Where did he reside in London, and was he much here? Had he any personal cause of quarrel with the *Townsends*; I mean the late Marquis's family? Had he any ground of personal animosity to the present King?

Had His Majesty in any way confirmed his grandfather's proceedings subsequent upon the court-martial?

I cannot put to you all the questions which I should be particularly glad to have answered, but generally I request of you to let me have all the information and opinion which you have on the subject, and to be so kind as to direct me to any sources of his history, particularly before the battle of Minden.

Your old friend Cumberland, who lived a good deal with Lord Sackville, does not appear to have suspected his Lordship; but I have really no doubt that a chain of evidence may be produced which will satisfy all doubts on the subject.

Give Mrs. Croker's love and mine to all your girls, and our compliments to Lady Margaret, and believe me to be,

My dear Sir James,

Yours faithfully,

J. W. CROKER.

From Sir James Bland Burges to his son Charles.

Warren's, (Tuesday) February 11th, 1812.

As I think you will be amused and interested by an authentic anecdote of Lord Wellington, I will tell it to you. It comes from his aide-de-camp, Major Gordon, who brought over the account of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. Some little time ago, as a party of officers were dining with him, one of them happened to say that he had just returned from a place where a post of our soldiers was stationed, and that a considerable number of sick were without shelter, and exposed to the severity of the weather. When the party broke up, Lord Wellington ordered his horse, and set off with Gordon. They rode to the post in question, about thirty miles off, and arrived there about midnight. They found a great number of sick lying in the open air.

Lord Wellington immediately knocked up the commanding officer, and asked him why the men were left in such a condition. He said, that there was no accommodation for them in the place.

"Be so good," said Lord Wellington, "as to show me this house." After he had walked over and inspected it, he told Gordon immediately to remove 150 of the sick into it. He then went to the next officer in rank, and so on, till he had removed the whole of the sick; and, addressing the officers, he read them a severe lecture on the impropriety of their conduct, and told them that, if they or any officer under his command, should presume to consult his own convenience or luxury while a single sick man should remain unsheltered, he would make an example of them; and that, as to themselves, they might procure accommodations as they could somewhere else, for that the sick should remain where he had placed them. He and Gordon then mounted their horses, and returned to head quarters before day, and without any one suspecting they had been absent. On the following evening, however, he told Gordon he suspected, from the sulky manner in which his orders had been received, that they were likely enough to be disobeyed; he was, therefore, determined to pay those gentlemen another visit.

Accordingly, they mounted their horses again, and arrived past midnight at the post, where they found the sick

removed into the open air, and the officers comfortably reposing in their old quarters. However, he soon aroused them; for he ordered the sick to be instantly brought in, put the officers under arrest, marched them to head quarters, where they were tried for disobedience of orders, and cashiered.

CHAPTER XXII.

Amoris Redintegratio—A First and a Last Love—Lady Margaret Fordyce—'Auld Robin Gray'—Letter from Sir J. Burges to Lady M. Fordyce—Letter from Sir J. Burges to his Sister—Letter from Lady M. Fordyce to her sister, Lady E. Hardwicke—Letter from Lady M. Fordyce to a Cousin—Letter from F. B. Head—Zante—The Morea—Death of Lady M. Burges—Letter of Condolence from Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

A ROMANTIC episode, of an idyllic character, was inserted into the life of Sir James Burges in the year 1812. It was an illustration of the graceful and tender fancy Edgar Poe worked out in 'Annabel Lee.' Sir James might truly have said—

"*I* was a child, and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me."

And not less truly applicable, alas! were the last lines of the third stanza—

"So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea."

When he was a boy of thirteen James Burges formed a boyish attachment for Lady Margaret Lindsay, which was ardently reciprocated. The sentiment grew with their growth, but their parents, being moved by practical considerations, were

at last obliged to intervene and break off the sweet commerce of the young people. James Burges was sent abroad to dispel idle regrets; and at last, to please her father, the fifth Earl of Balcarres, Lady Margaret consented to become the wife of an elderly gentleman, named Alexander Fordyce, a general in the army. Her sisters—afterwards, respectively, Lady Anne Barnard and Lady Elizabeth Hardwicke—sympathised with the young man's disappointment, and for ever celebrated the incident in the beautiful lines known, wherever the English language is spoken, as 'Auld Robin Gray.' "Jamie's wraith," it is true, never came—any more than in the song—to disturb the lady's tranquillity, but somewhat late in life her faithful lover appeared to her in the flesh, and said, "I'm come hame to marry thee," and after a very slight hesitation, she consented, for she remembered that "Young Jamie had lo'ed her weel, and sought her for his bride." The union was a singularly happy one, though too briefly terminated. Sir James Burges, indeed, had reason to think well of womankind, for thrice he drew a prize in the matrimonial lottery. Sir Gilbert Elliot wrote to his wife, June 13th, 1789: "Lady Margaret Fordyce, though somewhat faded, still retains much beauty and great powers of pleasing." She had done her duty to her elderly helpmate, but grief had told upon her, as her sisters had foreseen when they wrote of her as "a ghaist." The correspondence on this subject will still be read with interest, as a tale of true love.

From Sir James Bland Burges to Lady Margaret Fordyce.

Warren's Hotel, Wednesday Evening,
February 5th, 1812.

I should be deficient in every good and generous feeling, my dear Lady Margaret, were I to delay giving you an immediate and explicit answer to your letter.

I give you the most solemn assurance, that I will comply with every request contained in it. They are perfectly reasonable; nay, they are what I myself was about to propose to you, when your brother's entrance prevented me. I most earnestly wish you to judge for yourself, and to decide how far both I and everything belonging to me are likely to insure your happiness. The partiality which I must feel for children whose conduct towards me has been invariably kind, may make me judge more favourably of them than others, more unprejudiced perhaps, may do; but you have a right to judge for yourself, and I flatter myself you will do so. I feel pretty much the same, though certainly much less strongly, about the house and the place which I presume to offer you. You ought to see both, and decide whether you like them. And you ought to do this with perfect freedom of thought and judgment, without any condition either expressed or implied, and without considering yourself under the slightest obligation from anything which has passed, to decide otherwise than your unbiassed judgment may dictate.

I told you, my dear Lady Margaret, and I told you truly, that your happiness was the first object of my heart. From my earliest youth I have felt for you the tenderest regard, and I could not refrain from acknowledging it to you when all those impediments which had prevented such an avowal had ceased to exist. But I never meant to solicit more than you now have granted. I should myself have implored you to decide as you have done. I shall be the happiest of mankind if you pronounce yourself satisfied with what I have to offer you; if you decide otherwise, no personal feelings will affect my regard for you, or diminish that sentiment which has become congenial with my heart, and which, while that continues to beat, I am very sure will never be extinguished.

This perhaps may be an answer to what you say about *some other person who might make me happy;* but it is not such an answer as I both can and will give you. In the sight of Heaven I declare you are the only woman existing to whom I would make the offer which I have made to you. If, finally, you should decide on declining it, in a manner equally solemn I assure you that nothing can ever induce me to repeat it to another.

A thousand motives have led me to address you, not one

of which would apply to any other woman in the world. It has become habitual to my nature to love, to esteem, to respect you; to all other women I am indifferent. My report has, from their infancy, made your name and my opinion of you familiar to my children; they already respect you, they are anxious to know you, and when they do know you, they will love you. I have, by this post, written to my two eldest daughters, requesting them to come to town, *to give me their opinion of my new carriage.* When they come, I will present them to you. You shall see them as they are, without any knowledge on their part of anything that has passed. I have not given the most distant hint to them, or to any one, either of the sentiment which I entertain towards you, or of my having any intention to form a new engagement. All they know of you is our old acquaintance, your amiable qualities, and the friendship which has so long subsisted between us; and that is all they shall know, till you choose they should know more. '*My secret*, you may depend upon it, shall *inviolably be kept.* Honour and principle alone would be sufficient to insure its sanctity, but your letter, were anything more wanting, would add new and forcible motives for my obedience to your request.

Forgive, my dear Lady Margaret, the incoherency which I am afraid you will find in what I have said to you. I have read your dear letter again and again; and if I put a construction on it too favourable to my hopes—if I am too much disposed to flatter myself that the most amiable woman in the world may be induced, sooner or later, as she may determine, to make me the happiest of men—attribute my presumption to anything but a want of respect to you.

I put the decision of my fate and my happiness into your hands. Whatever that decision may prove, if you consult by it your own happiness, I will subscribe to it, and so far at least endeavour to prove to you the sincerity with which I am

Your truest and most affectionate friend,

J. B. BURGES.

From Sir James Bland Burges to his sister Maria.

Warren's, July 17th, 1812.

MY DEAR MARIA,

The extreme kindness of your letter to me can be exceeded by nothing except the kindness of your letter to

Lady Margaret, which has gratified both her and myself in the highest degree. I never saw her more pleased with anything, and I have no doubt of your soon receiving a very satisfactory answer from her. I lament extremely that any circumstance should delay your meeting, as I am sure you would suit perfectly, for she is as good in her way as you are in yours. I need say no more to prove the opinion I entertain of her; an opinion which I may confidently assert, as I have known her longer than I have known you. There is an agreeable kind of romance in our history, which perhaps can hardly be paralleled. I was only thirteen, and she was only twelve, when we became acquainted, and formed a friendship, perhaps I ought to give it a stronger name, which nothing has ever affected, but which, after a lapse of so many years, and with the intervention of so many apparently insurmountable obstacles, is now on the eve of uniting us for the remainder of our lives. I suppose it is the novelty of such an incident which gives it such an interest with those who hear of it; for there is no accounting otherwise for the general satisfaction which everybody expresses, particularly those who have known us longest and best. With respect to her family, my situation and my sensations are as singular as they are pleasing. Conscious as I am of the immense advantages which both I and my children must derive from this match, I sometimes am almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses, when I receive from them the various proofs of satisfaction which they seem so earnest to give me. It really appears as if they had entered into a combination to call all my vanity and self-conceit into action. I trust, however, that I am steady enough to resist this torrent, which is strong enough to affect a wiser head than mine; but I make no scruple to indulge myself in the enjoyment of the flattering visions which it presents to me, of the advantages which such an alliance will produce to my daughters. Of this I can have no doubt; for it must necessarily place them in the best as well as in the first line of society. What can, what ought to be so gratifying to me, as the conviction of having thus been enabled to unite my own happiness with theirs? I fully appreciate the value and extent of such a blessing, and am proportionably thankful for it. It remains for time to prove how far I am worthy of it. It will not be in Lady Margaret's power and mine to visit you soon, as I assure you we should be very happy to do; for we must necessarily

pass the remainder of this year at Beauport, where many friends are coming to us; and next summer we cannot avoid going to Scotland to visit her mother, who is still living there, in full possession of her faculties at the age of eighty-five. We have reason to hope that this will prove a very pleasant tour, as we shall hardly have occasion to go to an inn, either in going or returning, as we shall take in our way Lord Wentworth, Lord Scarsdale, Lord Pollington, Lord Balcarres, and a number of other friends who have given us invitations. I flatter myself, however, that, though we cannot immediately go to you, you may find yourself well enough to come to us. You will find Beauport very much improved since you saw it.

From Lady Margaret Fordyce to her sister Lady Elizabeth Hardwicke.

Your letter, my dearest sister, dated the 20th, arrived this day, and I write one line to thank you for congratulations which I do not claim, as I am still the same Margaret Fordyce I was. The day which now stands as one which must be of *so much* consequence to the *remaining comfort* of my own life and Sir James's, is Monday, the 1st of September. At *all ages* a *change* is awful, be it *death* or marriage! but at my time of life it is so to *such a degree*, that the state of my mind has made me appear unkind and careless of you all. Nothing in the world *can* be *less true*, for I never felt to love all my own dear folks more than on the eve of taking new duties and forming new connections whom I do not know. The extreme unquietness of my mind must plead my excuse with you all round and round. Do not, because of any seeming neglect to any one, feel less kind to me I entreat, for there are some states of mind that make writing most painful. The truth is, I write to you all! but the letters remain in my desk, while you naturally judge that I do not think about you. I fear my mother feels in that manner, else she would have written me a line, although my tardy letter scarce deserved it. I thank her, however, for her *blessing;* it comes through *very kind* hands when it is conveyed by you. Whenever this matter does take place I hope to be able to tell you truly that I am happier than I now am, and try to obtain for my new ties the kind regard of you all.

From Lady Margaret Fordyce to a Cousin.

Thank you a thousand times, my dearest cousin, for your second kind letter of congratulation. The first ought to have been answered ages ago, but I know you will make allowances for certain anxious states of mind which make writing less congenial than the kind and cordial *confab* of a friend at the fireside. Though silent till now, believe me I have been and truly am very sensible of your most kind and cordial wishes for my happiness, which, if attachment long felt with much esteem, and also the attention of a man of worth and kind temper, can promote, my friends should have a confidence that the evening of life will be rendered more happy by the step I have taken. The affection of Sir James's family to him and their union amongst each other give an earnest that they will attach themselves to me, in which case the society of young people is a pleasing addition, as Sir James is most kindly anxious to cultivate all those whom I love. I feel a great hope that my friends will take an interest in *all that belong to him* as well as in himself, and I need scarce say, my dear cousin, that I shall be most happy to present you to each other as soon as we can meet. You will find my new family amiable, unaffected girls, whom I trust you will like, as well as his sons, the eldest of whom is a very fine young man much attached to his father; he seems of a most pleasing manly character, loving London and all its gaieties in the winter, and in the country taking to all its simple pleasures, as a sportsman and a farmer. As Sir James is most kindly desirous of cultivating all my friends and family, I feel most anxious that not only himself, but all that belong to him may be sure of testing the kindness and cordiality of all those I love.

The next letter, dated Zante, August 1st, 1813, is from Sir James Burges's nephew Francis—afterwards Sir Francis Bond—Head, the distinguished traveller, author of 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau,' 'A Faggot of French Sticks,' and other miscellaneous works, and for a time Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada. The Heads were all remarkable men, and all achieved meritorious distinction. Their father,

Mr. James Roper Head, married to Sir James's eldest sister, Frances Anne, was a man of great knowledge, and of a thoughtful mind, but some coolness existed between the two brothers-in-law, owing to Mr. Head's political principles being strongly tainted with Radicalism. He would, therefore, have hardly approved his son's commendation in a subsequent letter of the new system of parliamentary suffrage introduced into Sicily, according to which "the votes are given in acres, so that a man who has a large estate has more interest than the small farmer."

The plague at Valetta is worse. The streets are blockaded, and the Guards are ordered to shoot any one they may see out of their houses after ten o'clock in the morning. The men who came from Sicily to bury the people are all dead, but there are others who have agreed to perform so dreadful an operation for four dollars a-day. There is so little soil in Malta, that at first they could not make the graves deep enough, but they now use the ditches of the fortifications. The disease is particularly violent, not above 15 per cent. of those who have been attacked by it have been saved,—nearly double that number generally recover in Constantinople.

Thank God, I am out of it; however, I shall very probably suffer in a small degree, for my servant, the honestest old fellow in the island, lives in a very bad part of the town. If he dies, all my clothes and everything in my house will be burned, and my horse will for want of attendance very likely be starved. However, the more misfortunes that happen in my house, the happier I shall be that I am not in it.

The Queen of Sicily has been here for some time; she sails for Constantinople to-morrow; her eldest son Prince Leopold is with her. The Archduke Francis arrived yesterday, and has taken up his abode in the town. Zante has of course been very gay; we have had balls without number, although it is July, but as the rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay; their residence here has nearly doubled the price of provisions, and I believe the poor hungry Zantiots will most readily salute their departure.

I am very glad that I have been into the Morea, for, from being only at Malta, I had not the least idea that a place so nearly under the same meridian could have been so fertile. I was very much pleased with the country, and was quite sorry to leave it. The features of the Morea are rough, and on a very large scale; the valleys are often nearly perpendicular, and are dreadfully cut up by the rain which makes them impassable for the greatest part of the winter. We passed a *fiumara*, which was more than 150 feet broad, and although it was only from the melting of the snow on the mountains, yet the water came with such force that our horses' legs were nearly taken from under them. The population is very small, and one town has but little intercourse with another. There are some few that are entirely inhabited by Greeks, who then appear as happy as princes, but in the others there are but two sorts of men to be seen, slaves and tyrants.

The idyll was soon run out. The following letter from Lady Margaret Burges's brother, Lord Balcarres, alludes to a sad event which is not directly mentioned in the papers placed before the editor. The letter from Lady Charlotte Lindsay, sister-in-law to the deceased lady, also testifies to the kindly feelings with which Sir James Burges had inspired Lady Margaret's family and relatives. Lady Anne Barnard ever after acted as a mother to his children.

From Lord Balcarres.

Haigh Hall, Wigan, December 10th, 1814.

DEAR SIR JAMES,

We deeply lament the severe loss of Lady Margaret. Under such an affliction we have received much consolation by the tender and watchful attentions paid to her by the whole of your family in her last moments.

With our respects and thanks to them,

I remain, dear Sir James,

Most affectionately and sincerely yours,

BALCARRES.

From Lady Charlotte Lindsay (wife of the Hon. Colonel Lindsay, and daughter of Lord North).

Nice, January 20th, 1815.

Sorrowful as the subject must be to us both, yet I cannot, my dear Sir James, refrain from writing you a line of condolence, upon the very, very sad loss we, and you particularly, have sustained by the late severe affliction the death of our dearest and most valuable Margaret! But you may have the greatest of all possible consolations in the consciousness of having rendered her, during the too short period of your marriage, as happy as I believe it is ever the lot of any mortal to be in this world! and of having by your tender affection, and by the kind and unremitting attention of your whole family, smoothed her bed of death. I had been apprised of this event by the English newspapers, and by some letters from England, about a fortnight ago, but it was not till the day before yesterday that I heard the sad particulars from Lady Anne, who also informed me of the handsome legacy, and of the most kind, considerate, and wise manner (so like her own dear self) in which this legacy is left me. I cannot attempt to describe to you how much I feel affected upon this occasion, or the variety of sentiments that overwhelmed me upon first reading that part of her letter. I have transcribed it and have sent it to my husband, but it may be a long time before he receives my letter, as I am not certain whether he is still in England.

It was a great comfort to me to hear that my dear departed friend appeared to suffer little, and that she was unconscious of her situation, which (considering that her pious and virtuous mind and life made her always in a fit state for this awful change) was, I think, a great happiness, as it saved her, I trust, many a painful pang of regret at parting from those she loved so well. I will not say that I fear to have renewed your grief by this letter, for though I trust through the mercy of God and your pious resignation to His will, that the first bitterness of it is past, yet I am too deeply impressed with the sense of all the valuable and endearing qualities of my dearest Margaret, which you so truly appreciated, to think that the loss of her can ever be long from your remembrance. I will only add, my dear Sir James, that I hope, that although the dear tie that formed

our connection is no more, our friendship will still continue, that you will love me for her sake, as I shall you from that motive, and also for your own estimable and exceptional qualities.

Believe me,

My dear Sir James, your truly

Affectionate friend and sister,

CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Lord Byron's Marriage—Letters from Lady Milbanke—Marriage of Sir James Burges's eldest Son—Captain Burges wounded at Waterloo—Visited at Brussels by his Father and Sisters—Brussels—Letter from Francis Head—Entry into Paris of Louis XVIII.—French Fickleness—Letter from James Head to Lady A. Barnard—From Brussels to Paris in 1815—Sir James Burges on "Inter-acting Buffoons"—Correspondents—The "Sexagenarian."

THIS chapter also begins with the triumph of love, though a love that could not pass unscathed through the ordeal of matrimony. Sir James Burges, it may be remembered, married as his first wife the Hon. Elizabeth Noel, whose elder sister was shortly before united to Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Seaham, in the county of Durham. The issue of that marriage was a daughter, Anne Isabella, called by her mother Annabella, married on the 2nd of January, 1815, to Lord Byron, the poet. The betrothal of the ill-assorted pair was thus announced to Sir James Burges by Lady Milbanke some few months before the irrevocable step was taken. It may be here mentioned that Lady Byron's uncle, Lord Wentworth, died in the following April, and that his property, some seven to eight thousand a year, descended to Lady Milbanke and her daughter. Some unpleasantness afterwards ensued in which Lord Byron failed to exhibit the contempt of riches usually attributed to poets. For a time a slight coolness prevailed between him and Sir J. Burges, one of Lord Wentworth's executors, which eventually ceased,—Lord Byron

placing his opera-box at the disposal of Sir James, with a reversion to Sir John Cam Hobhouse.

From Lady Milbanke.

Seaham, near Stockton-on-Tees,
October 4th, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

I am doubly tempted to write to you at this time, having two pieces of intelligence to give, both of which I trust will afford you pleasure, and I hope you will be able to repay me by giving a better account of dear Lady Margaret, or rather confirming the good one I have received from my brother [Lord Wentworth], who shall be the *first* of the subjects I alluded to. He arrived here on Sunday in much better looks and spirits than when I left Kirkby, nor has he suffered from the fatigues of the journey. I hope the sea air and such exercise as he can have near it, will be of great service to restore his health, which has indeed been much shaken by the melancholy scenes he has gone through. Now, my dear friend, to my second topic, one most interesting to me, and I am certain for my sake will be also to you. My daughter is engaged to marry Lord Byron, with the entire approbation of her father and myself, to which is added my brother's kindest sanction. *You*, who like Lord Byron are favoured by the Muses, no doubt admire him as a *poet*, but believe me he has like yourself, a warm, affectionate, and liberal heart, with many qualities which promise happiness to the woman who will be his wife; his attachment to *her* has been *constant*, and is *deep* founded on the best basis: that of *esteem*.

He has not yet been here, being detained in town on *business*—law *business*—previous, I imagine, to his seeing Sir Ralph, but we expect him in a few days. Annabella, I must confess, returns his attachment very sincerely. You will feel for me and Milbanke. What is to become of us when we lose our sweet companion, I know not; and the very thought is dreadful to me! but yet I cannot wish it otherwise. When you communicate this to Lady Margaret, tell her, with my kindest love, that I demand her congratulations and her pity at the same time. I know *she* will feel for me. So will Lady Anne, who my brother thinks is now with you, and to whom I request to be tenderly remembered.

I would have written to you some days since, but have been rather *seriously* ill, too ill to use my pen, but I am recovering—it was a violent bilious attack. Sir Ralph and Annabella truly join with me in every kind wish to you and yours. Pray write to me, and believe me,

Your ever affectionate sister and friend,

JU. MILBANKE.

From Lady Milbanke.

Seaham, January 27th, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,

Your letter of the 24th authorises me to offer congratulations on an event which I had heard of some time since with great pleasure, as one which must afford you the greatest satisfaction a father can feel, namely, his son forming an alliance with an amiable woman, and in every respect advantageous and honourable. Believe me, Sir Ralph and Annabella cordially join in every good wish on this occasion, and request you will make this known to your son, and offer our respects to Lady Montgomerie,* whom I have not the honour to be acquainted with. The Byrons returned here last Saturday, and I hope will make some stay with us; they are both well, and as happy as youth and love can make them. He appears to prefer a quiet domestic circle to any other, and neither of them seems in any haste to visit London. We think of being there about Easter, but as yet we have no house there. It will probably end in our going to a hotel to look about us. I forbear recurring to past events, and wish you to look forward to the pleasing prospect of your son's happiness, and I sincerely hope the health and prosperity of yourself and family.

Believe me, dear Sir James,

Your ever affectionate friend,

JU. MILBANKE.

* Lady Mary Montgomerie was the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Archibald, eleventh Earl of Eglinton, and widow of Archibald Lord Montgomerie. She married as her second husband Mr. Charles Montolieu Burges, afterwards Sir Charles Lamb, Bart., to whom she bore a son, named Charles James Savile Montgomerie, who died before his father. She herself died in June, 1848.

It has already been told how Sir James Burges gave one son, Wentworth Noel, to his country, but his patriotism was proof against even the severe affliction he sustained in the mad assault on Burgos. A younger son, Somerville Waldemar, born in 1794, commanded his company of the Grenadier Guards at Waterloo, where he was so severely wounded in the leg by a grape shot that he was compelled to suffer amputation of the limb. A brother officer wrote to Sir James that his son had displayed "unrivalled courage" in battle, that his "gallant conduct was particularly admired," and that "he bore the amputation with wonderful spirits" and was "doing exceedingly well." An equally satisfactory account was received from his nephew, Francis Head, who wrote to say that Colonel Barclay, of the Guards, told him that his cousin Somerville "behaved like a most gallant officer in the field, and bore the operation with most wonderful fortitude and courage."

Sir James Burges forthwith started off for Brussels, taking with him two of his daughters, Clara and Caroline, and his nephew James, afterwards Captain, Head, with a servant in the dickey of his barouche. The passage from Ramsgate to Ostend occupied thirty hours, at the end of which the pilot contrived to strand the vessel on a shoal off the mouth of the harbour. After some trouble, and not without danger, the passengers were transferred to a rowing-boat, and ultimately landed in safety. Travelling through Belgium in those days demanded the exhibition of considerable patience. Starting from Ostend at six in the morning, the travellers got no further than Alost by nine that evening. Resuming their journey by good time next morning, they reached Brussels about noon. Writing to Lady Anne Barnard, Sir James Burges acknowledged that his nerves had been so unstrung by what he had lately passed through, that he could not

restrain his tears at the sight of such a fine young fellow, his own son, crippled for life. He was also much shocked as he drove through the town at seeing so many wounded men hobbling about. "Every second or third house chalked 2 *Blessés*, 3 *Blessés, officier blessé, &c.:* the door of a church wide open, exhibiting rows of mattresses covered with wounded men." Captain Burges recovered with wonderful rapidity. By the 3rd of July he was able to walk with crutches from the Place Royale to the Park and back again. The town swarmed with English who had the execrable taste to form parties of ladies and gentlemen to visit the battle-field, although aware that not one half of those killed had been properly buried. Sir James remarks that his daughters

> are in high health and good looks. They walk about in French bonnets with high feathers and veils, and have got immense ruffs for their necks, like pouting pigeons. . . . I saw yesterday morning a large cart loaded with nothing but crutches; 200 waggons were engaged to-day to convey such of our people as can safely be moved to Ostend, for their passage to England.

The following letter from Francis Head to his uncle, is painfully illustrative of the French character under adverse circumstances. It is dated from Paris, July 9th, 1815:—

> We entered the Fauboürg of Paris three days ago, but by Lord Wellington's order were not permitted to advance any farther. We found all the gates of the city manned by the National Guards, and saw the tricolor flag flying from all parts of the town. A French general and his aide-de-camp happened to pass one of the barriers while I was there, with the white cockade in his hat; he was charged by the National Guard, was taken prisoner, and his aide-de-camp was nearly killed by the *canaille*, who pelted him with whatever they could get hold of. The next day our division of the army passed round the walls of Paris into the suburbs, where we now are. On our march not a single person greeted us, no

one even cried *Vive le roi!* More than half the people we met carried the tricolor cockade.

You will perhaps at this account stop reading my letter to observe what a pity it is that so loyal a nation should be obliged by foreign bayonets to change their king, and you will perhaps expect to hear that they fought for him to the last, and that they did honour to their country by dying for one they professed so much to love. I acknowledge that I expected that such would be the result, and I almost thought that, like the last defenders of Carthage, they would not only die themselves, but would destroy even their wives and children.

Yesterday papers were sent about the streets proclaiming merely that Louis XVIII. intended to enter his capital that day at three o'clock. At twelve o'clock the tricolor flag still was to be seen everywhere, and the people still honestly seemed to preserve the same opinions, with the same cockade. At about two o'clock I observed that Buonaparte's flag was everywhere taken down, and was replaced by the white one. However, I considered that that perhaps was the act of some great man who had got into power, but that the people would still prevent Louis' entrance, and I went into the street he was to pass through, firmly expecting to see a most bloody battle. While I was thinking on the scenes which in former times had taken place in Paris, and which I expected to see repeated, I observed little boys going about with baskets full of white cockades, for which to my utter astonishment they seemed everywhere to find customers. In a short time the King's troops and some of his generals made their appearance. They were received in the most cordial manner you can imagine. Every house was filled with people who shouted *Vive le roi!* The National Guards, who the day before were for Buonaparte to the last drop of their blood, now screamed *Vive le roi!* and actually *danced* for joy. Every man's mouth was stretched to its utmost, while the other part of his face really seemed pleased. The houses (which in Paris are many stories high) looked like the boxes of a theatre, so crowded were they. I never in the course of my life saw such universal joy. However, I was really so disgusted with the sight that I walked home before even the King made his appearance—for although I like old Louis, and really wish him well, yet I could see him degraded with infinitely less pain than human nature. The conduct of the French yester-

day will certainly be a disgrace to them for ever. Their former affection for Buonaparte would have affected only their judgment had they remained firm to him. The world would have said that they had acted like fools, but nothing more; at present every one must think them a cowardly, spiritless nation.

I happen to be living in the house of a Frenchman who is really a very clever man. The excuse he makes for his countrymen is this. He said yesterday to me, "Monsieur, if ever you had a fever, have you not observed that you turn continually in your bed, and that you endeavour to find rest by turning to one side, though you have perhaps already turned sleepless from it a hundred times? Monsieur, France for these last five-and-twenty years has been acting the same unhappy part. The fever has been her Revolution. Wishing to find a point of repose she has turned on all sides, and has grasped at all sorts of governments. Finding herself uneasy with Buonaparte, she turned to Louis, for the same reason again to Buonaparte, for the same reason again to Louis, and if she still continues unhappy you will see that she will once more turn in despair to Buonaparte, or to any one else that may offer her relief."

Captain Burges was mentioned in his colonel's report as having particularly distinguished himself. He had had a very narrow escape on the 17th. "Late in the evening his battalion, being exposed to a very severe fire, was ordered to lie down. As Somerville and Mr. Lascelles were lying near each other, a shell fell, which wounded Lascelles severely on the side, and struck Somerville a blow on the head, which crushed his cap and stunned him. When he recovered his senses, to his own surprise, and that of all with him, he found his head actually in contact with the shell, which most providentially had not exploded." He was also slightly wounded in the hand. His company went into action on the 18th, with three officers and eighty men. When the affair was over, one sergeant and eight privates answered to their names. By the 10th of July, the company consisted of about thirty-five all

told, including the wounded. Upon which Sir James Burges pertinently remarked: "As far as personal courage and conduct in the field go, too much cannot be said in favour of the Duke of Wellington; but his negligence in suffering himself to be surprised when his army was dispersed and unprepared, admits of no excuse, and undoubtedly was the occasion of such a horrible waste of human blood."

The English visitors troubled themselves very little about their wounded countrymen, with the exception of Lord Mount-Norris, who went about among them, chatting with them and telling them the news. This indifference contrasted painfully with the kindness and sympathy shown by the people of Brussels. Sir James's son-in-law, Colonel Halket, who had married his daughter, Emily Charlotte, had also acquitted himself very valiantly, and was rewarded with a red ribbon.

From James Head to Lady Anne Barnard.*

Brussels, August 3rd, 1815.

MY DEAR LADY ANNE,

After I had been here about ten days, I thought it a good plan to take advantage of my being so far on my way to go a little farther and see Paris; and as I was lucky enough to hear of a fourth place in a *voiture* I went that evening and settled everything to be off the next morning, when I accordingly set out. As we were following the track of the army, it was probable we should not be able to procure horses on the road; we therefore made a bargain at Brussels for the same horses to take us all the distance, which was to be completed in five days. Until we passed Roye, except the corn being a good deal trodden down near the road, we saw but slight marks of the army we were following, but after passing that place the case was very different. Hitherto we had been following the British army only, we now came in upon the track of the Prussians also. The cottages were in many places abandoned, and sometimes burnt. Almost all the

* Afterwards captain of an "East Indiaman," and lost off the mouth of the Hooghly.

windows and doors broken, and the corn, for a much wider space than it had been, was trodden down and spoilt. These were strong features of the late passage of a large army, and continued, with the addition of frequently passing the wreck of a waggon or a dead horse almost every half mile, all the way to Paris. On my arrival in Paris, I found my brother Frank, who is in the Engineers: he was in both actions, and had a horse shot under him on the 16th. The next day we set out on our work of seeing sights, which lasted five days, after which, with him, I set out on my return to Brussels.

It struck me as a strong instance of the heartlessness and frivolity of the French character, the extreme indifference with which they treat this wonderful Revolution. At Paris, they are all as gay, and apparently as happy, as if this total overthrow had been reversed, or as if they had forgotten the events of the 16th and 18th of June. All the theatres are full (and of Frenchmen!), and their promenades gay. There is no sign of national mourning to be seen, though they generally confess their dislike and contempt of Louis XVIII. Yet there is constantly a crowd of respectable-looking people standing round the Tuileries who shout "*Vive le roi!*" with apparent sincerity.

The Brussels episode at length came to an end, and the Burges party returned to England, Captain Burges, after awhile, rejoining his regiment in France. Sir James appears to have reverted to his old pursuits, and especially to the drama. In 1817 he introduced Talma to Lady Charleville, a pupil of the famous Clairon, and as both were "strenuous partisans of Buonaparte," they were at once on excellent terms with one another, the Countess giving a grand dinner in honour of the great tragedian, the friend and companion of the late Emperor. With pardonable vanity, Sir James Burges presented a copy of his "dramas" to Talma, who wrote to say, that he would "take them with him to Paris, where he was sure they would soon get into high repute and circulation. This, if he chooses to peruse them, will very probably be the case."

There is an extremely interesting letter, without any address, dated the 16th of August, 1817, in which Sir James Burges gives several examples of the ancient practice of introducing an interlude of buffoonery between two acts:—

When I had the pleasure of dining with you some time ago at our Club, you maintained a proposition to which some gentlemen present did not agree, namely, that, in our old drama, a kind of Inter-act was occasionally introduced, in which the clowns displayed their extemporaneous wit, and, as Shakespeare observes, spoke more than was set down for them. I abstained from taking any share in the debate, though I strongly inclined to your opinion; but I have since accidentally met with some authorities which strongly confirm it, and which probably never fell in the way of the critics who disputed your proposition. They are not indeed founded on the practice of the English stage, but they are nevertheless good authorities, inasmuch as they prove the existence of such a practice.

The first of these is the Spanish dramatist Calderon. In his Famosa Comedia, entitled, 'En esta vida todo es verdad y todo mentira,' which was written about the year 1637, there are two "graciosos," or buffoons, who have no concern in the piece, and for whom the author has not written a word, though he has inserted for their use a variety of stage directions, as for instance: "At this interesting moment," namely, when an affecting recognition has just taken place, "the two 'graciosos' take opportunity of coming forward with their buffooneries." My second authority is equally authentic, though it does not bear so great a name—for in fact it is anonymous. It is a volume entitled 'The Lady ——'s Travels in Spain,' in the form of letters, which contains a number of curious and interesting details of the manners and customs of that country, and is now, I believe, very scarce. In one of these letters, dated Vittoria, February 24th, 1673, is the following passage: "It was proposed to go to the play. The comedy consisted of three acts. At the end of each serious act, another began of farce and pleasantry, wherein appeared him they called 'el gracioso,' which is to say, the buffoon, who, among much insipid stuff, says sometimes something

that is less nauseous. I would not have you think these actors, for being in a little city, do much differ from those of Madrid."

In no less degree was this practice of inter-acting prevalent on the Italian stage; and, if we can prove that it was in vogue some time after Shakespeare's period, it may be fairly inferred that it had been contemporaneous with him. Such proof is not wanting, for in Gherardi's 'Theatre Italien,' which was published in 1694, plenty of instances are to be found, pretty much of the same complexion as those customary in Spain, but still better defined. I will give you one or two as a sample.

In the comedy of the 'Mercure Galant,' * acted at the Hôtel de Bourgogne on the 22nd of January, 1682, there is the following stage direction:—"Ici Pan, appercevant l'âne sur lequel Arlequin étoit monté, demande à Arlequin si cet âne lui appartient. Arlequin répond qu'il est à lui, que c'est un âne virtuoso, qui sçait faire le manège, qui courbette, qui joue fort bien du clavecin. Pan demande s'il veut le lui prêter. Arlequin y consent. Pan monte sur l'âne, lequel, après avoir fait quelques pas, se sépare en deux, laissant Pan par terre. Arlequin se moque de lui et s'en va."

In another comedy, 'L'Avocat Pour et Contre,' acted at the same theatre on the 8th of June, 1685, to the concluding scene of the first act, which is gravely enough written, is subjoined the following stage direction:—"Dans ce tems Scaramouche arrive. Arlequin lui dit qu'il vient de voir encore Colombine. Scaramouche dit qu'il perd l'esprit, et que cela est impossible. Au moment arrive Pasquariel dans un sac, et il se roule jusque sur les pieds d'Arlequin, qui, le voyant, dit, C'est un sac de charbon qui va au marché; Scaramouche dit que c'est un balot qui va à la douane. Arlequin vient regarder par l'embouchure du sac ce qu'il y a dedans. Pasquariel aussi-tôt sort avec trois têtes, contrefaisant le diable, et épouvante Arlequin et Scaramouche qui tombent à la renverse de peur; et le premier acte finit."

I leave you to decide how far these examples go to prove the justness of your proposition. When you couple them with what Stow † says of Tarlton's ‡ "Wondrous plentifull,

* By E. Boursault.

† Stow's 'Annales,' ed. 1615, p. 697, quoted by Mr. Halliwell.

‡ Richard Tarlton, actor, jester, and author of 'The Seven Deadly Sins.' Mr. Halliwell edited 'Tarlton's Jests' for the Shakespeare Society, 1844.

pleasant, extemporall wit" and invention, they amount, in my opinion, to a conclusive proof of your being right, and as such I venture to submit them to your consideration.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

J. B. BURGES.

Throughout the following year, 1818, Sir James Burges was much taken up with John Bellamy's craze about a new translation of the Old Testament, although his own knowledge of Hebrew is said to have been very superficial. Sir James, acting on a friendly impulse, published a treatise in support of Bellamy's views and pretensions, and Dr. Clarke, librarian at Carlton House, was also drawn into the tiny vortex that swirled round the pseudo-Hebraist. The translation was never completed, and is now as entirely forgotten as his 'History of All Religions.' The unfortunate William Beloe, who had been somewhat harshly dismissed from his post of assistant-librarian at the British Museum, because of the thievish practices of an individual whom he had introduced on the recommendation of several most respectable persons, was another frequent correspondent about this time. There can be no doubt that Sir James Burges sat, unknown to himself, for the portrait delineated in the 'Sexagenarian' (chapter v. vol. ii.). It is complimentary, but quite truthful, and bears ungrudging testimony to the high moral and intellectual qualifications which characterised Sir James, while at the same time it charges him with want of flexibility, with excess of pride, which prevented him from paying court to the great and influential, and thus caused him to be outstript in the race of life by men every way his inferiors. There was no lack of wholesome ambition, 'Sexagenarian' continues, but covetousness and greed of riches were altogether wanting. Strangers complained of a certain reserve and

chilliness of manner, which disappeared on further intercourse. Acknowledgment is also made of "a very long attachment, esteem, and a friendship never interrupted." Another correspondent, of a very different type, was the Rev. R. Nares, Archdeacon of Stafford, who took a lively interest in Bellamy's labours, being himself a philologist, and aware of the incessant mutation in the meaning of words and phrases.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sir James Burges succeeds to Mr. Lamb's Estate—Takes the Name of Lamb—Letter from Archdeacon Nares—Letter from Mrs. Chetham Stoode — Catalani—A "Difficulty" at Whampoa — Promotion by Suicide—Letter from Francis Bord Head—Preparations for George IV.'s Entry into Edinburgh—Death of Sir James Lamb—His Children and Grandchildren.

THE property left by Mr. John Lamb did not pass at once to Sir James Burges. A Mr. Thomas Henry Cock, who in 1798 took out a royal licence to assume the name of Lamb, had a life interest in it, and in the ordinary course of nature might have been expected to survive Sir James, but late at night on the 19th of September, 1821, he suddenly expired at his residence in Golden Square. Sir James Burges now became by royal licence Sir James Lamb, and his former name knew him no more. Congratulations poured in from all quarters. Henry Head honestly wrote: "My dearest Uncle,—I am heartily glad to see in the papers the death at last of old Mr. Lamb, and I most heartily wish you many happy years to enjoy the good fortune that will in consequence devolve upon your family." The epithet "old" was ill chosen under the circumstances, but the poor gentleman was evidently thought inconsiderate for living so long as he did to keep an estimable family out of considerable wealth, which they were likely to enjoy much more than he had ever done. Sir Henry Halford offered the hospitality of Wiston Hall, near Market Harborough, if Sir James Lamb

were disposed to go down to that neighbourhood to inspect his estate at Foston; while Mr. J. C. Gape wrote from St. Albans, not merely tendering the use of his house, but also proposing to look after the game on Beach Farm, which was surrounded by his own lands. A pleasanter letter came from his old friend, Mr. Nares, dated from Hart Street, Bloomsbury, November 3rd, 1821:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Under whatever name—Bland Burges, or Lamb—I was beginning to write to you yesterday, but thinking that it was *possible* you might be at *the club*, I desisted. Now, as I think it possible that you may get my letter, though I am not sure where to direct it, I pursue my intention. You told me long ago of the will of Mr. L., but, as the succession depended on the failure of a younger life, I recollect you did not much build upon being personally benefited by it. Providence has ordered it otherwise, and you are the gainer of I know not what; but I hear, and I hope truly hear; that it is something very considerable. Supposing my letter to reach you, I shall hope ere long to be informed of particulars.

My neighbour, D'Israeli [father of Lord Beaconsfield], who saw you at Tunbridge Wells, was the first to inform me of your good fortune, but the appearance of your name in the *Gazette* put the matter out of all doubt, and I determined immediately to send you my congratulations. Not that I doubted of his report, but that I thought perhaps some difficulties might yet intervene. Honourable mention was made of you yesterday at the Thatched House. The meeting indeed was small, but all rejoiced in your advantage. Mrs. N. and I returned about a month ago from a long tour in the North of England and Scotland, upon which we set out as soon as my Lichfield * residence was at an end. We are now fixed here for the winter, where, if you come up to town, I shall be happy to see you. Mrs. N. joins in remembrances to yourself and family, and

I am, as ever, truly yours,

R. NARES.

* Mr. Nares was Canon of Lichfield Cathedral.

From Mrs. C. Chetham Stoode.

South Hill House, November 18th, 1821.

How very singular, my dear Sir, the morning after the Coronation, you should have so well predicted the Queen's [Caroline of Brunswick] approaching fate! Her intended visit to Scotland would have created great mischief; it seems like an interference of Providence her being cut off at the moment she was. The 'Wag' says, the Devil wanted a good rubber of whist, and therefore sent for Buonaparte, Her Majesty, and the Dowager Lady Jersey. Our good King is returned from the Continent without a wife, or without even thinking of one, I surmise. I am sorry for it; I wish we had an amiable female on the Throne, and Lady Conyngham at her proper distance. From well-regulated, sober-minded people, who were in Dublin during the royal visit, and witnessed *a little* of her proceedings, I know *they* were highly objectionable.

We attended the great musical festival in Bath three weeks since. Catalani's powers astonished and surprised us. I think her improved since hearing her seven or eight years since, and in beauty she is decidedly so. She is a very natural, unaffected creature. We met her twice in private, and were much pleased with her manners and conversation. She has been staying at Clifton since that period on the score of health, having caught a violent cold, which affected her throat.

The hollowness of the Celestial Empire had not been found out in 1820–21. The Chinese Emperor was regarded as a mighty potentate, much as the Great Moghul had been a few years previously. An amusing illustration of the reverence with which the East India Company, at least, treated the mandarins and other shadowy personages is afforded in the following letter from James Head to his uncle, dated on board the Honourable East India Company's ship *Buckinghamshire*, off Whampoa, 7th December, 1820:—

MY DEAR UNCLE,

We are all just relieved from a state of much anxiety by the favourable termination of what had the appearance of a

very serious disturbance with the Chinese; and I am no longer afraid of (what I fully expected the day before yesterday) our ships being detained here three or four months. A Mr. Piggott, an officer of the *London*, being in charge of a boat, unfortunately killed a Chinese by a musket ball. Of course he was demanded by the Chinese, but he was not to be found. How his escape was managed, and by whom, we will talk over when I see you, as perhaps the less said of it the better for a certain friend of yours either at Canton or the India House. As Mr. Piggott was not to be found, the Chinese would in all probability have stopped the trade until the affair was settled, which would have kept us here God knows how long. When it so happened that an unfortunate butcher on board the *Duke of York* cut his throat in a fit of delirium. He was immediately dressed in a uniform, and a report made stating that the delinquent was found and secured, but, unluckily for the Canton Jack Ketch, he had made away with himself. In consequence of this, yesterday a party of mandarins and police officers of various kinds went on board and inspected the dead body, and returned to Canton perfectly satisfied. Thus has ended a business that we had every reason to fear would keep us out here till March or April.

Our climate has now altered from the thermometer being, as it was ten days ago, up at 80°, to what it was in my cabin this morning, 50°; this, though rather sharp, is very acceptable, as it clears the sick lists like magic, leaving only a few cases of ague.

God bless you, my dear uncle; give my kindest love to all your party, and believe me to be

Yours, very affectionately,

JAMES HEAD.

I hear that the bribing necessary to turn the poor butcher into a fifth mate will cost the Company nearly 20,000 dollars —£5000.

The last letter that appears in this volume will probably be thought not the least interesting. It is dated from Edinburgh, August 12th, 1822, and gives some curious details of the preparations for the reception of George IV., styled by

Mrs. Chetham, Stoode "our good King." The writer was subsequently known to fame as Sir Francis Bond Head.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

. . . I have been very busily employed lately in preparing the Castle for the King's visit, and have at last managed to make it clean, which is all that can be expected. The King is to arrive in the Forth to-morrow; is to land at Leith, and to proceed to the Palace of Holy Rood by Leith Walk. Edinburgh is really full of people, and there is scarcely a bed to be had. It is supposed that there are 140,000 strangers in the town. Everything is in a bustle and confusion, and I believe that not half the dresses ordered for to-morrow will be ready. The principal personages in the processions to Holy Rood, and afterwards to the Castle, are the Lord First Constable (Lord Erroll) and the Knight Marshal (Sir A. Keith). They are each to be attended by six esquires and two pages.

I am one of Lord Erroll's esquires, and am to be dressed in a scarlet embroidered coat, white satin waistcoat, white satin breeches, with white shoes.

We have another dress for riding in, and have magnificent accoutrements for our horses. Everything is found by Lord Erroll, and I therefore believe the ceremonies will cost him about £1500. We made a claim for the King's horses from the riding school, but your Scotch brother, the Knight Marshal, had been beforehand and obtained them for his esquires, so I am prevented riding a long-tailed horse.

Lord Erroll only came to Edinburgh a few days ago, and had then all his dresses to invent and to order. There was no one here who could give him any instruction but Walter Scott, and he misled him. It was for a long time a matter of dispute whether the esquires were to ride with batons, but it is at last decided that we are. They, however, will not allow us to ride with spurs, without which it is quite impossible to manage one's horse.

The regalia was carried in procession (guarded by the yeomanry and Glengarry Highlanders) to Holy Rood House this morning, and I am sorry to say that a scaffold, crowded with people, gave way, and that a number of persons were hurt.

It is expected that numbers of people will be killed when the procession to the Castle takes place, and I rather

expect there will be a row, for the magistrates have taken possession of almost every vacant spot in order to erect scaffolds for their friends and for people of distinction, and as upwards of two hundred thousand people will find it impossible to see anything, I certainly fear the *canaille* will be dissatisfied. There is a great deal of curiosity evident everywhere to see the King, but if it was not for that I do not think he would be well received—not from any bad feeling, but from the cold, sedate habits of the people. I really expect, however, that he will be pleased with his visit, for he must admire the scenery of Edinburgh, and all the authorities and the respectable people seem aware of the duties they have to perform. . . .

Sir James Lamb did not long enjoy his new name, or its valuable accompaniments. He died on the 11th of October, 1824, and was succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest surviving son, Charles Montolieu, who had also the reversion to the dignity and privileges of Knight Marshal of the Royal Household. As already stated, Sir Charles Lamb's first wife was Lady Mary Montgomerie, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Eglinton and relict of Archibald Lord Mongomerie. Sir Charles Lamb married a second time in 1853. His wife was Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Margesson, of Van and Oakhurst, in the county of Surrey. Sir Charles Lamb died in 1860. His widow survived him till the month of July, 1884.

Sir James Burges had ten children by his second wife, Anne Montolieu: 1, James George, born in 1781, died in infancy; 2, Clara Maria, born 1783, died unmarried in 1821; 3, Charles Montolieu, born in 1785, died in 1860; 4, Osborne, born 1788, died in infancy; 5, Emily Charlotte, born 1789, married in 1810 to Major-General Sir Hugh Halkett, by whom she had sons and daughters; 6, Caroline Eliza Anne, died unmarried in 1863; 7, Wentworth Noel, born 1792, killed at the siege of Burgos in 1812; 8, Somerville Walde-

mar, born 1794, wounded at Waterloo, died in 1869; 9, Sophia Anne, married in 1821 Rev. Warburton Davies, died without issue in 1858; 10, Julia Octavia, died unmarried in 1826.

It is surely unnecessary to add, as it were, an epitaph. The life and letters of James Bland Burges photograph the man as he lived and moved and had his being. He was a thorough English gentleman, the highest type of civilisation yet attained by mankind. In all the domestic and social relations of life he was faultless. As a son, he was dutiful and affectionate; as a husband, faithful and loving; as a father, equally judicious and indulgent; as a public man, intelligent, industrious, and patriotic; as a friend, kind, hospitable, and forbearing; and if, as a poet, he failed to reach a higher order of excellence, let it not be forgotten that genius is the gift of nature and cannot be won by any amount of labour. He was an honourable, upright man, beloved in life, and sincerely regretted in death. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

APPENDIX A.

ANECDOTES RELATING TO THE AFFAIR AT GLENCOE, TAKEN FROM MRS. OGILVY'S MOUTH, 1762, BY MR. GEORGE BURGES.

1700. MRS. OGILVY went to Fort William.

M'Donald, of Glencoe, came in to Colonel Hill to take the oaths to the Government, but after the time limited by law, which Colonel Hill refused to administer; from there he went to Inverary to the sheriff (supposed Campbell of Meinon), but in going down was guilty of some violence on the Breadalbane Estate, the Earl of which informed the Ministry, for which they were brought to justice upon the information of one of their own clan M'Donald, who was a very weak man; this enraged them, and they privately murdered the informer, whose sister having discovered the same, sent away the two nearest heirs of the deceased for fear of their meeting the same fate, which two young men had before, one a drummer, the other a soldier, entered into Argyle's regiment, part of which were quartered upon Glencoe's ground, under the command of Major Duncanson . . .

Sir John Hill was ordered to march up a detachment of his regiment under the command of Colonel Hamilton, a Scotch-Irish gentleman, to assist Major Duncanson in quelling this part of the country, but the weather proving extremely bad, and the rivers being swelled, this detachment did not arrive till twenty-four hours after the death of Glencoe and his people, and the only person who suffered from this party was an idiot, who was shot on the top of a rock; however complaint was made to Sir John Hill that the detachment had plundered the country and drove away the cattle, which upon the strictest inquiry was found to be altogether a falsity, except in one instance where a soldier

had carried off one sheep, for which he was severely punished by running the gauntlet. From hence it appears plainly that Glencoe was killed by the men of Argyle's regiment, and particularly by the heirs of the men whom he had put to death for giving information against him of the riot committed on the Breadalbane estate; and by virtue of a warrant from Sir John Dalrymple, then Secretary of State, Glencoe and ten others were killed, as was likewise a boy who had taken shelter under Captain Campbell of Glenlyon's cloak, but was stabbed by Captain Drummond of the same regiment, with this remarkable expression, that where there were nits there would always be lice. The report of Glencoe's wife dying of wounds she received endeavouring to protect her husband, is entirely false, as she lived thirty years after the affair, and was married to Donald Garrom, one of the family of the Kippocks. M'Donald's, likewise Glencoe's sons, John and Alister, fled the night before the affair upon apprehension that something was intended against them, from seeing the soldiers more than commonly busy with their arms. These sons returned afterwards to their estate, and lived there very quietly and unmolested.

Mrs. Ogilvy's father, Captain William Richardson, was in Colonel Hill's regiment at Fort William, where she went in 1700. Captain Richardson was at Fort William when the affair happened.

As soon as the business was over, Colonel Hamilton came to Edinburgh, when finding the people suspicious that he had been concerned, and that the real facts were greatly magnified, he was obliged to go away as expeditiously as possible, and borrowing two horses from Mr. John Richardson (brother of the Captain) at Gilmerton, he went away directly to Flanders to King William; Mrs. Hamilton, wife to the Colonel, resided at the Abbey Hill, in Edinburgh, till his return from Flanders.

APPENDIX B.

At Arthur's gaming-house, one Robert Mackreth,* the head-waiter, carried on a profitable business by furnishing money to those who frequented it, on the reasonable terms of receiving back, on the following morning, the sum advanced with five per cent. premium. As this business engrossed much of his time, he found it necessary to engage some person to whom he might delegate the less interesting parts of his duty; and, accordingly, he fixed his choice on Tom Rumbold, who then filled the respectable posts of errand-boy and shoe-black to the establishment. In this advanced situation Tom had the good fortune to acquit himself to his patron's satisfaction, and by his address and obsequious

* In Timbs's 'Club Life in London' it is stated that Mackreth from being a waiter at White's ultimately became the proprietor of the club. He married the only child of Mr. Arthur, proprietor of Arthur's Chocolate House, which developed into Arthur's Club at 69, St. James's Street. Mackreth lived to represent the borough of Castle Rising in the British Parliament, and received the doubtful honour of a civic knighthood. The following lines illustrate his relations with the future Sir Thomas Rumbold:—

"When Mackreth served in Arthur's crew,
He said to Rumbold, 'Black my shoe,'
To which he answer'd 'Ay, Bob.'
But when return'd from India's land,
And grown too proud to brook command,
He sternly answered 'Nay, Bob.'"

Rigby was suspected of bringing about the collapse of the proceedings against Sir Thomas Rumbold, whom he had patronised as a waiter at White's Club. He was believed to have borrowed money from Rumbold in 1782, when hard pressed to make good certain alleged deficiencies at the Pay Office. Shortly afterwards Rigby's nephew and heir married Rumbold's daughter.—Timbs's 'Club Life in London,' vol. i. pp. 107–108 and 119.

manners obtained the favour of the subscribers to the Club. In due time he was promoted to the dignity of head-waiter on the resignation of Mackreth, who, having realised a large fortune, took a new road to distinction, and became Sir Robert, a Sheriff of London, and a Member of Parliament. Whether Rumbold was excited by this brilliant example, or was prompted by the sagacity of his own nature, to follow so successful a precedent, is little worth inquiry. He certainly did follow it for some time with good effect, till, having advanced to a person of high rank a larger sum than the latter found it convenient to repay, he commuted the debt for an appointment as a Writer in the East India Company's service at Calcutta. He there amassed an enormous fortune by joining two others in buying in all the rice offered for sale in the market and re-selling it at famine prices. Notwithstanding the very equivocal reputation he enjoyed, he was twice appointed Governor of Madras, was made a baronet, and obtained a seat in Parliament.

But it is necessary to go back a little. Having pretty well run through the immense sums of money he had accumulated during his first residence in India, Rumbold was constrained to return to that country, and contrived to be sent to Madras in the quality of Governor. His second residence out there did not, I believe, exceed eighteen months, but he nevertheless came back to Europe in possession of great riches. It was during his tenure of the Governorship of Madras, that Lady Rumbold was delivered of a son. As this was the first time that such an event had occurred to the lady of a Governor, it occasioned a considerable sensation, and everybody hastened to offer their congratulations, accompanied, as is the usage of the country, with presents of greater or less value. Among the most forward to testify sympathy was the Nabob of Arcot, whom a long experience had convinced of his absolute dependence on the British Government, and of the advisability of propitiating those who were entrusted with the duties of administration. His congratulatory offerings, being proportioned to the rank alike of the donor and the recipient, could not fail to gratify Sir Thomas, who, in return, signified to the Nabob his desire that His Highness should stand as one of the godfathers of the new-born infant. It was a strange thing, no doubt, to select a Mohammedan to fulfil one of the most solemn duties of the Christian Church, but that con-

sideration did not affect the Nabob, who accepted the proposal as a distinguished compliment, and as opening the road to the Governor's favour in the future.

At the appointed time His Highness proceeded to the Governor's residence arrayed in all the plenitude of Eastern magnificence, and wearing on his finger the famous Arcot diamond. His reception was in the highest degree cordial. After the conclusion of the baptismal ceremony the company repaired to the banquet-hall, where they sat down to a sumptuous repast, the Nabob occupying the post of honour on the Governor's right hand. In the course of their conversation, which, on Rumbold's part, was particularly complimentary and gracious, something was said about jewels, which naturally led the Governor to expatiate on the uncommon size and lustre of the stone which sparkled on the Nabob's finger. At length he requested leave to inspect it more closely. The unsuspecting prince, taking it off, placed it in his hand. After examining it from every point of view, Rumbold gravely put it on his own finger, and in very courteous and impressive terms thanked His Highness for his magnificent present, which, he said, far exceeded anything he could have expected from even his princely liberality. He further assured him that he would never part with the ring, but would keep it till his dying day, as a pledge of the union between them so happily cemented. Not a little astounded at the turn things had taken, the Prince protested with much earnestness that he had never had any idea of parting with his diamond, which was a family possession that had come down to him from his ancestors, and was indeed a sacred inheritance which he had no power to alienate. It was all to no purpose. Rumbold adhered to his resolution, and the Nabob had to retire without his ring, which was straightway transferred to the Governor's strong-box, and shortly afterwards conveyed to England with the rest of his spoils.

In the meantime, the Nabob poured forth his lamentations and complaints to all who would listen to them. His grievance soon reached the ears of Colonel Cosby, a distinguished officer in the Company's service, who had conceived an extraordinary antipathy against the ex-Governor. He accordingly informed His Highness that he must abandon all hope of ever again seeing his diamond, but that he could deprive his despoiler of the advantage of possessing such a

treasure. The Queen of Great Britain, he continued, had a remarkable passion for jewels, and especially for diamonds. Her influence over her Royal husband was unbounded, and through him over the great councils of the kingdom. In the present exigency of his affairs, nothing could be more politic than to secure Her Majesty's particular favour and support by adding this unique gem to her collection. Thirsting for revenge, sorely in need of powerful protection, and knowing about as much of English politics as of what was passing in Nova Zembla, the Nabob agreed to follow Colonel Cosby's advice. A respectful letter was accordingly written to the Queen, to inform Her Majesty that, as a token of His Highness's veneration of her virtues, he had entrusted to Sir Thomas Rumbold, for delivery into her own Royal hands, a jewel which had long been the pride of his family, and that he had further commissioned Colonel Cosby to lay this letter at Her Majesty's feet.

The Colonel arrived in England about the same time as the ex-Governor, and at once hurried off to Buckingham House, and demanded an audience. On being admitted to the presence of the Queen he acquitted himself of his commission in a manner that inspired alike curiosity and gratification. Replying with appropriate enthusiasm to Her Majesty's multitudinous questionings, Cosby at length ventured to express some surprise that the ring had not already come into her royal possession, at the same time darkly hinting suspicions as to the ex-Governor's integrity. The Queen took alarm, and asked how she should act to insure the due discharge of the Nabob's trust. The Colonel answered that nothing more was necessary than Her Majesty's written authorisation to himself to bring her the ring. Armed with this document he proceeded at an early hour on the following morning to Rumbold's house, and was shown into the study. As soon as the servant had retired, Cosby walked to the door, double-locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Surprised at such singular behaviour, Rumbold asked him what he meant by it. The other replied that his object was to prevent any interruption to their conversation, as he had come, by Her Majesty's command, to demand the transfer of the jewel, out of which he had so shamefully swindled the Nabob. Rumbold positively refused to do anything of the kind, asserting that His Highness had voluntarily presented the gem to him, on occasion of standing godfather to his son.

He added that he was astonished at such a paltry attempt at imposition, with which he was not likely to be taken in. "Mighty well," replied Cosby. "I am likely, I find, to have more business on my hands than I looked for. It is lucky that I laid in a provision for the occasion." With that, he drew out of his pockets a brace of pistols, and laid them beside him on the sofa on which he was seated. Sir Thomas Rumbold made a motion as though he would ring the bell, but was prevented by the Colonel, who coolly remarked: "Pray do not excite yourself, Sir Thomas, as we shall transact the business that is before us much more satisfactorily if we set about it with calmness. Allow me, as I am somewhat methodical, to give Her Majesty the precedence which is justly her due. We can afterwards settle our account for the insulting language you have used towards myself." Rumbold protested that he did not mean to insult him. The disclaimer being easily accepted, the Colonel handed him a copy of the Nabob's letter, the original of which, he said, was in Her Majesty's possession. He then presented him with the Queen's autograph command to transfer the ring forthwith to the bearer of the missive. After some reflection, but without saying a word, Rumbold went to the bureau, took out the ring, and put it in the Colonel's hand. "There," said he, "take it to the Queen, and represent the matter to her as favourably as you can. If you took amiss what I said in my heat, I am sorry for it, and beg your pardon." Cosby was not implacable. He replaced the pistols in his pocket, and made all haste to Buckingham House, where he was honoured with a most gracious reception. The diamond in question was frequently worn by Her Majesty, to my personal knowledge. My authority for this statement was the Colonel himself, who narrated it, with all its details, after dinner, to a small party assembled round Mr. Hastings's table. On the first levée day after this incident, he received from His Majesty's hand the honour of knighthood, and rose up Sir Alexander Cosby.—(Condensed from a Memorandum in the handwriting of Sir James Lamb, dated from Lower Brook Street, 3rd September, 1818.)

APPENDIX C.

The Secret History of the King of France's Escape from Paris in June, 1791.*

The following paper was delivered to Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville (together with a letter to me from the King of Sweden to His Majesty) on the 3rd of August, 1791, by Mr. Quentin Craufurd, an English gentleman of fortune, who usually resided at Paris, of undoubted character, sense, and veracity. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of his information.

J. B. B.

It was hinted to me some months ago, that the Count de Fersen † frequently saw the King and Queen of France in private, both at the Tuileries and St. Cloud; but the difficulty

* At the end of the third volume of the 'Auckland Correspondence' a paper is given headed 'Illustrations,' evidently founded on the following Memorandum preserved among the papers of Sir J. B. Lamb. The Bishop of Bath and Wells remarks that the paper published by him in his capacity of editor of his deceased father's 'Correspondence' "was found amongst Lord Auckland's dispatches for 1793, but it was drawn up at an earlier period. It is not possible to say by whom it was written, but Lord Auckland had collected a variety of papers illustrating the French Revolution, and from his intimacy with Count Fersen, M. de Bouillé, and Mr. Quentin Craufurd, he had the best means of knowing the truth." In a footnote it is suggested that "it may possibly be copied from one of the 'Curious Papers' the Count de Merci showed to Lord Auckland in April, 1793, or from the papers of Mr. Quentin Craufurd."

† This gentleman was Colonel of the Royal Suèdois; was Her Most Christian Majesty's prime favourite; and is generally supposed to be the father of the present Dauphin.—Q. C.

and danger seemed so great, that I scarcely gave credit to it. I have since understood from him, that, from towards the end of October, 1789, about three weeks after their Majesties were brought from Versailles to Paris, he generally saw them once or twice a week, and sometimes oftener, according as he had business with the King. The place where he constantly saw their Majesties was the King's Closet. He went to the Palace after it was dark, dressed in a frock, with a round hat, and was admitted into the apartments by means of one of those passes which were given to persons of the Household. From about the beginning of February last, the Abbé de Montesquiou* was admitted in the same manner.

The confidential correspondence of their Majesties, both within and without the Kingdom, was carried on by means of M. de Fersen. The infidelity of some, and the indiscretion of almost all, made them now extremely cautious whom they trusted: but they were under the necessity of employing some one on whom they could depend; and he seems to have enjoyed and to have merited their entire confidence. I know him intimately, and think him a man of unquestionable honour and veracity. He is calm, resolute, and uncommonly discreet, without being reserved.

The only person abroad who was fully authorised to treat for the King with foreign powers, was the Baron de Breteuil. Though the King loves the Count d'Artois, he seems to be

* Cousin to the Marquis of that name. He has twice been President of the National Assembly, but for some months past has scarcely ever attended it. Before the Revolution happened he was agent for the clergy; and, though ineffectually, defended their rights with courage and ability. He promised to be one of the most rising young men in France. With an excellent moral character, he possesses great gentleness of manners, a natural, easy eloquence, and, I believe, a considerable degree of knowledge both in ancient and modern learning. Since the beginning of February last he had been employed by the King to observe the different parties, and to send some money out of the kingdom, as preparatory to the King's escape. As the King had positively rejected every idea of a bankruptcy, the Abbé de M. made a plan for reimbursing the assignats by the clergy, who were to have been put in possession of their lands again, on condition of their repaying the purchase money of those that had been sold, in assignats, and changing the assignats that were in circulation the day before the King's departure at the rate of loss they then bore. To enable them to do this, they were to have been empowered to suppress unnecessary monasteries, and to sell their estates.—Q. C.

mistrustful of his prudence; and the King and Queen have shown the most decided disapprobation of his employing M. de Calonne.*

Early in November, 1789, the King wrote to the King of Spain, and sent him a protest against whatever he might publicly be engaged to do or sanction during his detention at Paris, or while under any sort of restraint. This letter was delivered to the Spanish Ambassador, and by him forwarded to his Court.

I left Paris on the 3rd of May last to come to England; and I left London on the 17th of June to return to Paris. On my arrival at Boulogne on the 18th, a letter was delivered to me, by which I was advised not to come to Paris, but to go immediately to Brussels. I did so; and, on the 22nd, advice was received there of the King's escape. M. de Fersen, who had conducted it, left the royal family about seven miles from Paris. He pressed the King to permit him to accompany him, but he positively refused, saying: "If we should be stopped and you taken, it would probably be impossible for me to save you: besides, you have a letter for the Emperor,† which in case of my being arrested may be of importance: I therefore order you to go to the Low Countries as fast as you can; and, added he, 'Que Dieu vous conserve, acceptez l'offre que je vous fais de mon amitié, et, arrive ce qui veut, je n'oublierai jamais votre zèle et vos services.'" M. de Fersen told me that he felt himself much affected at the manner in which the King spoke to him; and, looking after the carriage as it went away, was strongly tempted to disobey an order that was merely the effect of goodness, and to follow it. He arrived at Mons on the 22nd, early in the morning; and, having delivered a message to Monsieur, who came there about the same time, he set out to join the King at

* Had the King arrived safely at Montmédy, the Baron de Breteuil and the Archbishop of Bourdeaux (the late Garde des Sceaux) were immediately to have joined him: Monsieur was to have remained with the King, but the Count d'Artois was to have been sent back to Turin, to act in the Southern Provinces as circumstances might require.—Q. C.

† This letter served to transmit a copy of the manifest that the King left behind him. He observed to the Emperor that should he be prevented from going away, it would serve to announce his real sentiments; and requested him in that case not to abandon him, or words to that effect.—Q. C.

Montmédy; but at Arlons he met Monsieur de Bouillé, and, being informed by him of what had happened at Varennes, he came to Brussels.

I have been acquainted with the Count de Merci for some years past. He had often talked with me on the affairs of France, both at Paris and since my arrival at Brussels. Soon after M. de Fersen came there, he told me that Monsieur de Merci and he wished me to go to England, to represent the state of the King's secret negotiations with foreign Powers, what he expected from them, and what was desired by our Court. He said that M. de Merci, as well as himself, were incapable of advancing anything with a view to mislead; but that, on the contrary, they wished to prevent misrepresentation, being sensible that whatever effect it might have for the moment, it would probably produce very serious embarrassments in the end: that they had spoken to me without disguise, and that they should continue to furnish me with every information I might desire.

Though I confess I was pleased to be in possession of intelligence that seemed to me of so much consequence, yet the confidence that had already been, and was still intended to be reposed in me, I thought demanded candour on my part; and I therefore mentioned to him the objections that appeared to me to lie in the way of my accepting such a commission, especially my not having the honour of being in any sort of correspondence with any of His Majesty's Ministers; but I asked him, in case I did accept of it, if I was to be left at entire liberty with respect to the information I should think it necessary to communicate to them, without which, I told him, I must decline it. He said it was never meant to propose any sort of restraint in that respect; and he thought on this occasion it was demonstrable that Great Britain might at the same time render an important piece of service to the Royal Family of France, and to Europe in general, and essentially promote her own interests. In answer to a hint I gave him of sending a Frenchman to England, he said it was unfit in such a case to employ any of them; that he was certain M. de Merci would not approve of it; that they were all guided by party spirit, and their passions too much inflamed; that M. de Merci had that very morning observed to him that, though they had not a spot of ground to put their feet on, except by the complaisance and hospitality of other powers, there was already among them

"Monsieur's Party" headed by Madame de Balbi; the "Count d'Artois' Party" with M. de Calonne; the "Prince of Condé's Party," and perhaps twenty parties besides, with as many manœuvres and intrigues as if they were all settled again at Versailles.

M. de Fersen, after going to the King of Sweden at Aix-la-Chapelle, returned to Brussels; and a Swedish officer was despatched from thence to Paris with a letter to the King from the King of Sweden, and a paper that was drawn up by M. de Merci and M. de Fersen. The former, I understood, merely contained compliments of condolence on the late event, and assurances of attachment. The latter was desiring to be informed with respect to the situation of the Royal Family; to know if the King remained in the same sentiments as when he left Paris on the 20th of June; and submitting to His Majesty's consideration, whether it might not be proper for him to send full powers for Monsieur to act on his behalf. The officer was furnished with a passport from the King of Sweden, as a person travelling on his own affairs, and was ordered, on his arrival at Paris, to deliver the packet to the King's *maître d'hôtel*, a man of fidelity and discretion.

On the 6th of July, M. de Merci resigned his place of Minister of the Low Countries, and went to Spa. He had been pressed by the Emperor to retain that office some time longer; and, on his excusing himself, was requested to continue to assist the Archduchess and the Duke Albert with his advice, who were desired to observe it.

On the 14th the Swedish officer returned from Paris. The Royal Family there was so strictly guarded, that some days were spent before opportunities could be found to deliver the packet he carried, and again to obtain an answer. In the packet he brought back, there was a small scrap of paper, written in the King's hand, and a much larger one in cypher that appeared to be written in the Queen's, both dated the 7th of July. The first was addressed to Monsieur and the Count d'Artois, saying that he trusted to the love he knew they bore him, for taking measures with foreign Powers for the security of himself and his family, and for restoring tranquillity to his kingdom. It is, however, to be observed that it was not a full power, as had been suggested to the King. The paper written in cypher spoke of the situation of the King and Queen, and contained reflections on the manner in which the King thought the foreign Powers should interfere;

which seemed to breathe a considerable share of anxiety for the safety of his family.

On the 16th of July I went to Spa, and M. de Fersen to Aix-la-Chapelle. On the day of my arrival at Spa, I had a long conversation with M. de Merci. In the course of it he dwelt much on the danger with which, he thought, all the States in Europe were threatened, from the principles that were propagated by the partisans of the Democratic Party;* principles, that, he said, were equally destructive to every government, whatever name it might bear, as they tended to level mankind to one general mass, to destroy subordination, and, from a pretended spirit of toleration, not only to overthrow every established religion, but, if it were possible, even to eradicate from the mind all idea of a Supreme Being; that, however monstrous and absurd those notions were, however much they might in the end produce the wretchedness of those they were employed to captivate, yet some of them were so much calculated to engage the licentious and unthinking part of mankind, that, when he considered the pains that were taken to spread them, instead of being

* M. de Merci had lately received a letter from Paris, without any name to it, but which he imagined came from M. La Borde the father, who has long professed a great attachment to M. de Merci. The author of the letter says that he has been desired to acquaint him that a coalition had been formed between M. de la Fayette, Barnave, Duport, Alexr. de Lameth, La Borde the son, &c., to support the Monarchy in the sense decreed by the National Assembly; but that, after the Constitution should be revived, they expected that the King would accept and sanction it, and that the Emperor and other Powers would acknowledge that Constitution as the only true Government of the French Dominions; and giving him to understand that if any of them should attempt to disturb it (meaning the Constitution), they should certainly employ the means they had in their power for effecting those changes in their possessions which had taken place in France. M. de Merci at first resolved not to take any notice of it; but, as he was persuaded it came from La Borde, he replied, first, by taking notice of the extreme impropriety and indelicacy of addressing such a writing to him; said that he had no sort of connection with the gentlemen who were mentioned in it, nor had he any opinion to give them. He treated with great severity the principles they seemed to avow, and with contempt their menaces; and assured him that, if any persons were found in the territories of the Emperor, his Master, attempting to disturb the established Government, they would speedily be brought to the punishment they would deserve.—Q. C.

surprised that symptoms of them now began, almost everywhere, to appear, he rather wondered that they had not made greater progress. He observed, that it was become the interest, perhaps the duty of all the Powers of Europe, to unite in suppressing them; that it would be a phenomenon indeed to see them all cordially agree to co-operate in the same enterprise; but what had happened in France (and what might happen everywhere) was still more extraordinary; for there we had seen above twenty-four millions of persons agreeing to destroy the laws and government under which they lived, and saying we will have no superior among us, nor any one vested with authority, but such as we may choose to set up, and then only to obey them when we approve of the orders they may give. He said that, when the great object for which the Powers should unite was accomplished, each of them might return exactly to his former political situation, unless they chose to take that opportunity to form a plan for preserving the general peace of Europe. He conceived such a plan to be very possible; he entered into many speculative reflections on the probable effects of it; he said, that this indeed would merit the name of the Grand Project,* and, if ever it took place, that no country would reap so great advantages from it as England, because it was the most commercial country in Europe, but perhaps more than any other loaded with public debt. Then, returning to the original subject, he observed that unfortunately every one thought the danger either in some degree chimerical, or at a distance, or that it was easy to guard against it; he wished they might not find themselves mistaken. He said that, in the Low Countries, he was far from thinking the Government secure against disturbance; for, notwithstanding all the discipline that existed among the troops, the soldiers must at last be surprised to see such numbers of officers coming, and no soldiers; and, if they required, they would find that the soldiers had beaten and driven them away; that, were the propaganda of the Jacobins, or the Diplomatic Committee of the National Assembly, to succeed in debauching, or, according to their language, in converting one or two regiments in Russia, especially of the National Troops, in all probability the whole army would follow their example; that to the soldiers

* Alluding to the "Grand Projet" attributed by Sulli to Henri IV.

was held out increase of pay, the prospect of rising to the rank of officers, and, in the meantime, the inability of those to punish them; that the same spirit of insubordination might be introduced into a fleet, and we already saw it prevailed in the navy of France as much as in the armies. He concluded by saying, that the insults which had been offered to different Powers, the threats that had been held out to them, the means that had been employed to disturb their possessions, the acts of injustice that had been committed in violation of solemn treaties, and the danger that was to be apprehended from the anarchy that prevailed in France, fully justified an interference that tended to restore public tranquillity; that, if the principal Powers of Europe would seriously unite, and act with good faith towards each other, success was certain; but, if Great Britain and her allies refused to join, his opinion in that case was that nothing should be attempted. He observed that the Princes (meaning Monsieur and the Count d'Artois) and those who advised them, were totally unequal to the management of an affair of such magnitude; that they might undoubtedly be most usefully employed, but that the different Powers should take the planning and direction of what was to be done almost entirely upon themselves. He entered into some detail upon this subject, and, in order to save time, suggested an idea of Ministers being deputed from the different Courts to meet in some central place, but without *éclat* until it were time for those Courts to announce their intentions. He repeated several times that the future tranquillity of all the countries of Europe depended on England, who would not only participate in that blessing in common with them, but would obtain advantages which the others, from local situation and other circumstances, were not susceptible of. Before I came away, he said, "However, the anarchy that now reigns in France must have an end; but, in the meantime, a bankruptcy will inevitably happen; which, doubtless, will ruin many individuals, both French and foreigners, but, after this convulsion, the Government will probably take a settled form, and that Government will find itself freed from the payment of about two hundred and fifty millions of livres a year; which certainly would be a very fatal circumstance for England; whereas, if the royal authority were restored, the debt ought to be secured. This is a point which the

Powers who may interfere in the affairs of France should insist on, both as an act of justice and as necessary to facilitate their enterprise."

On the 19th M. de Fersen came to Spa from Aix-la-Chapelle, and M. de Merci repeated in his presence almost everything he had said to me. While we were in conversation, the Elector of Cologne came in; and, though he entered on the affairs of France, I observed that M. de Merci spoke only in very general terms before him.

On the 20th I went with M. de Fersen to Aix-la-Chapelle, and with him waited on the King of Sweden, who talked with great earnestness on what had happened in France, and seemed well acquainted with many transactions there both before and since the Revolution. He said, that he felt himself called to act on this occasion both by sentiment and interest; that the same means might be used in other countries that had been employed in France to seduce the soldiers from their duty, and the people from their allegiance; that the resolution he had taken of co-operating with other Powers, to the utmost of his ability, for delivering the King of France from his captivity, and the country from the abominations that now prevailed in it, was founded on principles of justice and good policy, and did not arise from a spirit of chivalry, as some of the late French orators were pleased to ascribe to him; for that, whatever might be his dispositions, it was sufficiently evident that neither the state of his country or finances admitted of his making campaigns by way of amusement, or for the sake of being spoken of. He observed (like M. de Merci) that the success or failure of what was proposed would, in a great measure, depend on the resolution that might be taken by the Court of England.

The next day the King of Sweden again took me into his cabinet; and, after talking to me for some time, gave me a letter for His Majesty. He desired that nothing might be said on the subjects he had spoken of to M. de Nolcken, and added, M. de Fersen knows "why." The King detained me at Aix-la-Chapelle till the 23rd; on the 25th he set out for Sweden. On the 24th M. de Fersen set out for Vienna. At Brussels I saw the Archduchess, who in private seems much affected at the situation of the Queen of France, and informed me that she had found it impossible to obtain any direct information from her.

Before I left Aix-la-Chapelle the King of Sweden* gave me an order to his Minister at the Hague, for forwarding, by a special messenger, such dispatches as might be sent to him; and M. de Fersen gave me a copy of the cypher that is used by the King and Queen of France, in their secret correspondence. FINIS.

* Gustavus III. was assassinated at a masked ball by Ankaarstrom on March 17th, 1792. As Gustavus IV. was only in his sixteenth year, the Duke of Sudermania, the late King's uncle, assumed the Regency, and preserved a strict neutrality.

The following are Copies of the Queries proposed by Mr. Craufurd to M. de Fersen, with the Answers written respectively in the Handwriting of those two Gentlemen.

1. What was the date and purport of the King of France's letter to the King of Spain, after he was brought from Versailles to Paris on the 6th of October, 1789?

Elle est de la fin d'octobre ou de novembre 1789; et contient une protestation contre tout ce que le Roi pourroit dire, faire, ou signer pendant sa captivité.

2. What was the date and purport of his letter to the Emperor, on his leaving Paris on the 20th of June, 1791?

Elle est du 20 juin, 1791. C'est un extrait de la proclamation qu'il a laissée en partant; et il finit par réclamer les secours de l'Empereur, dans le cas où il seroit arrêté.

3. What was the date and purport of the power given to the Baron de Breteuil?

Un plein pouvoir ou autorité de traiter avec toutes les Puissances au nom du Roi.

4. What was the date and purport of the powers sent to Monsieur and Monsieur le Comte d'Artois from Paris, after the King was arrested and carried back thither?

Un pouvoir de traiter avec les différentes Puissances, et de convenir avec elles des moyens à employer pour le rétablissement de l'ordre et de la tranquillité dans le Royaume, en prenant toutes les précautions nécessaires pour sa sûreté et celle de la famille. Daté du 7 juillet, 1791.

5. What was the date and substance of the observations that were written in cypher, and which accompanied that power?

Du 7 juillet, 1791—de former une manière de Congrès appuyé de forces imposantes, et faire prendre toutes les démarches de quelques négociations, afin de ne pas provoquer au crime et à un massacre.

6. To whom were the two letters addressed, written by

the Emperor, that I saw at Brussels? What were their contents and dates?

Ecrites à la Reine.—La première du 2 mai; la seconde du 6 juin—contenant toutes les assurances les plus positives de secourir le Roi, et de lui fournir tout ce qu'il pourroit demander.

Très chère Sœur,—J'ai reçu votre petit billet et la lettre en chiffre par le Baron de Breteuil: enfin je sçais vos intentions et celles du Roi, et vous serez obéie. Par M. D'Urfort revenu à Paris vous avez sçu ce que j'ai concerté avec le Comte d'Artois. J'attends sur cela vos ordres. Je n'étois plus à tems de la faire retourner à Turin, mais, comme il me témoigne de la confiance, je lui ai écrit pour qu'il obéisse aux ordres du Roi et ne revienne point, et je me flatte qu'il le fera. Je prie Dieu que vos projets réussissiroient heureusement. Figurez-vous mes peines et mes inquiétudes pour vous. Mon cœur vous est bien attaché. Vous, ainsi que le Roi, pouvez compter sur moi en toutes occasions, dans tout ce qui dépendra de moi. Vous n'avez qu'ordonner avec le Comte de Merci, qui a les ordres et instructions nécessaires. Je ne me fierai qu'à ceux que vous m'avez marqués. Le Prince de Lamb (*sic*) est entré à mon service, &c.

7. What were the contents and date of the letter that came lately from the Emperor at Padua?

Un ordre à l'Archiduchesse et à M. de Merci, de laisser à la disposition du Roi toutes les troupes, l'argent, et tout ce qu'il possède dans les Païs Bas. Le tout dans la supposition que le Roi fût sauvé. Ordre de garder ces ordres, qui pourroient servir de règle par la suite.

8. What were the contents and date of the letter, or message, lately received from the Court of Spain by the Baron de Breteuil?

Qu'il s'engage à fournir 14,000 hommes, dont cinq de cavalerie, et six millions d'un emprunt ordonné en Hollande. Le tout dans la supposition de l'évasion du Roi.

9. What was the date of the engagements, or promises, of the Emperor, that were to have been transmitted by the Count A. D'Urfort? And what were the contents of those engagements, and with whom were they made?

Mantoue, au mois de mai—de fournir 45,000 hommes—un emprunt de 15 millions—de négocier avec l'Espagne et l'Angleterre, pour les faire entrer dans la ligue, et faire fournir à cette première 20,000 hommes. Que tout seroit

prêt au 15 juillet. Ce papier a dû être signé par l'Empereur et le Comte d'Artois. On doute de son authenticité.

10. What engagements have been entered into, or rather what promises have been made by the King of Sardinia?

D'agir avec 20,000 hommes, dès que l'Espagne et l'Empereur agiroient, et à la requisition du Roi de France.

11. What engagements have been made by the Swiss Cantons?

De fournir 30 à 40,000 hommes, et un emprunt de 40 à 50 millions; mais à la réquisition seule du Roi, lorsqu'il seroit en liberté.

12. Now that the King has attempted to quit Paris, that he has been arrested, carried back, and is in confinement, will those promises or engagements above mentioned be observed?

La nouvelle captivité du Roi ayant absolument changé la face des affaires, on ne peut plus répondre de la bonne volonté des différentes Puissances, qui toutes étoient disposées à agir à la réclamation du Roi; et c'est à s'assurer de leurs sentimens actuels qu'il faut travailler.

13. And, if it may still be permitted to ask, what is the aid that will be granted by His Majesty the King of Sweden?

L'envoi de 16 à 17,000 hommes, et ses bons offices auprès de l'Impératrice de Russie pour y joindre 10 à 12,000 hommes de ses troupes; mais il lui faut pour cela de l'argent, dont il manque absolument.

14. What was the date and purport of the letter from the Baron de Breteuil, that gave so much offence to the Count d'Artois?

Du mois de juin; où il lui transmet, de la manière la plus respectueuse, les ordres précis du Roi, de ne pas aller à Worms, mais de se rendre à Turin pour entretenir le Roi de Sardaigne dans les bonnes dispositions qu'il avoit témoignées, et de rassembler et diriger tous les Royalistes des provinces méridionales, et diriger les opérations des armées espagnoles et sardes.

BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

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